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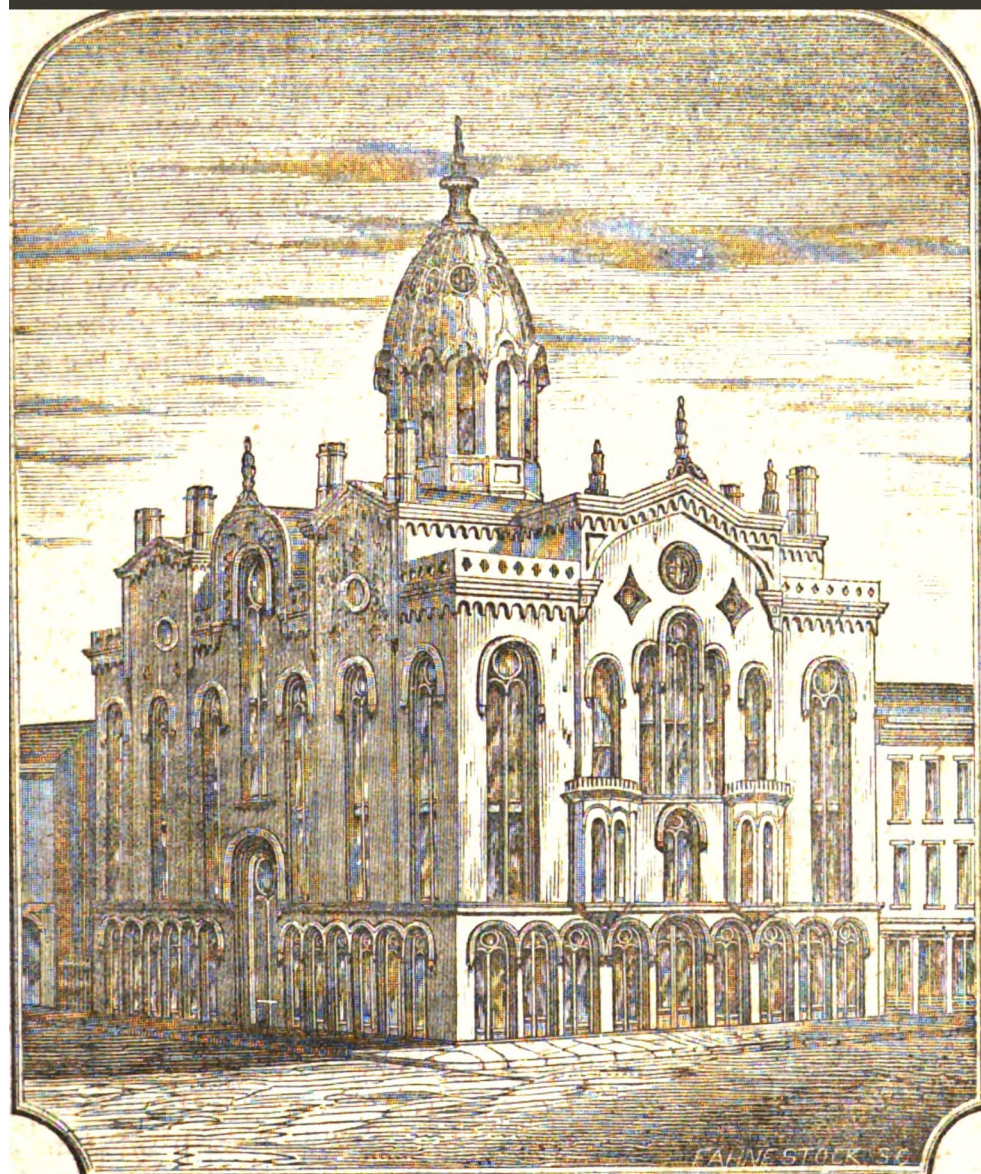
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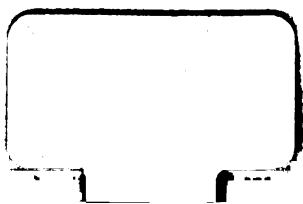
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Odd Fellows' Literary Casket

William Peter Strickland,
Independent Order of Odd Fellows



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Odd

ODD FELLOWS'
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DEVOTED TO

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Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH"

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1854.

NO. 1.

The True Brotherhood.

CHAPTER I.

The wandering Jews had fled from oppression in Egypt, and had entered upon their promised inheritance in the land of Palestine. The same Divine hand which brought them out of the land of bondage was still their defense and protection, and though they had grievously erred, and in consequence had been involved in disastrous wars, during one of which the Ark of the Covenant itself was taken and borne away by idolatrous hands to a city of strangers, still the God of Heaven was their help and shield.

The mysterious power secreted in the ark and holy vessels connected therewith, unattended by any human agency, eventually wrought out for itself its own deliverance. Even the temple of Dagon and its god felt its power, nor could the proud city of Ekron, nor its mighty men, retain the sacred treasure. Like the holy mount on the summit of which, amid lightnings and thunder and darkness, it was divinely planned, and at the base of which it was constructed, none but consecrated hands were allowed to touch it, lest they die. Restored to its proper custodians, Israel again enjoyed peace and prosperity; idols were abolished, groves and images cut down, and days of promise and hope returned to the chosen as the golden sun emerges from the clouds after the storm has passed away. The great Jehovah was again acknowledged by the nation as their king, and all hearts united in pouring forth ascriptions of praise to the majesty on high.

When the devoted Samuel was Judge over Israel, universal peace and prosperity prevailed; but a sad reverse came to the nation when he retired from the judgeship, and his unprincipled sons took the bench in his stead. Their unrighteous acts caused the people to murmur, and they came to Samuel and asked for a king. It was an evil hour to Israel.

Far better would it have been for the nation had it "borne the ills it had than fly to others it knew not of." The Lord directed Samuel to comply with their request, and the murmuring hosts returned to their cities.

In the tribe of Benjamin there was a young man of remarkable size, and yet of exceeding symmetry of form and beauty of person. He was said to be head and shoulders taller than any of his people, and his commanding form, connected with his wonderful beauty, caused all to admire him. He was not lacking in amiable traits of character, for sacred history informs us that he was dutiful to his parents, and kind and conciliatory to all. While engaged in searching the wilderness for his father's cattle which had strayed away, he became fearful lest his long absence should excite his parents' apprehensions for his safety, and he proposed to his servant that they return home. The servant, however, suggested, before returning, that they call upon the aged seer in the city of Ramah.

"But," said the young man, "what present shall we take? The bread in our vessels is spent, and we have nothing for the man of God."

"Here," said the servant, "is the fourth part of a shekel of silver; that will I give."

"Well said. Come, let us go."

As they ascended a hill near to the city, they met a company of maidens on their way to an ancient well in a grotto on the southern declivity, and, approaching them, they asked if the seer was in the city.

"Yes," said one of them, "he has just arrived, and is making preparations for a sacrifice in the high place. Make haste to the city, and you will see him before he goes up to the high place."

At this the two hastened on. As they were nearing the gates of the city, they saw approaching them an old man with whitened locks, bending upon his staff. His venerable appearance was such as to strike them with the belief that he was the seer whom they sought, and they were not long in doubt in regard to their impression, for soon, issuing from the gate, was a vast multitude, with measured tread, following in his footsteps. They were on the way to the high place of sacrifice.

When they came near, Saul, for that was the name of the young Benjamite, addressed the aged seer, saying, "is the prophet here?"

"I am the seer whom ye seek. Go before me to yonder high place of sacrifice, for ye shall be my guest to-day, and to-morrow I will let thee go on thy way, and tell thee all that is in thine heart. On thee and thy father's house is all the desire of Israel."

"But am not I," said Saul, astonished at what he had heard, "of the tribe of Benjamin, the smallest of all the tribes of Israel, and is not my family the least of all the families of Benjamin; how can it be that thou shouldst thus speak?"

That day Saul partook of the hospitalities of the prophet, and after returning from the place of sacrifice he was taken by Samuel to the oratory, where he held communion with the seer in regard to the wonderful events which were at hand.

The grey streaks of morning were tinging the tops of the houses of Ramah as the prophet called Saul from his slumbers and bade him come to the oratory, where he might give him his blessing and send him on his journey. But he left not that kind house alone. Scarcely had he, with his servant, passed the threshold ere the man of God was at his side. As they walked along together, through the silent streets, for the busy throng had not yet risen, the prophet said, "Bid the servant go on in advance of us, for I have somewhat to tell thee."

The servant passed on as directed, and they stopped by the way. And there, on that early morn, with no eye upon them but omniscience, Samuel took from his girdle a small vial of olive oil and poured it upon the head of Saul, kissing him and saying, "The Lord hath anointed thee king over Israel. When thou art gone on thy way near to the sepulcher of Rachel, thou shalt find two men who will inform thee of the safety of the cattle thou art seeking, and also tell thee of thy father's anxiety about thee. Then thou shalt continue thy journey until thou comest to Mount Tabor, where thou shalt be met by three men going up to God to Beth-el, and they will salute thee. After that, thou shalt come to the hill of God, in sight of the garrison of the Philistines; and as thou shalt approach the city thou shalt meet a company of prophets coming down from the high place, with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp, and they shall prophesy with thee, and thou shalt prophesy with them, and be turned into another man. When these signs shall come unto thee thou shalt do as the circumstances may require, for know of a surety that God is with thee; and thou shalt go to Gilgal, and there I will meet thee."

The conference of the prophet and the king ended and they parted; but scarcely had the young anointed turned his back to leave the man of God ere the Holy Spirit came upon him, and a heavenly radiance, brighter than the light of the sun which was rising upon Ramah, filled his heart, and he was another man.

Continuing on his journey, he came at last to the hill of God spoken of by Samuel, and it came to pass as he had told him, for a company of prophets met him. No sooner had he entered their company than he felt the spirit of inspiration come upon him, and he prophesied among them, to the utter astonishment of all who were present, insomuch that it was tauntingly said, "Is Saul among the prophets?"

Not long after the events which we have been narrating had transpired, Samuel called together all the people of Israel, at Mizpeh. To the

Schmuck 22 Nov. 1844

assembled thousands he rehearsed in their ears all the wonderful events of their history, from the period of their deliverance from Egyptian bondage until they were brought in to possess the promised land. He also, in the most impressive and touching manner, brought before them scene after scene of providential deliverances wrought out in their behalf, and concluded by showing in a striking light their deep ingratitude in rejecting God, their great and ever present Savior, as their king, and asking for a mortal man in his stead. "Now," said he, "you shall have a king, but it will be to your lasting sorrow; and, having once rejected your Heavenly King, your regrets will be unavailing, as they that sow to the wind must reap the whirlwind. Gather, therefore, together your tribes by thousands, and present yourselves before the Lord."

As the various tribes passed in review before the Lord, that from their number one might be chosen as their king, to the astonishment of all, the tribe of Benjamin was taken, and when the lot fell upon families, the family of Matri was taken, and when it came down to individual members, Saul, the son of Kish, was taken. But Saul could not be found. From some cause or other, he had hid himself, and though diligent search was made for the chosen one, he could not be found. So effectually had he concealed himself that it was necessary to make inquiry of the Lord himself, concerning his hiding place. When found, he was brought before the assembled thousands of Israel. His great stature and remarkable personal beauty, attracted the attention of all, and when Samuel presented him as the chosen of the Lord, a mighty shout went up from that vast host, "God save the king."

The nation had now its desire, and having passed from a theocracy to a monarchy, it no longer recognized God as its lawgiver and judge. It was a sad day to Israel. He who had been "the shield of their help and the sword of their excellency," who had smitten mighty kings for their sake, and with a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, had brought them through a dreary and desolate wilderness, surrounding them with his presence and blessing, was now deposed to give place to a man, frail, fallible, and mortal like themselves.

Upon the elevation of Saul to the throne of Israel, there was an end to the patriarchal dynasty, and it was necessary there should be a change in the laws of government, adapted to a monarchy. It therefore devolved upon Samuel, as the chief judge, to make these laws and lay them before the Lord for his approbation.

Every man went to his home, and general satisfaction seemed to rest upon every mind. All were ready to do him honor, and bore him rich and costly presents, as the king anointed of the Lord to rule over them. There were some, however, among the Israelites, who were denominated children of Belial, who refused to do him honor, and despised his position

and authority. Saul, however, was not moved by these manifestations of disrespect and insubordination, and he returned to his home in Gibeah. But he did not return alone to the paternal mansion. He came back as a king, the king of God's people Israel, and with him came a band of men whose hearts God had touched and turned towards the king.

Not long after this, intelligence came to Saul that the Ammonites had invaded the land, and threatened the lives of the inhabitants of Jabesh Gilead. To avoid this they asked for conditions of peace. The conditions required by Nahash, were that the right eyes of all should be taken out and layed for a reproach upon all Israel. The elders of Jabesh requested a respite of seven days, that they might send messengers throughout all Israel to find, if it were possible, a man who would save them. On hearing of this sad calamity threatened to the Gileadites, and the lamentations of the people, Saul was greatly angered. He had been in the fields looking after the flocks and herds of his father's house, and when he heard the cries of his people, the spirit of the Lord came upon him, and his indignation was roused greatly. Preparations were speedily made to assemble the armies of Israel, and it was not long until, at Bezek, there were gathered three hundred and thirty thousand. Intelligence reached the men of Gilead, and they were comforted by the assurance that before the expiration of the seven days, they should have help. The armies met; a battle was fought, and the Ammonites were vanquished. After the conflict had ended, an inquisition was made for those who manifested a spirit of insubordination, that Saul might cause them to be put to death. When brought before his presence, instead of ordering their execution, the king generously extended to them a pardon, saying, "There shall not a man be put to death this day, for to-day the Lord hath wrought salvation in Israel."

After this announcement, Samuel said to the assembled army of Israel, "Come, let us go to Gilgal and renew the kingdom there."

It was a proud day, full of hope and promise, to Israel, when the people were all assembled to attend the inauguration of the king. Preparations were made upon the grandest scale, and when the peace offerings had been made to the Lord, in the presence of all the people, the venerable priest ascended the platform, attended by the king and his chosen men. It was mid summer, and the harvests were left standing in the field, so great was the desire of the inhabitants of the land to be present at the inauguration. Samuel rehearsed, in the ears of all the people, the wonderful providences which had been extended over Israel, from the day that God smote the Egyptians, down to the success that attended the armies of Israel in the last battle. He reproved the nation for its sins, and especially for the great sin of casting off the Lord as their sovereign, and taking a king from among themselves. He also

brought to mind their idolatries in turning away from the worship of God to the worship of Baalim and Ashtarothe, and finally, to confirm the truth of what he had uttered, he said: "It is now wheat harvest," a time in Palestine when not a cloud was to be seen, and rain was never known to fall. "I will call on the Lord, and He shall send thunder and rain."

Scarcely had he done speaking, ere a dark and angry cloud gathered like a pavillion over the assembled thousands. Forked lightnings shot through its gloomy folds, and loud voiced thunders echoed through the air, and shook the solid ground. Immediately the rain descended in torrents, and great fear fell upon all, while, with one voice, they exclaimed, "Great is the Lord, and great is Samuel. Pray for us, that we die not, for we have greatly sinned in asking a king." To this Samuel replied: "Though ye have greatly sinned, yet, if ye will fear and serve the Lord, He will not forsake His people, and God forbid that I should sin against Him in ceasing to pray for you. Only fear the Lord and serve Him with all your heart, for consider the great things He hath done for you. If you serve Him, He will bless you, but if you forsake Him, He will utterly destroy you and your kind."

The Casket.

INSCRIBED TO THE GRAND LODGE OF OHIO, I. O. O. F.

Brothers of the "Ancient Order,"
 Who the Pilgrim track pursue,
 Lo! we bring a shining Offering
 From the Old Year to the New.
 In a Casket quaintly fashioned,
 By the Arch-Mechanic Thought,
 We have stores of gathered treasure,
 Jewels rich and deftly wrought.

O! it is a goodly Casket;
 Scan its fair proportions o'er—
 Surely, in its outward seeming,
 Never Casket promised more.
 View its smooth, enameled cover;
 In the strange devices there,
 Look upon your own bright emblems,
 Graven with artistic care.

'Neath the "eye which never slumbers,"
 Sun and rolling orbs appear,
 And the tear-built Bridge of Angels
 Spans the dim horizon near,
 While within its flowery border,
 Wearing still her classic mien,
 Faith, beside her lovely sisters,
 Hope and Charity, is seen.

Then, in beautiful connection,
Friendship, Love, and Truth arise,
For our weakened human natures
Claiming kindred in the skies ;
And the clasped hands o'er the bible
Speaks your fellowship with good,
Telling in a pleasant symbol,
Of your holy brotherhood.

O! it is a goodly Casket ;
Scan the fair proportions o'er —
Surely, in its outward seeming,
Never Casket promised more.
Open now its bright recesses,
Slowly turn each lettered page ;
See what gems of truth and beauty
Glimmer there, for youth and age.

Not the pearl lights of the ocean,
Or the amber's flashing ray,
Rival them in worth or brightness,
Or are HALF as bright as they.
Sparkling ruby drops of Reason,
Lustrous gems of Wit and Song,
Like our early dreams of gladness,
Come in light, and linger long.

Jewels from the fount of Feeling,
Passion flowers which never fade,
Like the stars on Night's dark bosom,
In its cells of Thought are laid.
Art and Science too have given
From their treasure-halls a store,
And its nicely folded pages
Gleam with philosophic lore.

Brothers! guard the jeweled Casket ;
Bear it to your holy tent,
Unto every mystic circle,
Let its burning gems be sent.
Room for it beside your altars,
On the holy place make room ;
Thoughts there are in it to gladden
Hearts which pine in rayless gloom.

Ah! it is a goodly Casket
We would dedicate to you,
Take it as a friendly Offering
From the Old Year to the New.
Take it ; here are costly treasures,
Rich they are, and deftly wrought,
Bright and fair, but quaintly fashioned
By the Arch-Mechanic Thought.

The Past Arts.

In the fine arts—Painting, Sculpture, etc.—we are willing to concede that we are outdone; to say that the first harvest was the heaviest, and that all that we can now do is to imitate. If we can speak of a poet, and can say of him, “he is Homeric,” we are satisfied. The Italian speaks of Powers—our own countryman who went out from the banks of the Ohio—not as perfect himself, but as resembling the old masters, who were perfect. When we boast of Shakspeare’s forty dramas, we forget that he borrowed the themes for thirty of them from ancient tales, and that Bulwer’s greatest novel was built upon a story twelve hundred years old.

France is celebrated for the beauty of the designs on her manufactured goods. An English manufacturer gave as a reason for this, when testifying before a committee of the House of Commons, that French artizans had the advantage of studying the drawings of the ancients.

Even our best jokes are old. For instance: When a correspondent gave as a reason for not writing more confidentially, that an impertinent fellow was looking over his shoulder, the spy exclaimed, “that is a lie.” This is cited as an excellent Irish bull, but it is an Irish bull recorded four hundred years before the Christian era. The music frozen in Munchausen’s horn is but a plagiarism from a record of the fourth century. Another modern joke is the remark, “I am quite sure the lady is thirty, for she told me so twenty years ago,” and yet this joke is fifteen hundred years old. Indeed, Joe Miller is but little more than the ancient classic, older even than the New Testament.

And, in regard to the Useful Arts, the remark is true, that we have yet much to do before we approximate the wisdom of the despised Pagans of antiquity. I am aware that Herodotus, the Father of History, was long called the “Father of lies,” because he recorded so much that was marvelous; but modern investigation has so demonstrated the truthfulness of his most marvelous records, that his stock has now gone up to par. The true mode of historical criticism is this: If you are satisfied that nine of ten recorded stories are true, believe the tenth, unless you are satisfied that what is recorded is an impossibility. If it is possible, believe it; if not, be charitable. Do not decide that whoever shall dare to record more than you yourself know, lies in the record. It is said of Archimedes that he set the ships of the enemy on fire at a distance, by mirrors erected on the walls of Syracuse. This, for centuries, was set down as a fable; but when, in France and Germany, its possibility was demonstrated, then the world of unbelievers confessed that Archimedes might have done what is recorded of him.

Let us look at some of the "Lost Arts" of the ancients. Take first, GLASS, which we find so useful. Did the ancients know anything about it? Some modern authors deny that they did; but Pliny tells us that Glass was discovered accidentally, on the shores of the Mediterranean, long before his day. Not only were the ancients acquainted with the manufacture of glass, but they had the art of rendering it malleable; but the art was lost, although, it is said, the secret was known in Richelieu's time. The art of manufacturing STAINED GLASS was better understood five hundred years ago than it is to-day. When any of the magnificent windows in the Cathedrals of the old world get broken it is well known that the new piece possesses none of the brilliancy of that which has received and transmitted light for three hundred years. You have all, doubtless, seen colored figures enclosed in glass, of modern manufacture. But this is no modern art. Far more beautiful specimens can be seen, in far greater beauty and perfection, among the relics of ancient art preserved in the Museum at Rome, Naples, and elsewhere. The famous Barbarini or Portland Vase in the British Museum, is of a material unknown to modern art; and the famous Sacred Dish in the Cathedral at Genoa was believed for ages to be a massive sapphire, which was given to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba. So sacred was it kept, that none but the priesthood were allowed to look upon it, and a Frenchman, about the time of our revolution, was imprisoned for several years for daring to touch it. But when, with other precious relics, it was taken to France, and put to a chemical test, it was found to be no gem at all, but glass of exquisite perfection.

Were MICROSCOPES and TELESCOPES unknown to the ancients? Their knowledge of astronomy forbids the idea that they were ignorant of what was essential to the attainment of that knowledge. Alexander found among the spoils of war a copy of the Illiad transcribed upon so small a space that it could be enclosed in a walnut. It could only be read by aid of a microscope. Could it, then, have been engraved, without such aid? There had also been found machinery sufficient to impel the object over a smooth surface, enclosed in the body of a minute insect. That required a powerful aid to the eye to be manufactured. An ancient writer records that, by the aid of an instrument, he saw ships at a distance of a hundred miles. What was that but a telescope? Nero was used, by the aid of some artificial object, to mark the movements of the gladiators at a distance. What was that object but an opera glass? In the museums of the old world and new, there are many objects of ancient art preserved, engravings, etc., so minute that it requires a microscope to discover their singular beauties. Could these have been traced with the naked eye? But all doubt is removed by the fact that ancient microscopes have been discovered, and are now in existence. Hence, it

is a demonstrated fact that neither microscopes or telescopes are of modern invention.

And in regard to **COLORS** we are far behind the ancients. None of the colors in the Egyptian paintings of thousands of years ago, are in the least faded, except the green. The tyrian purple of the entombed city of Pompeii is as fresh to-day as it was three thousand years ago. Some of the stucco painted centuries before the christian era, broken up and mixed, revealed its original lustre; and yet we pity the ignorance of the dark skinned children of ancient Egypt. The colors upon the walls of Nero's Festal Vault are as fresh as if painted yesterday; so is the cheek of the Egyptian princess, who was cotemporaneous with Solomon, and of Cleopatra, at whose feet Cæsar laid the riches of his empire.

And in regard to **METALS**. The edges of the stones of the obelisks of Egypt, and of the ancient walls of Rome, ure as sharp as if but hewn yesterday. And the stones still remain so closely fitted that their seams, laid without mortar, cannot be penetrated with the edge of a penknife. And their surface is exceedingly hard, so hard that when the French artists sought to engrave two lines upon an obelisk brought from Egypt, they destroyed, in the tedious task, many sets of the best tools which could be manufactured; and yet these ancient monuments are traced all over with inscriptions placed upon them in olden time. This, with other facts of a striking character, proved that they were far more skilled in metals than we are. Quite recently it is recorded that, when an American vessel was on the shores of Africa, a son of that benighted region made, from an iron hoop, a knife superior to any on board of the vessel, and another made a sword of Damascus excellence, from a piece of iron. Fiction is very old. Scott had his counterparts two thousand years ago. A story is told of a warrior who had not time to wait for the proper forging of his weapon, but seizing it red hot, rode forward, and found to his surprise, that the cold air had tempered his hot iron into an excellent steel weapon. The tempering of steel, therefore, which was new to us a century since, was old two thousand years ago.

We know that the ancients must have been acquainted with the **ARCHIMEDEAN SCREW**, or some equally effective instrument of power, else they never could have elevated the ponderous blocks of stone which constitute their pyramids and columns.

VENTILATION is deemed a very modern art. But this is not the fact; for apertures, unquestionably made for the purpose of ventilation, are found in the pyramid tombs of Egypt. Yes, thousands of years ago, the barbarous Pagans went so far as to ventilate their tombs, while we yet scarcely know how to ventilate our houses.

Nor is **STEAM**, as a locomotive power, a modern invention. That power was unquestionably known to the ancients. Arrago, the French philos-

opher, recently deceased, so insists, and gives conclusive evidence in support of his opinion. The science of **HYDROSTATICS** was also known. There are evidences still extant in monasteries, where this power was employed, through the agency of ingenious machinery, to work "miracles." We have, also, drawings of ships propelled by some invisible power; and Homer, who was a historian as well as a poet, says that Ulysses was taken back to Greece in a vessel propelled without the use of oars or sails. What was that but steam?

Nor were they ignorant of **CANALS**. The engineers who accompanied Napoleon into Egypt discovered traces of a vast canal one hundred and fifty feet wide, forty feet deep, and some hundred miles in length, with locks, whose gates suddenly closed when needful, to elevate vessels from one level to another. This canal is alluded to by Herodotus, as being in existence during the time of Pharaoh; and so perfect was its original workmanship, that those engineers expressed the opinion that it could be put in perfect repair for half a million of dollars.

They had also **RAILROADS**. All the great cities of antiquity were inland. Alexandria was the first erected on the sea border. There was a reason for this. The merchants of that day were little else than slave traders and pirates; and it was to escape their sudden incursions that retirement was sought. Piracy is now out of fashion; but slave-trading is not. Ready means of communication with the sea was important, and railroads were resorted to. They were constructed by first laying upon a level huge blocks of granite. This is the first principle of a modern railroad. These blocks were then grooved for the wheels to run in—the equivalent of the iron rail of our day. The same class of railroads were seen in South America, by our own countryman, Mr. Stevens, who adds that these wheel grooves were lined with a hard metal, thus more closely approximating our modern railroad.

OUR LANCASTERIAN SYSTEM OF TEACHING—so popular for a time, as a modern improvement, is more than two thousand years old. The **TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLE**, the pledge of abstinence, was known and practiced upon the banks of the Ganges twelve hundred years ago. **GUANO**, whose wonderful power was illustrated by the remark of the Yankee, that he placed a small quantity upon the earth where he had deposited a pumpkin seed, when instantly it commenced growing, and the vine ran with such rapidity that it entangled his legs while trying to get out of its way, and putting his hand in his pocket for his jack-knife to cut it, it went to seed before he could get his hand out, guano was known and used long before it was sought for by our people. It is not a new discovery.

We are apt to insist that Columbus first discovered the new world; but four hundred years before Christ, it was talked about as consisting of two islands larger than all Africa and Asia.

Nor is HOBBS' LOCK anything new. It is but the model of an Egyptian lock, thousands of years old. MESMERISM is no modern idea; it is older than the New Testament. HYDROPATHY was a science centuries upon centuries since. Whether it was practiced any more successfully then than now, I cannot say. It doubtless had its disciples and its opponents, as in our own day. Charles Lamb once expressed his hostility to it by saying that the deluge killed many more than it cured; but the hydropathist's reply was, that "all were saved who were worth saving."

I had supposed that modern times might claim the invention of the Loom, but on investigation, have come to the conclusion that I was mistaken. There are ancient pictures extant of the loom; and there is still to be seen ancient muslin, called the Ducra muslin, finer than any of our own day. Juvenal, the ancient Hudibras, says that the women of his day dressed in garments "woven by the wind." Our muslin is called fine which has but one hundred and fifty threads to the square inch; while the muslin in which the Egyptian mummies are enveloped has five hundred threads to the square inch; and many of the colors of the ancient cloths are believed to be the same recently discovered by the French.

But I would not wish to leave the impression that we are in no respect in advance of the ancients. We may not know more, but we use what we do know differently. What was known of science and the arts by the ancients, was used by the rulers and the priesthood to deceive and hold in subjection the masses. When these classes were themselves overthrown, the Arts were overthrown and trodden out with them.

There can now be seen in Rome bricks bearing the stamp of their maker's name, four thousand years ago. That stamp was but the modern stereotype plate; but this stereotype plate is used for other purposes than to stamp the name of the manufacturer on brick. It gives immortality to ideas. It prints the book, which renders it impossible that the knowledge of the present day, like that of the past, should go out with the men who, to-day, possess that knowledge.

It is in the use of Science that we excel the ancients; in the practical exemplification of the doctrine that no man has a right to know anything which he is not willing to make useful. It is this which pre-eminently distinguishes us from the ancients; and it is this, and the recognition of the rights of the great brotherhood of man, which, under God, is to elevate us, in the eyes of future generations, far above those whose "Lost Arts" are the subject of our wonder.

Too TRUE.—The most gentle authority will sometimes frown without reason, and the most cheerful submission will sometimes murmur without cause; and such is the law of our imperfect nature, that we must either command or obey.

Genius will Study.

Were it possible to stay the meteor in its course, could the power of man grasp the distant spheres and hurl them from their circling orbs, might he but bind the waves of ocean, or hush the fury of the hurricane, then might he hope to fetter the genius-endowed spirit. Intelligence, wherever it is found, exerts a wide and god-like influence; its power peoples the air with living forms, and the wide-spread earth glories in the rich offerings bequeathed it from the mind's storehouse. The mind, conscious of its own nobility, rises superior to all circumstances, and revels, delighted, amid its air woven visions. The most common mind has an impress of Deity which exalts it to a station but little lower than the angels. What shall we say, then, of those to whom genius hath lent its seraph fires, whose spirits, for aught we know, may have been endowed with the same pure principle which forms the essence of the glowing stars, and whose harp of a thousand strings is tuned by an unseen hand, in sweetest harmony with nature's symphony? Whether it speaks in the glowing language of poesy, entwining round its sentiments all the sweet witchery of song, or whether it breathe forth the wild thunders of forensic eloquence, still does it impress the minds of others with a sense of its superiority.

But what is genius? None can define it. No charm, no amulet, hath yet been found by which we may unfold its hidden meaning. One has said, "If there is anything which we may call genius, it is the power which some possess, of fixing the attention upon some particular object until the mind has had time to survey it on all sides, to discern all its latent beauties, or reveal its hidden deformities." But this, we think, would be bringing genius down to a standard far inferior to its many and varied characteristics.

If it depends on the habit of concentration of thought, would not many, whose intellects are even below mediocrity, be entitled to a rank among the gifted of earth, and would not many to whom the meed of fame has been cheerfully awarded, be obliged to lay aside their hard earned laurels? We find many whose thoughts seem to flow always in one channel, but do we place them on an equal with those whose minds seem to grasp all objects which come under their observation, whose spirits seem to traverse the universe of thought, and with the sceptre of reason, explore every avenue, solve each doubt, and reveal each undeciphered symbol. Surely not, though none may tell what genius is, yet we may become so conversant with its attributes as readily to distinguish the truly great. These attributes are exceedingly diversified, and the effect, they each produce when called into requisition, is like spirits

distilled from flowers, it always reminds us of its origin. In some its effect is like volatile essence, sweet as powerful; in others it resembles the otto of roses, rich and concentrated. But one of the most glorious attributes which adorns the gifted intellect, is the power of deriving instruction, and the choicest lessons of wisdom, from every circumstance and every object that may surround it. It is indeed one of its chief characteristics, and the distinguishing feature between the man of genius and the common intellect. How plainly is this illustrated among those who have placed themselves as worshipers at the shrine of learning. Some seem to think the only key to knowledge is through books, and with these they plod on, never stopping to look about, never asking why this was done, or how that was discovered, or whether it is right, but taking all for granted, they content themselves, by becoming the passive recipient of others' thoughts, without one original idea, and pass from study to study with almost the same rapidity that the bee flits from flower to flower, but with not half the success. With no stability of character, which is the only sure foundation of a good education, they content themselves with the name of having studied, and pass through the halcyon days of school life, and go forth upon the stage of action not to show the world how much they have *learned*, but *how much they have not learned*. But there is another class who, endowed with a love of originality, choose to mark out their own course for improvement, rather than follow the beaten track of others, judging it would prove as fruitless to look for pearls in the great thoroughfare, as for diamonds in a stream whose channel has been plowed by the keels of a thousand adventurous barks. To such the dull monotony of the plodder is extremely irksome. They prefer, not only to cherish the thoughts of others, but turn at times to look into the mirror of their own souls, to see what images are there reflected, and to kindle the electric spark of inspiration within their own breasts. Here are the realms in which they delight most to dwell, and should they occasionally leave it to enter into the thoughts and sentiments of others, it is that they may gather more pearls to enrich the casket within. Yet, as order and regularity are not incompatible with the spirit of genius, so the absence of those qualities may not always argue the want of it. The truly gifted may seem to others the very subjects of misrule and discord, while at the same time the elements of thought, like volcanic fire, may be at work within. Beneath the abstracted mein, and the strange, pensive eye of the dreamer, may be planted the germ which shall expand, slowly but surely, until its power, reaching through coming ages, shall startle the world with its mighty results.

In this age, the spirit of utilitarianism has so many devoted followers, that it seems almost an anomaly to find one who dares throw off the fetters custom would bind around him, to lay aside the tools of the la-

borer, and, rising in the might of an independent soul, glorying in its greatness, to draw from their own minds, and "nature's everlasting simile," the rich draughts of intellectual enjoyment.

The opinion seems prevalent among a certain class, that no one can be industrious, unless he constantly employs the use of visible agencies; as the mechanic cannot work without his tools, so, they think, the student can accomplish nothing without his books. But genius will not always be chained to a book. It chooses rather to receive the refreshing draughts of knowledge from the fountain head—from nature itself. "Genius will study." Wherever it may be found, whether in the barren wastes of Lybia or the luxuriant plains of Oriental climes, it is ever seeking after new images. Yet it is not from the printed page it would learn to soar, nor from the written sentiments of sages; but it goes forth into the boundless air, and expatiates in a world of life and light. The tiny flower which blossoms in the way receives the tears of heaven, and bears a lesson on its velvet leaves more eloquent to him than all the pomp of high sounding words. To the child of genius, every leaf has a tongue, and the quick winds and sighing zephyrs awake harp-like melodies. The singing stream, and gurgling fountain, awake in his soul visions of peace and love. The very oaks teach him reverence and dignity, and he looks upon the enameled plain above as on a lettered world, and in the pure light of the glowing stars, reads the perfection and glory of divinity. His sanctuary is the forest, with the concave skies its roof, and its drapery the hanging boughs; there his soul is free as the mountain air, and if asked what there he sought, like the German sage, he could reply, "I am hunting after images." Man, know thyself, is an echo that comes like a voice from the past; but we may not acquire this knowledge unless we live much within ourselves. Then let none heap upon the favorite of genius the opprobrium of an idler, if, perchance, he may lay aside the instruments of art, or return the book to its silent home, and go forth to read the mysteries of the universe; but let them remember that, like the electric fluid, it produces the most startling results, when indulging in its wildest freaks.

The Charity of Odd-Fellowship.

The charity of Odd-Fellowship begins at home, but it does not operate there only. The Gospel designed for the whole world, began with its Founder, was extended to his disciples, spread to the Jews, and only after it had been preached for several years at Jerusalem, was Paul made an Apostle, and sent to preach its "unsearchable riches" to the Gentiles. So with every work of benevolence, every enterprise for the general good. It must have a beginning, then an enlarged theater in its progress, before it can fill the bounds of its consummation.

Odd-Fellowship—Its Benefits.

Institutions, like men, must be judged by their fruits. It is only by the recognition of this principle, that we are able to form an accurate opinion, and put a just estimate upon men and things. God judges actions by their motives; we can only infer their nature and quality from the exhibition before us.

“By their fruits ye shall know them,” is the language of one whose omniscience scanned all motives, and whose infallible judgment weighed in the scales of a righteous decision, all acts.

It is not the name of an institution, or the emblems, however beautiful or significant, which illustrate its principles, that give character to it, but the living embodiment of those principles, as manifested in corresponding action. What were the pompous emblazonry that surrounded the name of that great conqueror, so far as true greatness was concerned, if that name were associated with deeds of horror and darkness? What were the splendid columns and chapiters, and gorgeous dome, and wide-spread fame of that magnificent temple, if the smoking incense of its altar were the tears and groans of humanity? And what were the boasting professions of Friendship and Love, if Truth formed not their basis, and corresponding acts did not exhibit the genuineness of those professions? What, we ask, but an unsubstantial shadow, a deceitful mirage, a false light which only

“Leads to bewilder,
And dazzles to blind?”

We would judge of the institution whose name stands at the head of this article, and the principles by which it is governed, by the standard above indicated, and we are willing to submit it and them to the scrutiny and decision of the world. We do not wish to institute any invidious comparisons between this institution and others of a similar benevolent character, nor would we, as some have done, cast imputations on the Church, charging her with dereliction in duty, in not attending to the wants and sufferings of the poor and friendless within her fold; but we must be permitted to say, in behalf of the Order, that its benevolence embraces, and its beneficence extends, to all within the sphere of its operations, without respect to condition or circumstances in life. With a spirit of philanthropy broad as the universe, it sends its guardian angels to every home of grief and want, and pours the oil of gladness into every sorrow-stricken heart.

In the dispensation of its charities it waits not for the trembling step and faltering tongue to visit its portals and beg for assistance, but, anticipating the wants of the sufferer, it hastens, with rapid step, to minister to his relief. Often, when the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and

wasteth at noon day, is abroad in the land, spreading destruction and sorrow in its march of death, leveling alike the rich and the poor, the powerful and the feeble, the proud and the humble, has the Order shown itself equal to the sad and dreadful emergency, and multitudes who would otherwise have been unattended in sickness and death, with none but their sorrow stricken families to weep at their graves, have been visited by the faithful brother, and fraternal hands have closed their dying eyes, and fraternal hearts have shed the sympathetic tear at their tomb.

Go with me to yonder city, over which hangs, in dark and dreadful folds, the gloomy pall of death. Lamentation, mourning, and woe are heard through all her streets. Around us are the dead and dying. Consternation is exhibited in every face, as the death knell, through the leaden atmosphere, falls upon every ear. Multitudes are flying from the infected city as the inhabitants fled from Catanea when the fiery flood rolled down the sides of the burning mountain. In the midst of all that scene of desolation, when the churches were closed, and almost all branches of business suspended—when the very best of her citizens could scarcely get any attention, and the stranger was left to die alone—then, in that hour of trial, as a light-house amid the storm, the Order of the Brotherhood loomed up in the darkness, and carried its blessings and benefits to the most desolate haunts of disease and death.

When that dreadful scourge of nations visited our city, in 1832 and 1848, carrying off its thousands, filling every heart with fear, the Order here, firm to its principles of benevolence, gave a true exhibition of its character, by standing beside the sick and dying, and attending the vigils and solemn rites of the dead, with unfaltering fidelity; and often when relatives and friends could afford no aid, has it detailed band after band of the brotherhood to attend the sick, and remain with them during the weary watches of the night, or in sad and solemn procession, gone with the dead to the place of sepulture.

To visit the sick, bury the dead, comfort the widow, educate the orphan, and do good to all, constitute the great objects of the Order; and though it makes no claims to being a divine institution, yet its works declare that the principles from which they flow must be closely allied to the teachings of Him who said, "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." An institution having such objects, and governed by such principles, can scarcely be actuated by base and sordid motives; and as "men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles," so we judge that the good fruits which cluster in such rich abundance around it, must proceed from a good and honorable source.

As a brotherhood, perhaps no institution could be devised where a greater degree of unanimity of sentiment and opinion can be secured in regard to everything pertaining to a brother's welfare; and, certainly, where want and suffering are felt, none ever can exist characterized by greater promptness and efficiency of action. Effort after effort has been made to organize benevolent associations without any reference to the ties of brotherhood, except those which grow out of the relations existing in the common brotherhood of man, but they have proved signal failures, while the mutual relief principle has demonstrated its practical utility and permanency for ages. It was this principle that preserved the Church during the period when persecution after persecution swept over it in successive storms, threatening its entire demolition; and it was this element that caused the Pagan monarch to exclaim of the invincible band, "See, how these Christians love one another!" Rather than sever the ties that bound them in one fraternal bond of union, or renounce their fidelity to God and each other, they buried themselves in the deep solitudes of the mountains, or the deeper gloom of the Roman catacombs, and bore, with heroic fortitude, every reproach and torture, and even death itself.

The incorporation of this principle in any Society must secure its permanency and stability; and, so long as the Order adheres to this grand central idea of its organization, it will exist and flourish, dispensing blessings all around.

Annexation of the Canadian Grand Lodge.

Some years ago, the Canadian Lodges of Odd Fellows, most of which had been under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States, severed their connection with that body, and established "The Grand Lodge of British North America." They, however, retained the forms and usages prescribed by the head of the Order in this country, and received their "annual pass-words" from us.

We observe now, that through the efforts of Grand Sire DeSausure, and Grand Secretary Ridgely, of the Grand Lodge of the United States, who made an official visit to the Canadian Provinces, recently, a re-annexation has been effected, and, hereafter, the government of the Lodges throughout the Continent will be vested in the American authorities.

This is a significant change; one that will exert a powerful influence on the destinies of the Colonies, and tend to draw closer the relationship between them and the Union. It shows that the prejudice formerly existing between the Canadian subjects of her most gracious Majesty and our own citizens is being obliterated, and the natural ties of neighborhood and fellowship taking its place.

The Westward March of Empire.

Human history is a perpetual exodus. National migrations seem to be prompted by both divine and human purposes. There are always tyrants to conquer, oppressions to flee from, a Red Sea to cross, a wilderness to traverse, and a promised land to attain and possess in the end.

The history of the world might be divided, like a drama, into five acts, four of which are already played out. The curtain is just rising on the fifth and last.

First, the Age of PERICLES, or the Age of ARTISTIC BEAUTY. Fifteen hundred years before the birth of our Savior, the world was in a petrified condition. It had no history, no States. All that had been done in Assyria, in Persia, and in Egypt, was in a stagnant condition. At that period, action began to ooze out, taking its origin in Western Asia, the source of all future civilization. Two young men are students in Egypt. Each is intent upon his unknown but lofty purpose, which he first matures, and then sets out to accomplish. One crosses to Greece. He brings letters with him, and sows on Greek ground the primary seeds of civilization. Nine years afterward, the other, a man of a down-trodden race—an outcast, a man who was born to overthrow tyranny, and who burned under its influence—sets out on his expedition, and leads his brethren, over sea and land, into the wilderness. With these two (Cadmus and Moses,) originates the history of the world, secular and sacred. Passing on to about 700 B. C. we find genius developed into beauty. It is the age of beauty in art, in sculpture, in architecture, in literature, in philosophy—everywhere beauty. It is the age of Socrates and Plato, of Aristotle and Euripides, of Hesiod and Sophocles, of Æschines and Demosthenes, and Praxiteles and Phidias; in a word, the age of Pericles, for in him all the elements of the highest Grecian culture were exemplified. He was resplendent with all that could communicate grandeur. He stood forth, amid forms of artistic excellence, the exponent of a beauty that the world has since only approximated. In literature, in painting, in statuary, in architecture, the world has only dug up the defaced and broken fragments of those days, and yet they are master-pieces which its best workmen have never since been able to equal.

Second, the Age of AUGUSTUS, or the Age of MARTIAL FORCE. A colony of adventurers are driven upon the Italian coast; they lay there the foundation of a future city, and as they are digging the first trench of its walls, the soothsayers, taking their inspiration from the sight of a bloody head (*caput*), predict its future greatness. "This," say they, "shall be the bloody caput, the warlike metropolis, the capital of all the world." Oriental languor gives way to strength and vigor. The brigands go on, gathering energy even from their superstition. They go out

against their neighbors, and subjugate them. They conquer new territories, and each conquest paves the way for another, and another, until, from the shores of the Mediterranean to the healthy hills of Scotland, from the Euphrates to the Rhine, there is but one government, one language, one religion. It is a grand amalgam of nations, a blending of all tribes. It is just perfected when the Roman Emperor proclaims himself Pontifex Maximus. The monument of that age is the Pantheon. All the great monuments of human progress are architectural. What the Parthenon was to Greece, the Pantheon is to Rome. It is a type of the people, gross, as they are themselves : not beautiful, like its Grecian prototype, but bearing Greek beauty defaced and defiled by Roman touch ; the touch of iron muscle and iron mind. That Pantheon is filled with the deities of conquered nations. As province after province is subjugated, niche after niche is filled, statue after statue is erected. God after god takes its place among the divinities of Rome, until the list is complete. Then, as the sculptor is putting the last touch to the marble, a light breaks in the East. It comes from the fountain head of civilization ; just as the field is cleared of the obstructions of martial force, just as the world is prepared for a universal religion. He is born in Bethlehem, who shall dethrone all these gods, enlighten and bless all lands, and send out a redeeming influence, westward, all around the world.

Third, the Age of Leo X, or the Age of ENLARGED INVENTION. A man, Asiatic in temperament, European in education, towering above all the people in nobleness, and culture, lands on the coast of Italy. He too comes from the East. He is the predestined hero, qualified to appear just at this ripe period, in Europe. Through perils, through storms, through persecution and suffering, he has come even into the presence of Nero, saying, "So far as in me lies, I am ready to preach the gospel at Rome also." He sows the seed among the toiling and toil-worn, always the regenerators of the world. They receive the divine truth, and Christianity comes up on the earth. That same man lives to write a letter to Cæsar's family. Though that truth is to be gradually corrupted and obscured and misrepresented, it will emerge at the end all the brighter for its trials.

At the end of the fifth century, the East goes to decay, never to be restored again until the West becomes the East, and civilization and empire have spread around the world in a track of unbroken splendor. The rugged North comes down and apparently annihilates the effete South, though it, in reality, is but combining in both the elements of their future greatness. Through the season of danger, Byzantium preserves the treasures of science, of art, of philosophy, and literature—and then, when it has passed, gives them back again to the West—and disappears.

Then came the so called Dark Ages, for the Middle Ages are much misrepresented by such a designation. There were ten centuries of great degradation and ignorance; but in these ten centuries there were elements of light which are not to be found in the world at this day. A young man, wearied with the crimes and seeking to escape the temptations of the great city, leaves Rome. He goes out to Subiaco, makes for himself a lonely retreat there, and gives himself up to study and prayer. Others, led by the same motives, follow him, and adopt him as their leader. He becomes their instructor and patron. It is Benedict, the founder of the Benedictine order of monks—the class of men to whom we are indebted, more than any other, for modern civilization. When all around them was ignorance, and degradation, and darkness, they planted the schools, the colleges, and the universities all over Europe. All the English colleges were founded by them. All the schools along the Rhine and Danube are indebted to them for existence. Charlemagne, when Emperor, could not write his name until they taught him; and they swayed his influence to work their own great purposes. They were the literary aristocracy of those centuries, the conservatives of literature and art. Two other similar great orders were founded by Francis and Dominic. These Franciscan and Dominican monks were the literary democrats of that day; they were the first itinerant preachers, the Methodists of the Middle Ages. They were not scholars, immersed in books and libraries, but teachers of the workmen, out of doors, in streets, in fields, and workshops. They were all mighty in diffusing truth. In England, the names of the localities indicate the first schools founded by each—Blackfriars, by the Benedictines; Greyfriars, by the Franciscans; and Whitefriars, by the Dominicans. The first press in Italy, and the first one in England were put to work by the Benedictines. All of the finest cathedrals were built by the Benedictines. The best editions of the classics were issued by the Benedictines. The greatest of the painters were monks. Most of the master-pieces of the fine arts were executed in the cloister by them, or by their pupils and proteges. The Dominicans excelled in sculpture. The Benedictines are more famous in classic research and in architecture.

Everything in art and in philosophy is continually going forward toward the setting sun. Take architecture as an example. The Asiatics dug caves; the Egyptians copied them in structures above ground. The Greeks borrowed, or stole, all that went before them (it is a mark of great genius to be a good thief—many of the greatest intellects have become so by appropriating other men's ideas). The Dorians took the column and perfected it, making it a model of beauty. They placed the entablature on the colonade, and upon the pediment opened a space for genius to develop its thought in sculpture. The Romans invented the

arch; and this in turn was the germ of the dome, adopted by nations still further west. It was this which first gave enlarged space and proportion to architecture; for the Greek temples were narrow and small, and their openings limited to the length of the super-imposed blocks of marble. When Constantine became Emperor, there were no suitable places for religious worship. The Basilica were the finest buildings of the age, and so, when Christianity became the religion of the government, they were taken for purposes of worship, and the court rooms became churches. The priest took the place of the judge, the male and female portions of the congregation took the place of male and female witnesses, and the choir was substituted for the bar. From Rome and Byzantium the current of architectural progress went north and west, dividing on its way into the Norman and German, or Gothic type. Lombardy supplied the campanile, which has since become the steeple. Exeter, Winchester, and Salisbury Cathedrals, in England, are examples of the perfection that was finally reached. From them our best models are copied. The cathedral in Albany is a fine specimen of the style of the fourteenth century. Trinity Church in New York is an example of the sixteenth century, or the last and most perfect style of all.

But there, architecture stopped. From the sixteenth century to this day, there has not been an original building erected. The Crystal Palace in Hyde Park came pretty near it, but that is the only one that even made the attempt. And that, too, is a type of the times—an exemplification of the spirit of the nineteenth century—with a heart of iron, and looking into everybody's windows.

Fourth, the Age of WASHINGTON, or the Age of UNIVERSAL CIVILIZATION. This commenced when the Italian astronomer raised his tube to the sky, and after uncertain gropings amid the darkness, at last learned and ventured to weigh the world and walk amid the stars. It commenced when a pilgrim from Genoa went wandering about from court to court to find means to gratify the impulse mysteriously implanted in his heart, to seek a path to the East through the unexplored seas, and at last after long trials and weary voyages, found in the West a new world. The mind of the sixteenth century has gone westward and is going still. On the banks of the Rhine, a soldier at Mayence—(bear in mind that as a priest invented gunpowder, and a clergyman percussion caps, it was only reasonable that a soldier should discover the means of preserving peace and religion)—first thought of taking an impression from wooden blocks inked over, and the hand of Infinite Wisdom lifted, through the hand of Guttenberg, the first proof-sheet; and God said for the second time, "Let there be light." And there was light, when the omniscient, and almost omnipotent Press was given to shake the world, annihilate oppression, and diffuse wisdom, and freedom and truth.

The loom, the telescope, the press, the magnet, the graver, were all gathered at last in England, just at the time when the struggle began between the Cavaliers and Roundheads. Elements of colonial empire were wanted, and these two factions were tossed and shifted to and fro until the right elements came uppermost, when the Cavaliers went to Virginia, and the Roundheads to Massachusetts. The one represented the dignified and educated gentleman, the other the sturdy and rough workingman of the future States. While the one laid out broad estates and plantations in the fertile fields of the South, the other was subduing the bleak and sterile rocks of New England, and founding the churches and schools of America. These Cavaliers and Roundheads were always quarreling; and they are disposed to quarrel still. Take a small descendant of the Southern Cavaliers and a small specimen of the Northern Roundhead element, and put them together, and you have a small fight directly. In 1601 God put the Dutchman in between them, to keep the peace, and he laid the foundations of New York.

The discovery of America was a lucky blunder. Columbus was not looking for it, but for the Northwest passage to India. So it was with Hudson's discovery of New York. He was looking for the Northwest passage, and sailed up here to Albany after it. Why were the Hollanders brought to settle New York? At that time Holland was the great liberal and commercial power of the globe. She was the carrier for all Europe. And it was designed that the city they settled should be the commercial metropolis—first of the continent—of the world.

The Huguenot from France—William Penn, the representative of peace—Lord Baltimore, the representative of toleration—these were the chief founders in America. Then arose Patrick Henry to strike the first blow against civil oppression; Roger Williams, to introduce for the first time true religious toleration; and finally, Washington, to open the path to universal empire and freedom.

The colonies in time became crowded, and the President purchased Louisiana to give them room. As Napoleon signed the treaty ceding it, he said, prophetically: "In thus ceding Louisiana I give to the young States of America the power to compete with the only prince in the world that I have reason to dread."

Just at this period, when we fell heirs to a great inland navigation, Fulton comes with his invention of the steamboat. It spreads and extends our empire westward. While this is going on, strife arises again between some Cavaliers and Roundheads about the expediency of dissolving the Union. But there has grown up a power behind them which they cannot resist. The freest and most patriotic portion of the citizens have gone westward into the valley of the Mississippi. Refugees from the old world, equally devoted to liberty, have joined them there; and

the great West arises like a giant, to inform the little South, that it means to hold them at peace. At this moment gold, hid till now, is found, and a rush of free labor takes place to the Pacific coast. A free State is placed on that shore, securing Union and giving liberty forever the preponderance.

When Fulton launched his paddle-wheels on the Hudson, and started off for Albany against wind and tide, America was just beginning to go. When the daguerreotype was perfected in New York, America was just beginning to see—his face in the sun. When Morse transmitted words hundreds of miles along a wire in a moment's time, America was just beginning to talk. It is no idle boast that we are "Young" America. We are the youth six thousand years old. Six thousand years have been spent in education, and now we are just entering upon our career.

Influences of Odd-Fellowship.

It has been well observed that every event or movement in the history of humanity is a new revelation of man, or nature, or God! This thought is eminently true, and all the institutions and societies around us should be studied in this light. There is not a movement in the material world, nor an event in the life of man or society, but is a revelation of eternal truth—a new step of humanity in its upward progress. All revolutions in society—the great questions which agitate nations—the mighty ideals which burn in the bosom of Christendom, laboring to realize themselves in the philanthropic enterprises and benevolent associations of the day;—which form the ground work of all the secret societies of the age, whether Odd-Fellows, Free-Masons, Sons of Temperance, or Rechabites, have a deep and solemn significance—are attached to the divinest sentiments of the soul—are expressive of the soul's aspirations; responses to the great needs of humanity. They mark the victories of man over ignorance and selfishness, and are pledges of an ever-growing perfection; for while man labors he thrives—while society struggles and is in conflict, it advances. All the phenomena of life, therefore—all institutions or movements in society—all those associations which in ancient and modern times have appealed to the secret principle—have been so many attempts of man to fathom the mystery of his being—so many struggles to reach and embrace an Ideal Good, which he sees glimmering forever in the immeasurable heights above him. All associations, therefore, have a profound import, which is worthy of being investigated.

The social influence of secret societies has not been enough considered by historians. In the earliest periods of the world they existed, and contributed more to civilization than any other institutions ever devised

by human genius. They were the sources of moral life—the fountains of theology, philosophy, ethics, science, and politics—the ministers of progress—the mother of civilization. In the secret societies of Egypt, Greece, India, and the north of Europe, were first revealed and developed those moral principles and sentiments, and those social ideas and political theories which afterwards entered into the life of the people, and became actual in their social organization. They revealed a higher and diviner political thought, to be realized in human government.

If we examine this subject, we shall find that all progress in society, and all advancement in the science of government, are in virtue of revelations of new truths, which are first seen and accepted by a few earnest and far-seeing spirits, and by them imbodied in a private and secret association. This association grows, gains influence, and at length modifies all the institutions of the State.

So in modern times, we have seen a certain social idea—the idea of the equality of the worth of man as man, and his right to elect his own superior or chief—pass through several phases, till it attained to a perfect incarnation in our political institutions. This idea, born in one of the monarchical orders of the Roman church, realized in the internal arrangements of the secret orders of the middle ages, became fully developed and defined in the fraternity of free-masons, and, with that association, spread through every country of Christendom. But as yet it had not changed the political aspect of society; it was only an ideal of a new state, the consolation and hope of those earnest men, who, looking with longing toward the future, sought refuge from the withering arrangements of the outward life in the fraternal embraces of their secret institution. It was a type of an order of things yet to be created. But as every thought finds its appropriate word, so, sooner or later, will every idea find an expression, in some of the forms of life. Thus, the social idea which had been laboring for ages in the hearts of the good and wise, which in these secret associations had been worshipped for centuries, found an utterance, an imbodiment in the institutions of the American republic.

From what has been said, it follows, that these secret societies are not only useful, but necessary. There is always need of an institution where a higher ideal of life shall be worshipped and sought after, than is yet to be found realized in the existing political organization;—an institution which will re-combine the scattered elements of society, arm itself against the selfish tendencies of the race, give men faith in virtue, and confidence in each other, and reveal to the world a Divine Ideal to be actualized in its life.

Is Odd-Fellowship an institution of this description? Has it an Ideal of a society more perfect than yet exists? In its arrangements and

practices, is it in advance of the age? Has it a wider philanthropy, a more tender regard for the miseries of life? Let the dark pictures of suffering which meet us at every turn, answer! Let the squalid wretchedness, the direful ignorance, the pinching and corrupting poverty which are either fostered or overlooked by the established society, answer!

The idea of social life, revealed in Odd-Fellowship, and made actual in its arrangements, is far, far beyond the most benevolent and liberal of our social compacts.

The particular thought, then, we wish to utter in this connection, is, that Odd-Fellowship presents to the world the picture of a new Order—of a new social arrangement, where all of life circulates around the Idea of Brotherhood, and that its mission is to diffuse its peculiar principles more and more, till the entire of society shall feel their power, and be redeemed from the thrall of selfishness.

Whether Odd-Fellowship will be true to these principles, and develop them in all their beauty, the future alone can answer. But when we consider that the principles which were cherished in the ancient mysteries, blended at length with the common life of the people—that the social idea of Free-Masonry found an imbodiment in our free institutions—we feel assured that Odd-Fellowship will achieve triumphantly its holy mission, by communicating its life to the life of the world, and raising society up to its own level.

If our theory of secret associations be correct, the Order of Odd-Fellows is precisely the institution which the world needs at this particular crisis, and which is demanded by all the wants of man. Society needs an ideal of a higher and better state to which it may aspire. Odd-Fellowship reveals that ideal, and gives it an actual being in its own particular form. Men need faith in virtue, confidence in each other; for without these, there can be no stability in business, nor improvement in individual or public morality. Odd-Fellowship creates this faith in virtue, and insures this mutual confidence. It strengthens public morality, promotes peace and good-will between man and man, and seeks to apply, always and everywhere, the Christian idea of union and love, as they are revealed in the command, "BEAR ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

We would say, therefore, to Odd-Fellows:—

Your mission is a holy one, and imposes on you high and weighty obligations. You have been taught, in your Lodges, that there are "three classes of duties binding on all men, and which you, as Odd-Fellows, are especially bound to observe—to God, to yourselves, to your neighbors." You are to be faithful to yourselves, and to your brethren of the human family. By being faithful to yourselves, we mean, you should labor unceasingly to perfect your natures, and employ the faculties God has given you, to accomplish well the mission you are sent into this world to achieve.

To be faithful to your duties to your fellow men, you must be charitable, kind, benevolent—ever swift and eager to do good—even scorning to do a mean or selfish act.

You have assumed the obligations of charity, and charity knows no limits: you are not, therefore, to limit your charities to the members of your fraternity, but extend them to all. Listen to that loud cry of distress which rises up around us from the depths of society—a world-embracing chorus of misery—as if calling on the very heavens for relief.

True, an immense labor is before you;—years, it may be ages, of toil will roll away ere the ideal of Odd-Fellowship will descend into the midst of society, to re-form it after a higher type of love. But the victory shall yet be yours. The day of toil will at length pass over; the storm and cloud will roll away; the stars, serene and bright, will appear on the face of the sky; and a voice—a voice, sweet as music of the spheres—will say, “Ye weary, toil-worn, battle-soiled band, come up hither to your repose, among flame-crowned hosts above.”

Slavery in the Russian Empire.

The ladies of England, speaking from Sutherland House, have boldly but safely memorialized the ladies of the United States on the subject of negro slavery. If they would follow up that step, they will now turn their eyes in the opposite direction, towards the East, and try what influence they can exercise upon the Greatest Slaveholder in the World, without exception: we mean the Emperor Nicholas, Czar of Russia.

There is no doubt about it, that slavery of the very worst kind prevails in the largest empire in Europe. What is more, the slaves of Russia are white, not black. They are bought and sold by their masters, like the negroes of the American slave States; and the indignities and barbarities committed upon them are of a still more frightful character.

No country has done more for the abolition of slavery than England has done—bestirred itself more actively, or made greater sacrifices. We have taxed ourselves heavily for the purpose of buying the freedom of the West Indian negroes from their British owners. We have fitted our fleets to blockade the African coast against the slave-pirates of Cuba and the Brazils, and sacrificed in the effort to put down the slave trade many thousands of English lives. We have employed our influence with almost every European state to induce them to co-operate with us in our efforts to abolish the accursed thing. Yet not one word of expostulation has diplomacy uttered to the greatest slaveholder in the world—Nicholas of Russia,—the same Nicholas, by the way, who was so prominent a party in the anti-slavery treaties respecting the blacks!

In our own time Nicholas has reduced the population of whole districts in Poland to absolute slavery ; the same Nicholas co-operated in the resuscitation of the trade in Circassian females for Turkish harems ; and the same great slave-owner entered into formal treaties with Prussia and Austria, and yet more recently with Persia, whereby these powers engaged to deliver up to him, like so many droves of his cattle, all the white slaves of Russia who might flee for freedom to their territories.

Of the fifty-three and a half millions of people which Russia contained in 1842, not less than forty-two millions were slaves ; and of these, fifteen millions were slaves of the crown or, the emperor ! Where is there a slaveholder in the world to be compared with Nicholas ? These forty-two millions of white people are in a state of the most abject slavery.—They are taught in the schools to be slaves—their catechism teaches them to worship the emperor as their first duty, and the entire nation bows under his despotic power. “The submission of the clergy,” says a Russian writer, “is only equalled by that of the whole people.”

The Russian slaves have no legal rights ; in that respect they are no better than the negroes of the States. The administration of “justice” to them is invested in the nobles who are their owners ; and on the crown estates the administration is wholly with their taskmasters, the overseers appointed by the great slave-master, the Czar. The cruelties perpetrated on the slaves are limited only by the dread of retaliation on their part ; and sometimes their revenge assumes a frightful form, savage murders and assassinations, the burning of their tormentors, together with their families, in their own palaces, occurring from time to time, marked by features of savage atrocity. Only a few years ago, an instance of this wild and ruthless revenge was perpetrated on Prince Kourkin by his serfs, for his repeated cruelties to them.

The Russian people are not only slaves to their nobles—they are slaves to the soil. The land of Russia is valueless of itself ; its value consists in the human property belonging to it, and from which the nobles derive their chief revenue. Practically, the private serf of Russia—and there are above forty millions of such—is, life and limb, at the disposal of his owner, as completely as slaves have ever been in any country. He can be sold or hired out as a beast of burden. The law, it is true, now wills that a certain portion of land must be sold with him ; but land in Russia is, as we have said, of merely nominal value. The master may remove one or all of his slaves for life from one estate to another, though thousands of miles apart. In purchasing a slave, he has only to go through the formality of receiving from the former owner a few acres of land with him, of which he soon forgets the possession, and from which he may remove the slave, separating him forever from his wife and children, and dooming him to perpetual banishment from his home.

The Russian slave, male or female, cannot marry without the permission of the owner ; and, as in the case of negroes in the States, there are no purposes, even the most infamous, to which the female slave is not always liable to be devoted, and frequently applied. The master may at any time send his male slave to Siberia, or for a soldier,—and some he must constantly choose for this service. The owner may flog his slave to death, but the law only permits him to be fined. The law forbids any court to receive the evidence of a slave against his master. By a royal *ukase* issued by the monster Catherine, and since confirmed by Nicholas, if a serf makes any complaint to his superiors against his lord, “he shall be amenable to the punishment which the laws award”—that is, to the punishment of death !

But there is no law in Russia, except the despotic will of the head slave-owner. Puschkin, the Russian writer, emphatically observes, “there is no law in Russia ; the law is nailed to a stake, and that stake wears a crown.”

The question occurs, are the Russians *willing* slaves to their great slaveholder, and would they not be free if they could ? The answer can be given only in one way : no people ever loved slavery, or willingly submitted to it, if they could shake it off. The Russians are no exception. The heavy, monstrous, prostrating oppression of ages, has, it is true, produced a fearfully depressing effect on the minds of the Russian peasantry ; but from time to time, the “wild justice of revenge,” bursting out in acts of sanguinary rebellion against their owners, shows that Russians, like other men, can feel pain and oppression, and rise up against it in their own rough and savage way. Let this one fact, also, bear witness to the discontent of the Russian people under frightful despotism which weighs upon them,—that the present emperor, the great slave owner Nicholas, has sent on the long weary journey to Siberia not less than 250,000,—a quarter of a million of individuals ; and of these, three-fifths were banished for political offences !

Two attempts have been made by the Russian slaves to shake off their servitude ; the first time during the last generation, in the rebellion of Pugatcheff ; and the second time, in the memory of the present generation during the invasion of Russia by Napoleon. Pugatcheff, a Cossack, on promising liberty to the rustic population, soon saw himself at the head of 20,000 slaves determined to be free. They marched on to Moscow, and caused the Czarina, Catharine II., to tremble on her throne. But the rebels were overthrown and slaughtered, and the chains of slavery were drawn tighter round the slaves’ necks.

The spirit and doings of the Russian peasants during Napoleon’s invasion were of a somewhat remarkable character. Golovine, a proscribed Russian noble, has, in a book recently published by him on the subject of

Russia, thrown quite a new light on the matter. He says that the Emperor Alexander's proclamation to the Russian people, calling upon them to rally round their Russian master, was received with sullen apathy ; and that the rumored approach of the French armies, who, it was said, came as liberators of the slaves, was hailed with positive satisfaction. In the neighborhood of St. Petersburg, the peasants said of Napoleon that he was not their enemy, and that he would free them. At Novogorod, a landed proprietor relates, that on returning home to his village, he was received with positive disrespect by his serfs ; they had all neglected to perform the tasks he had left them, with the exception of one individual, who had been taught the trade of a boot maker. In a state of intoxication he brought back one pair to his lord, and returned the remainder of the leather, saying,—“Take care of it ; the French are coming : you will have to make the next pair for me.” The same feeling prevailed all over the country. The Poles, who had been enslaved by the Russians in Lithuania, also hailed Napoleon with enthusiasm as a liberator.

But Russian and Polish slaves were alike doomed to disappointment. Napoleon neither set up the Polish Republic, as he promised, nor offered liberty to the Russian slaves ; and probably his omission to do this, as a matter of policy, was the greatest blunder of his life. When the Russian peasants flocked to the French outposts beyond Witepsk, bringing with them, to deliver into their hands, the lords and *oupravitel's* of the estates which they inhabited, Napoleon repulsed them. The excuse, afterwards stated to the French Senate, was this :—“I could,” said he, “have armed a great portion of the Russian population against the remainder, by proclaiming the enfranchisement of the serfs. I was asked to do so by the population of many villages ; but, on considering the debased and barbarous condition of the Russian peasantry, I could not think of adopting a measure which would have been the signal for putting to death and torturing whole families.” Napoleon's humanity on that occasion saved the Czar, but ruined himself. When the Russian peasants found they had nothing to hope from the French, who further roused their superstitious feeling by stabling their horses in the churches, and desecrating the images of their saints, the tide of popular prejudice turned against the invaders. The Russian commanders, who burnt down the villages, also extensively circulated the information that this wanton destruction was the work of the French, who, they assured the peasants, came as destroyers, not emancipators. The slave proprietors aided them in the propagation of the rumors ; and soon the entire peasantry were roused into exasperated hostility against the sacrilegious French. The result is but too well known.

When the French were expelled, the Russian serfs sank back into slavery, and nothing has been done for their enfranchisement since. The

British have emancipated their West India slaves; so have the French and the Danish; but the Czar and his nobles still hold their forty millions of white slaves in worse than black bondage. They wear the galling yoke in sullen despair, but doubtless the day will come when it can no longer be borne. Every whisper uttered against the slave government of Russia is carefully gathered up by the secret police of Nicholas, and the utterer is forthwith thrown into a dungeon, banished to Siberia, or despatched to the army of the Caucasus, to join his bones to the grisly heap of skeletons accumulating around the mountain ramparts of Schamyl. No liberal thought can live and find utterance in Russia. The Czar is a fearful Atropos, with the death-shears ever in his hand to cut off and exterminate free-minded men. He has his eyes upon them even in England and Paris, and his spies are in our *salons*, reporting to him the unguarded utterances of his subjects. Suddenly they are recalled to St. Petersburg, from whence they are often despatched forthwith to Siberia, or are never more heard of. On one occasion, Prince Dolgousky and the noble Golovine received at the same time an order to return home. The former obeyed, returned, and was forthwith banished to Waitka; the latter disobeyed, was accordingly pronounced guilty of "high treason," his estates were confiscated, and he was sentenced to banishment, with the loss of his nobility. Golovine remained in England, and wrote a book descriptive of Russian despotism,—to which we are now indebted for much of our knowledge of Russia. "I am not the first," says Golovine, "nor shall I be the last, to deplore the servitude of Russia, and to protest against its oppression; never shall I attain the energy of the Russian poet, who said, 'In Russia the Czar and the knout are worshiped; and the Russians, O fools! cry, Hurrah! it is time to beat us!'"

The slave-owner, great or small, is never safe, and he knows it. The Czar's chief aide-de-camp is the head of his secret police,—the right ear of this modern Dionysius. In Russia, he can punish the utterance of opinions at variance with despotism, by his own sole mandate; but beyond the confines of Russia he is pursued by the vengeance of public opinion. Wherever the Czar goes, he is haunted by dread of the Poles,—that brave people whom he has so mercilessly trampled down and reduced to Russian slavery. When he traveled to Naples and Palermo, he adopted different disguises to conceal himself from the eyes of those who hate him. He stole through the countries which he had to traverse and saw in every lurking stranger a banished Pole. He refused refreshment offered to him by strange hands, and, distrustful of mankind, he chose a ferocious dog for his constant companion. At Rome when he ventured out, distracted mothers threw themselves at his feet, imploring pardon for their sons whom he had sent to Siberian mines; and pamphlets, descriptive of the monstrous cruelties which he had inflicted on

helpless nuns at Minek and elsewhere, were thrust into his carriage windows. At the theatres, he skulked unseen into a corner of his box. In Germany, again, he was haunted by his terror of the Poles,—they are his “evil spirit.” In his visits to the courts of the German princes, the Czar made it a condition that he should not so much as be crossed in the streets by the ill-omened figure of a Polish refugee. When in London, the Polish ball came across his path : his agents offered a bribe of some £500 to the lady patronesses if they would postpone it till he had left England. They would not, and the Czar hurriedly set out the day before the ball.

In a land of slaves, the great slave-owner may well live in terror. His father Paul was murdered by his subjects. His brothers, Alexander and Constantine, both died suddenly and mysteriously,—it has been said of soison. But not a whisper of this durst be uttered in Russia, else—Siberia! On one occasion a musket-shot was fired at Nicholas, at Posen, and to all appearance it was fired from a carriage in his own suite. On one of his servile courtiers congratulating him on his escape, the Czar reprimanded him severely : “We must not,” said he, “make the people entertain the idea that it is *possible* to fire at the Czar!”

Custine says of Russia, that “it is one vast prison ;” the prison, be it remembered, of the inhabitants of one-eight part of the habitable globe! The air of Russia is heavy with slavery. Man cannot breathe the breath of freedom there and live. It is not only political slavery, but religious slavery, social slavery, physical slavery,—of which Russia is full. In Poland, which is a Catholic country, the Virgin Mary was wont to be called “The Queen of Heaven ;” this was regarded by Nicholas as an interference with the divine prerogative of the Czar, so in the Polish liturgy the Virgin was shorn of her crown. Thus, even Heaven itself is forbidden to interfere with Russian conquest!

The Turks are tolerant in comparison with the Czar, who forces the Russo-Greek religion on all his subjects. When the confiscated Polish estates were re-distributed among his nobles, the Russo-Greek religion must be professed by them as a *sine qua non*. In Lithuania, Catholic priests who have refused to conform, have been first degraded from the priesthood, and then shot. Images of the Czar are set up in the Russian churches, which the people are made to worship. The catechism used in the Polish provinces contains these awful words : “People must submit to the decrees of His (the Czar’s) justice, according to the example of Christ, who died on the cross.” M. de Lamennais exclaims on this, “It has been given to this man to enlarge the limits of his blasphemy.”

Will the Russian Czar, with his body-guard of slaves, conquer free Europe? That is the question which many minds are now pondering. Forbid the thought! Free men will never be conquered by slaves.

We have but to look at the gallant struggle in Circassia,—against which Nicholas has for twenty years, and in vain, launched successive armies of Russian serfs, only to fatten the soil with their carcases, and bleach with their dead bones the Caucasian valleys. Wonderful is the passive, stolid endurance of the Russian soldier under an enemy's fire. A Russian regiment will stand before a battery of artillery, and be blown to pieces without flinching; long servitude has taught the Russians to do this without a murmur. But a Russian regiment cannot stand a bayonet charge,—for here moral courage is required. In the last Polish war, whenever the Russians were charged by their enthusiastic adversaries they quailed and fled. This is also the experience of Circassia—Schamyl invariably charging the Russians with his horse when opportunity offers; and so invariably is the result, that the Circassians have come to despise the persons of their opponents,—dreading only their artillery.

We cannot, however, believe that the Russians themselves will remain much longer voiceless and hopeless in their deep misery. Oppression cannot always prevail. Though the present Czar has reduced it to a science, oppression may drive even the patient Russians mad. Every throne founded on oppression rests on a volcano which may any day burst. Revolutions are awful things; yet every nation has its own mission to fulfil in this respect. Russia has her own revolutions yet to make and to go through. Every nation in Europe has long ago thrown off the trammels of slavery excepting Russia, where it still retains all its worst and most revolting features. Yet there too it must come to an end,—whether by peaceful means or by a frightful outbreak, time alone can show. The word of the Czar might accomplish the change, but he will not say it. "Power," says Southey, "which makes men wicked, makes wicked men mad." And strange surmises are afloat respecting the present mental condition of the Greatest Slave-owner in the World.

LABOR is a school of benevolence as well as justice. A man to support himself must serve others. He must do or produce something for their comfort or gratification. This is one of the beautiful ordinations of Providence, that to get a living a man must be useful. Now this usefulness ought to be an end in his labor as truly as to earn his living. He ought to think of the benefit of those he works for as well as of his own; in so doing, in desiring, amid his sweat and toil, to serve others as well as himself, he is exercising and growing in benevolence as truly as if he were busy in distributing bounty with a large amount to the poor. Such a motive hallows and beguiles the humblest pursuits. It is strange that laboring men do not think more of the vast usefulness of their toils and take a benevolent pleasure in them on this account.

The Fountain of Youth.

BY MRS. SOPHIA H. OLIVER.

You have heard of the fount that Ponce Leon of yore,
Sought ardent and long, on fair Florida's shore;
How he bathed in each river that glided along
In that beautiful country of flowers and song;
How he drank of each fountain that gushed to the brim
Of its white stony goblet, with moss round the rim,
And sighed when he found that his war-beaten frame
Looked up from each bright crystal mirror the same.

II.

You have heard how he sailed from that evergreen land
In search of Bimini's fair mythical strand,
Where the flower-crowned Summer trips gaily and free
To the flute-breathing winds, in that isle of the sea;
Where the river of youth in pure radiance gleams,
And rejuvenates all who bathe in its streams;
And you've heard, I am sure, that brave Leon, in sooth,
Never found the fair isle, or the fountain of youth!

III.

Now turn not in scorn when I tell you I've found
The fountain of youth, and Bimini's fair ground;
Nor call me a dreamer, like Leon, the brave,
Who bathed in each river, and drank of each wave.
Oh! all, all may bathe in the fountain I've found,
And all, all may culture the magical ground,
For that fountain is **CHEERFULNESS**—balm for each smart,
And the isle of Bimini—the warm human heart.

IV.

Away, then, with wrinkles, the foot-prints of care—
Away with the dark scowling frown of despair;
With the low whining voice, and the cynical sneer,
With doubt and suspicion, and censure severe,
And drink of the nectarine fountain I've found,
And pull up the weeds from the heart's fallow ground.
Though the form may grow old, yet the spirit, in truth,
Will wear all the glory and freshness of youth.

V.

When I hear the sweet laugh ringing blithely and clear,
Or the rich mellow voice speaking comfort and cheer—
When I press a warm hand that replies to my clasp,
With the free gushing soul of a friend in its grasp—
When I look on a brow all unshadowed and bright,
Where **Cheerfulness** hangs out her banner of light,
I know that the heart hath been drinking, in truth,
Of the river that flows from the fountain of youth.

VI.

Who cares, then, if Time, with disfiguring plough,
 Makes furrow-like wrinkles, on cheek and on brow;
 On the bright waving locks leaves the traces of snow,
 If the warm heart is gushing, unfrozen, below.
 'Tis the pale grumbling doubter, the selfish and cold,
 Though youthful in years, who is frosty and old,
 For his spirit ne'er bathed in the sunshine of truth,
 Or drank of the pure gushing fountain of youth.

The Orphan's Funeral,

ART should ever minister to whatever is good and gracious in the nature of man! The heart is open to her; the cunning defences of selfishness and sophistry fall before her. If misfortune is described to us, we have time to call up excuses for not sympathizing with it; we find the object unworthy, or remember other engagements of time and purse, or manage in some cunning way to quiet the benign whisper within that would prompt to brotherly aid. But when, by the magic hand of art, the whole scene is presented to us—when we do not hear of wo, but see it—we become aware of the sufferer's relationship to us. We can no longer disclaim fellowship with unhappiness because we ourselves may not have experienced that particular form of it. We confess that no ill that can beset humanity is beyond the duty we owe to God, our brother and ourselves. Our citadel of selfishness is taken by surprise, and we desire even to forget that we had ever fortified it, so hearty is the submission with which we surrender.

Charity must be a principle, or it will not be a virtue; but it loses half its efficiency if entirely divorced from the affections. Gifts and benefits, alone, poorly relieve the unfortunate. Sympathy—the outpouring of a fullness of love and pity for our kind—that feeling which places us on a level with the humblest, and makes us feel that no human creature is to us an alien;—these are the divinely pure soul of charity; they take all offense and humiliation out of our beneficence, and return us a blessing which leaves no need of gratitude. In this direction, Art is all-powerful, as the handmaid of Reason and Justice, whose arguments we are slow to feel without the aid of personal sympathy. As the whole universe would harden to adamant ice without the genial influence of fire, so the heart deprived of the glow of love becomes every day less and less susceptible of tenderness—more unlike its Divine Source—more subject to the chilling power of common life and worldly prudence.

Such a picture* as is here presented by the artist, appeals to the heart without any circumlocution, and leaves no power of evasion. Here is a scene to which no human creature that ever had a mother can be indifferent: a mother bearing in her own arms the precious remains of her youngest darling, and leading by the hand the one who still remains. The calm beauty of nature is all about her; but we feel that to her it is covered with a veil. A smiling sky bends over her, making but the more striking, by contrast, the anguish of her eye. Yet resignation is there; that mild glance upward speaks of it;—the blue above is reflected in that clear orb, which looks through it “as seeing Him who is invisible.” The bereaved mother appeals from the cruel woes of earth, to the rest which remains beyond, and we can read in her face her title to this hope.

This may seem to some a mere dream of fancy. It can never be possible, they will say, that any circumstances of destitution could bring a mother to this—that she should be obliged, herself, to carry her baby to the grave. Where is her husband? where are her friends? Surely the commonest humanity would forbid this sad office being left for the mother!

Truth is sadder, as well as stranger, than fiction. I happened once to be visiting a “poor house,” where, in consequence of some informality in my permit, I was detained for a short time in the office of the establishment. Here, at a high desk within a railing, stood a man, whose business it was to give answers to those who had dealings with the institution, and to regulate certain matters connected with the affairs of the inmates. He was a person of most forbidding aspect, and, at the moment, evidently intoxicated; yet here he stood, deputed by the authorities to mete out their mercy to those whom stress of fortune drove to this shelter. Before him, leaning her pale face against the railing, stood a young woman, all tears and sobs, pleading as if her life hung upon his determination—for what?—that she might be permitted to accompany the man who was to carry the body of her infant to the burial ground! The official not only refused this small boon to the broken-hearted creature, but added to his refusal the most contemptuous language, saying she was a fool, and might go about her business, and trouble him no longer! Still she urged her suit, saying that all she wanted was to see the place where her baby was laid, so that, in case she should ever be able to return, she might know the spot again, “I am all alone,” she sobbed; “no mortal creature of my blood is on this side the ocean. Let me see where my boy is laid, before I go home to my people!”

* The picture here referred to is a beautiful engraving, illustrative of the following touching story, which appeared in the “Odd Fellows’ Offering” for 1850.

"Get out of the office, I tell ye," was the reply—"and don't be making a disturbance here! Your child will be buried without your help."

"Is there any rule against this poor woman's going to the grave with her child's remains?" said I, supposing there might be some regulation interfering with this natural desire of the poor creature.

"Rule, ma'am?" said the man, turning sharply as I spoke—for he had not noticed that there was a witness of his brutality—"no, there's no rule, as I know of; but where's the use of her going away over there in a boat, and then back again, and all for nothing?"

"Let me intercede for her, if there is no other reason than this," said I; "let her go; it is a natural wish, as every mother will tell you."

"Well, *I* don't care," said the official, with a very ill grace, as he threw her a permit; "now take your coffin and be off."

The young mother accepted this poor boon with joy, and, taking up the little coffin, turned to me with a look of thankfulness that I shall never forget. A word had been to her more than a gift. Her tears still flowed fast, but she looked at me with a sort of confidence. "Only mothers know," said she. I asked her some particulars of her story as we left the office, and they will be found in the following simple sketch—applicable with little variation, no doubt, to very many of those who seek public charity among us.

Let me first pause to say one word of a striking fact that ought never to be forgotten. The heroines of stories such as this are never found to be Americans by birth. What a blessed state of things is this! The virtuous poor with us cannot be reduced to such straits. We have the means, the sympathy, and the energy to aid them; and there is nothing in the circumstances about them to drive them to despair. If it were not for other calls upon our charity than those which arise from the wants of our fellow countrymen, institutions for the relief of destitution would have scarcely any place in this favored land. Private beneficence would be alone sufficient to remedy all the ills brought on by disease and mismanagement. In some places of our country, removed from the coast, a pauper is a thing unknown, or forgotten from its rare occurrence; and in the west there are no American paupers except voluntary ones, and the very few whom ill health has incapacitated. Of no other country in the world could this be said with truth.

But the stranger on our shores has an excuse for the most pitiable poverty, and for an appeal to that charity which I hope will always be warm and ready among us. He comes to America from regions where no industry or self-denial secures a decent subsistence, and where a misfortune which would here occasion only a temporary inconvenience or discouragement, is fatal to the hopes of a whole life. How can we so well express our gratitude for the abundance in which we live, as by

sharing it with such ? and this not churlishly, and with an air which seems to grudge even the relief we afford, but heartily, warmly, in the true spirit of brotherhood ; without any assumption of superiority founded upon our more fortunate' circumstances. Who made us to differ ?

Annie Lane was not always a pauper, although she never knew what the world calls prosperity. She had the better prosperity which consists of health and spirits, virtuous habits and good looks, an affectionate heart, and a capacity for industry and self-denial. She belonged to a large family, who had been bred by a good mother to take each a full share of the labors and cares of the whole, so that there was little place for egotism and self-indulgence among them. A necessity for exertion is one of the greatest of earthly blessings ; and the excellent moral character of the Lane family bore witness to the truth of this maxim. Every body helped : two elder brothers were with their father, who was agent for a gentleman in England ; Annie and her sister Nora sewed and worked all day to lighten the mother's labors ; and even little Patsey, who was too young to do any thing else, fed the pig and chickens, and took care of the baby, who was the darling of the whole house.

The first misfortune that this happy family knew, came to it through the eldest boy. From the circumstance of the father's being agent for an absentee, the neighbors held him somewhat in suspicion ; and this unfriendly feeling extended to his sons, who were occasionally shunned or taunted by the young men about them, as if they held their heads too high, or were enemies in disguise. The old and bitter distinction of catholic and protestant came in here, too, and caused the Lanes to be ranked with those who would oppress and abuse the catholic peasantry. The young men, who were social and good-humored, felt this state of things very severely, since it often cut them off from the companionship and merry-making so attractive at their age, and in their circumstances ; and they were induced, in order to do away with the suspicions so unpleasant to them, to be present at some meetings of the neighborhood which alarmed the authorities, and were condemned as seditious.

Alick, the elder, being found in company with some characters obnoxious to the government, was included in their seizure, trial, and condemnation, which sent him to Sidney for seven years.

The blow fell with dreadful force upon the once happy family ; and the father, infuriated by grief, and certain of his son's innocence, labored so hard to ferret out every circumstance connected with the secret and dangerous conspiracy by means of which poor Alick had been sacrificed, that he rendered himself obnoxious to the lawless crew who had made a tool or a scapegoat of the young man. They watched their opportunity, and one evening at dusk, as he was returning from the county-town, shot him down just before he reached his own door,—so near it that his family

heard the gun and feared the worst, yet did not dare go out, lest the report should have been only a decoy. Such was the lawless and wretched state of the country, that this foul murder made but little sensation ; and the widow and her children, who would, in our happy land, have received on all sides the kindest attention and aid, under these dreadful circumstances, were fain to leave the neighborhood, where their nearest friends, kind-hearted and generous as is the better Irish character, dared not openly express their sympathy.

Poverty now came with rapid strides. The settlement of affairs under such circumstances, of course, was almost disastrous ; and the widow found herself left with a mere pittance, while her children were obliged to go out to service. Annie, a pleasing and gentle girl of eighteen, went to live at a great house, not far from her mother's humble dwelling ; and managed, in the intervals of her duties as lady's maid, to offer many little attentions, as well as some substantial aid, to the poor, broken-hearted widow. But, bye-and-bye, the great lady removed to Dublin ; and Annie Lane, who would fain have stood near her poor mother, was fain to go too, or lose the power of contributing to that mother's support : for good places are not to be had at every turn, in so populous and poverty-stricken a country as Ireland. So the mother and daughter parted, with sad presentiments.

Annie had not been many months in Dublin, before she became acquainted with a young tradesman, who bore an excellent character, and who offered her marriage. Her mistress was very unwilling to part with her, but could not but encourage so excellent a match for her favorite ; and in due season Annie Lane became the wife of James Egan, and was established in a neat dwelling behind her husband's shop, as happy and pretty a little wife as all Dublin could show. Her mother was not forgotten, as many a kind remembrance testified ; but visiting at such a distance was out of the question, for James was but new in business, and, being prudent, felt it necessary to live with great economy, affording few indulgences.

This state of things continued for three happy years, and Egan's business had constantly prospered, though in a small way. A little boy was added to their happiness, and a journey to the country, to show the new treasure to grandmother, was in contemplation ; when news came that Mrs. Lane had been smitten with paralysis and rendered helpless, while her children were scattered about in different parts of the country, unable to assist her in any way. The only choice now lay between bringing this beloved mother to Dublin, or allowing her to go to the poor-house ; and Egan decided at once that she must share his home, and went for her accordingly.

This part of my story may not be dwelt upon. The care of the help-

less mother became costly in various ways ; and during the three years through which her life was prolonged, a physician was often necessary, besides the constant care and watching of Annie, whose health and strength suffered so severely, that her husband at length thought it necessary to employ a nurse. Commercial changes affected Egan's business during this period ; and by the time the poor mother was laid in the earth, poverty stared this once happy family in the face. Annie and her husband, conscious that they had but done their duty, and confident in the protecting kindness of Providence, without a murmur, left their pleasant home, gave up their effects to their creditors, and turned their faces toward that refuge of the unfortunate of all lands—the United States. They sailed from Dublin, and the captain of the ship being a neighbor and friend of Egan, gave him a berth which allowed him to "work his passage," and to save a little of his small supply of money. The voyage was prosperous, and Annie and her husband talked much of their plans for the future, and congratulated themselves upon the auspicious commencement of their new life. The little Charlie played about as cheerfully as if the ship had been his home ; and when his parents looked upon him, and thought of another who was to come, they felt that they were amply supplied with motives for exertion. The brothers and sisters at home, too—might they not one day be sent for to this land of golden promise, and so the family be once more united ? Annie had not even forgotten the exile ; but, before she left Ireland, had written to him of their change, and promised to offer him a home, if she found one in the new world, at the close of his cruel banishment. Hers was a generous heart, that even beneath the heavy pressure of its own misfortunes, could find time and room to feel for others ; and the sunshine of such a character made itself felt under the clouds of the darkest day. Her husband looked upon her with a proud tenderness, declaring, as he well might, that there were few such women, and feeling that life could never be wholly dark while she was left to him.

The first sight of the new country was such as to confirm all their most sanguine hopes. As the ship sailed up the harbor of New York, and the shores, bathed in the richest sunshine, and exhibiting unmistakable marks of the prosperity not only of a few but of the whole, came gradually upon their view, James Egan and his wife looked into each other's eyes in silent gratulation that this lovely land was henceforward to be their home. The green was the green of Ireland itself ; the skies clear as those of Italy ; the stately city, with its forest of masts and chimneys, spoke of commerce and boundless prosperity ; and the whole noble scene whispered hope to the heart of the exiles, and inspired them with courage for whatever might be before them.

At the wharf, all was bustle and business. James Egan's duties de-

tained him on board during the discharge of the cargo, and Annie and her boy amused themselves with watching the animated scene. The steerage passengers, among whom they had made many friends, all took their leave, and being about to disperse themselves in various directions, it was hard to say whether fate would ever bring them together again on this side the grave. Yet they parted in hope, and with many a kindly interchange of good wishes, Annie found herself alone, waiting until her husband's duties should be at an end. James found opportunity now and then to speak a single word of cheer to his dear ones, but always flew back to his duty with the promptness and devotion which formed so valuable a part of his character.

At length there was a sudden cessation of the calling and ordering on deck, and immediately after a rushing of many feet to the hatchway, where Egan had been all day occupied. Snatching up little Charlie in her arms, Annie ran with the rest, her foreboding heart interpreting but too truly the various exclamations of horror which met her ear as she approached the spot. There, indeed, was her husband, who had been standing with his back to the opening, when the swing of a bale of goods precipitated him below, whence he was taken up lifeless. Every thing was done by the compassionate and horror-stricken bystanders, but it was very soon evident that there was not a shadow of hope. Egan was dead, and his wife and child stood alone in a land of strangers.

We could not live under such strokes were it not for their stunning effect. The quick consciousness of misery like this would destroy life; but Providence mercifully sheathes the agony for the time, and we come only gradually to a full knowledge of the dreadful truth. Thus was it with Annie, who, taken home by the kind-hearted captain, seemed for a while scarcely sensible of what had befallen her. A sum of money was raised for her at once, and with this, as soon as her powers of exertion returned, she left her generous friends, and set herself about earning a support and shelter for herself and child. Many difficulties beset her path, and she often well nigh fainted under the dreadful desolation of her lot; but a sincere piety sustained her, and she was enabled to cast her care upon him who careth for the sparrow, although her trials were, before many months, increased by the birth of another son, who proved a feeble and delicate child, requiring the whole of her time and attention, and thus cutting short her means of living.

After struggling on for a few months, the once gay and happy Annie was obliged to seek shelter for herself and her fading baby in the almshouse, where, after suffering for some weeks, the little boy died, and his bereaved mother was driven to the sad necessity with the account of which this simple story opened.

It would be too painful to leave our humble heroine thus. There

might be another picture, in which she should be represented in the comparative comfort and happiness in which the hand of benevolence has placed her. Perhaps some of my readers may be able to guess the source of the generous aid, which has done what it could toward softening the memory of the past. Long may the exile and the wretched of all lands have reason to bless those among us, whether associations or individuals, who, like their Divine Master, go about doing good.

Old Ironsides.

Having landed Mr. Barton, the *Constitution* sailed for the Downs, where she obtained a pilot, and proceeded to the Texel. Here she sent ashore about \$200,000 in specie, and returned to the Downs, whence she stood on to Portsmouth, anchoring at Spithead, among a force of between thirty and forty English cruisers. Hull now went up to London, leaving Morris in command. After lying at Spithead near a fortnight, an incident occurred that is well worthy of being mentioned. Nearly in a line with *Old Ironsides*, following the course of the tides, lay the *Havana*, 36, one of the frigates then in port. One night, near the close of the first watch, Mr. Read having the deck, a man of the name of Holland contrived to get out of the ship, and to swim down to the *Havana*, where he caught hold of something, and held on until he could make himself heard, when he was picked up greatly exhausted. The first lieutenant of the *Havana*, knowing that Holland was a deserter from the *Constitution*, under his first professional impulse, sent the boat alongside the American ship to report the occurrence, adding that the man was too much exhausted to be moved then, but that he should be sent back in the morning. Mr. Morris waited until ten o'clock, when he sent a boat alongside of the *Havana*, to procure the deserter. The first lieutenant of that ship, however, had seen the propriety of reporting the whole affair to the admiral (Sir Roger Curtis), who had ordered him to send the man on board his flag ship, the *Royal William*. Thither, then, it was necessary to proceed, and Mr. Read was despatched to that vessel with a renewal of the demand. This officer met with a very polite reception from the captain of the *Royal William*, who acquainted him with the fact that no British officer could give up a man who claimed protection as a British subject. Holland was an Irishman, and had put in his claim to the protection of the British flag. To this, Mr. Read replied, it might be true that the man was born in Ireland, but he had entered voluntarily into the American service, and was bound to adhere to his bargain until the term of his enlistment had expired. The English officer could only regret that the respective duties of the two services

seemed to conflict, and adhered to his first decision. Mr. Read then remarked that since the Constitution had lain at Spithead several letters had been received on board her from men professing to be Americans, who stated that they had been impressed into the English service, and should any of these men run and get on board the Constitution, that her commanding officer might feel himself bound to protect them. The captain of the Royal William hoped nothing of the kind would occur, and here the conversation ended.

That night a man was heard in the water alongside the Constitution, and a boat was immediately lowered to bring him on board. It was a seaman of the Havana, who had fastened some shells of blocks beneath his arms, lowered himself into the water, and floated with the tide down to the American frigate, which he hailed. A boat was lowered and he was taken on board. A few minutes later, a boat came from the Havana to claim him.

"You can not have the man," said Morris; "he says he is an American, and claims our protection."

"Can I see him?" asked the English lieutenant.

"No, sir."

"We will have him, as you will find out," said the young man.

There was a great deal of negotiation, and some correspondence the next day. Morris had visited the admiral himself, and Hull arrived in the course of the day. The last approved of all that had been done. The deserter from the Havana, whose name was Byrne, or Burns, had insisted that he was a native of New York, and had been impressed, and it is not unlikely his story may have been true, as an English subject would hardly have ventured on the experiment he had tried. But true or not, the principle was the same, and Hull was determined not to give him up unless Holland was sent back. In each case, the assertion of the man himself was all the testimony as to nationality, while Hull could show his deserter had shipped voluntarily, whereas Burns had been impressed.

The occurrence of such a transaction in the roads of Spithead, in the hight of a war, and among forty English cruisers, could not but produce a great excitement at Portsmouth. Every boat that came off to the Constitution brought rumors of a hostile character from the shore. "It was impossible," these rumors said, "that a foreign man-of-war could be permitted to quit the roads under such circumstances, carrying off an English deserter in her." Hull meant to do it, nevertheless, and Old Ironsides manifested every disposition to do her duty. A frigate anchored near her, and Hull took his ship outside of the fleet, where he was followed by the heaviest frigate in the roads.

"This will do well enough," said Hull, to one of his lieutenants; "if

they don't send any more, I think I can manage that chap, and 'twill be a pretty fair fight."

The Constitution went to quarters, and lighted up her batteries, exercising guns for a quarter of an hour. The frigate came close to her, but no hostilities were offered, and the Constitution carried off her man unmolested.

Off Cherbourg the Constitution again fell in with the English blockading force. After communicating with one of the vessels, she began to beat in toward the harbor. It was raining a little, and the day was clouded, though clear enough for all the purposes of war. The English vessels formed in a line ahead, and beat up a short distance to leeward of the American frigate, tacking as she tacked, while one of their light cruisers kept close under her lee. Hull, on quitting Cherbourg, had agreed on a signal, by which his ship might be known on her return; but some peculiar circumstances prevented the signal being shown just at that moment, and the batteries, mistaking her for an enemy, began to fire. This was a most critical situation for Old Ironsides, as she was now near enough to be torn to pieces if she bore up, and the French commenced in earnest on her. As it was, every or nearly every shot fired hit her.

Hull was standing in one of her gangways with Read near him, just as a gun was fired. Read was looking toward the battery that was firing, and Hull was looking inboard at that moment. As soon as the shot was clear of the smoke, Read saw it, and he spoke to his captain, requesting him to move. Hull did not move, however, or even look round, and the shot passed through the hammocks, within two or three feet of the place where he stood, knocked the stern of the launch into pieces, and damaged another boat that was stowed alongside of her. Another shot struck in the bend, just below the gangway, but did not pass through. Notwithstanding all this, Old Ironsides stood steadily on, and the signal was soon after shown, though not from the part of the ship agreed on. It was the nerve manifested on board that caused the French to cease firing, and the ship shortly after passed inside. This was the only occasion on which our gallant frigate ever received a French shot in her ribs, although she had been used in a French war.

HOME.

Man, through all ages of revolving time—
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
 His HOME the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

The Bachelor's Ride.

"Rub that horse down well, and don't feed him till he is perfectly cool."

These words were addressed to the hostler of the hotel in a suburban village, by a middle-aged gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, as he alighted from an elegant black horse, and tossed the rein to his attendant.

"And now," addressing the waiter, "show me into a private parlor."

A well-dressed man, who rides a handsome nag, is sure of a warm welcome at a public house all the world over. Our friend found a well furnished parlor, with flowers and vases on the mantle, and the blinds—for it was a warm summer's afternoon—carefully closed, while the open windows permitted a free current of air. The waiter remained standing near the door.

"Any orders, sir?"

"No—yes, stay; who came in that handsome pony phaeton in the yard?"

"A young widow, sir."

"Bah!"

"She's very handsome, sir."

"Go along, and shut the door after you. A woman and a widow," he soliloquized. "I'm glad I don't know her! I am certainly fortunate to have attained the age of forty, without any feminine entanglement. Independent pecuniarily—not ill-looking, I think I must admit that I should make what those busy-bodies, the match makers, call a grand catch. But, thank my stars! I've preserved my independence and content so far, and I am not likely to succumb now. No, no! Jack Champion was born to live and die and old bachelor. And now for the newspaper, while my horse is baiting."

Another horseman alighted at the hotel, from a horse reeking with sweat, and unable to put one foot before the other.

"Pat," said the rider, a young man fashionably attired, "put my mare in the stable, and do the best you can for her."

"Och! Misther Travers, and she's kilt intirely."

"I'm afraid so."

"What made you crowd her so?"

"No matter. Is my sister here?"

"Yis, sir. Bill, show this gentleman into the ladies' parlor; he wants to see Mrs. Leslie."

"Ah, Bell!" said the young man, "you here?"

"Yes," said the beautiful young woman. "But what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Bell—nothing."

"Something is certainly the matter. You look flushed and excited."

"I've been riding hard."

"That's not all. O, tell me what has happened."

"I must be brief, for I'm pursued."

"Pursued?"

"Yes. You know that fellow who insulted you in the coach the other day," replied the young man. "Well, I have been on his track more than a week. I met him in the street to-day, and gave him a confounded horse-whipping. I handled him very roughly, I'm afraid. He instantly got out a warrant against me, and not wishing to get dragged into court till I was ready, I mounted my horse and gave the officers the slip. Perhaps I'd better have stayed and braved it out; but having taken this step, I'm bound to baffle them. To-morrow I'll surrender myself. Now, Bell, if your pony will take me to your uncle's in five minutes, I'm your man."

"Poor Charley could n't do it," said the lady.

"Then I'll make another arrangement. By-and-by I'll meet you at the villa."

From the drawing-room the young man rushed into the stable.

"Pat," said he, "give me a horse—a good one."

"Sorra the horse we've got in the stable except the black, and that belongs to a gentleman who came here just before you. Och, but he's a good one tho', yer anner; 2 40 to a scint!"

"I'll borrow him," said Travers, jumping on his back. "Tell Bell to drive the gentleman to the villa, and he shall have him again."

"But, yer anner," remonstrated the hostler, in vain. Travers had set spurs to the horse, and was off like a thunderbolt.

"O, wirra! wirra! wirra!" said the hostler. "What will become of me? I'm undone entirely!"

Shortly Mrs. Leslie rang for the phaeton, and at the same time, Mr. Champion, the bachelor, ordered his horse. The pony came round to the front door, and the young widow stepped lightly into the phaeton, and took the reins.

"All right," she said, nodding with a smile, to Pat. "Give me his head."

"Och, its all wrong, my lady," replied the hostler, keeping a tight hold on the rein. "Your carriage can take two inside."

"Very well; but I came alone."

"You've got to take a passenger."

"What do you mean?"

"Och! wirra! your brother's been stealing a horse!"

"Stealing a horse?"

"Yes, this gentleman's; he said you were to take him to the villa to get the horse again."

"Very singular," said the widow, "but William always was very eccentric."

At this crisis, Mr. Champion appeared.

"My horse ready?"

"Jump in, sir."

"I didn't come in a carriage."

"Take a seat beside me, if you please, sir," said the widow, with her most fascinating smile.

Mr. Champion approached the step to inquire the meaning of all this, when the hostler, seizing him with a vigorous hand, thrust him into the carriage; while the pony, startled at the movement, dashed off at a run.

Poor Champion! Here was a situation! A confirmed old bachelor bodily abducted by a fascinating young widow. The captain had to lend his assistance to the lady in managing her pony, who was shortly reduced to his slow and quiet pace; and then, after thanking her companion for his assistance, Mrs. Leslie told him that in a few minutes he should be put in possession of his horse, which had been borrowed by a gentleman. This was all the explanation that she vouchsafed. She requested, in turn, to be made acquainted with the name of her companion, after giving her own. In a few minutes the captain began to feel somewhat more at his ease—in fact, he began rather to like his position. He had never sat so near a pretty woman in his life; and he began to ask himself whether, if the proximity was so pleasant for a few moments, a constant companionship might not prove as agreeable.

When her attention was engaged he had an opportunity to study her features. Her large, dark and luminous eyes seemed to be literally swimming in liquid lustre. Her profile was strictly Grecian, and her parted lips showed a row of tiny pearls as white as snow. The most delicate of tapers, encased in French kid, closed upon the reins, and the varnished tip of a dainty boot that Cinderella might have envied was just visible.

"Do you reside far from here, madam?" said the Captain.

"Not very far. The pony can mend his pace if you are in a hurry."

"Not for the world; the pace seems to be a very fast one."

The widow turned those witching black eyes of hers upon the old bachelor, and smiled. It was over with him. When he sprang out at the gate of the villa, and touched the fairy fingers of the widow, as he assisted her to alight, his heart was irretrievably lost. A red faced old gentleman, in a dressing gown, received them at the door.

"My friend, Capt. Champion, uncle," said the widow. "Excuse me for a moment, sir."

"Very happy to see you, sir," said the old gentleman. "Walk in—warm day."

"Very," said the Captain; and, indeed, his looks seemed to corroborate the statement, for he was as red as a piony.

The Captain and the old gentleman were soon chatting together familiarly, and the former felt himself completely at home. After half an hour spent in this manner, the host excused himself, and the old bachelor was left alone.

A dreamy reverie was interrupted by the sound of voices in the hall. The Captain eagerly recognized the young widow's, and a glance through the half open door showed him that her companion was a very handsome young gentleman.

"There, dear Bell," said the young man, "don't scold me any more; I won't do so again, I promise you. Give me a kiss."

A hearty smack followed. It was a veritable, genuine kiss; the Captain saw and heard it. A pang shot through his heart.

"The only woman I could love," he said to himself; "and she is engaged."

The widow tripped into the room. If she was pleasing in her carriage dress, she was perfectly bewitching in her drawing-room attire. Champion could now see the whole of that delicate fairy foot.

"My dear sir," said she, "your horse is at your service now."

Champion arose.

"But," she added, "if you will stay and take dinner with us, my uncle will be very much gratified, and I shall be highly pleased."

"The coquette!" thought Champion; "I am obliged to you, madam," he said, "but I have another engagement."

"Then we can not hope to detain you, sir; but you must allow me to present you to my brother."

The handsome young man made his appearance, and shook hands with the bachelor.

"That's the horse-thief, Captain!" said the young widow, laughing.

The young man apologized, and explained the circumstance which had impelled him to such liberty. "I am very sorry," he added, "that we can not improve the acquaintance thus casually made, I am sorry you are otherwise engaged."

"Why, as to that," said the Captain, drawing off his gloves, "your offer is too tempting, and I feel compelled to accept it."

So his horse was remanded to the stable, and he stopped to dinner. After dinner they had music, for Mrs. Leslie played and sung charmingly. Then he was persuaded to stay to tea, and in the evening the family rambled in the garden, and the Captain secured a ten minutes' *tete a tete* with the widow, in a summer house overgrown with Madeira

vines, and inhabited by a spider and six ear wigs. It was ten o'clock when he mounted his horse to return to the city, but it was a bright moonlight night, and he was romantically inclined.

The next morning he repeated his visit, and the next—and the next. In short the epistle of the borrowed horse produced a declaration, and an acceptance; and though years have passed away, the Captain has no occasion to regret his ride with the widow in the pony phaeton.

Pocahontas.

Every part of the brief but glorious life of Pocahontas is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration, and to reflect the highest honor on her name. The most memorable event of her life is thus recorded: After a long consultation among the Indians, the fate of Capt. Smith, who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity—two large stones were placed near the water's edge; Smith was lashed to them, and his head was laid as a preparation for beating out his brains with war-clubs. Powhattan raised the fatal instrument, and the savage multitude with their blood-stained weapons, stood near the king, silently waiting the prisoner's last moment. But Smith was not destined thus to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell upon her knees, and, with tears and entreaties, prayed that the victim might be spared. The royal savage rejected her suit, and commanded her to leave Smith to his fate. Grown frantic at the failure of her supplication, Pocahontas threw her arms about Smith and laid her head upon his, her raven hair falling about his neck and shoulders, declared she would perish with him. The Indians gasped for breath, fearing that Powhattan would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of one he considered his deadliest foe. But human nature is the same everywhere; the war-club dropped from the monarch's hand—his brow relaxed, his heart softened; and, as he raised his brave daughter to his bosom, and kissed her forehead; he reversed his decree, and directed Smith to be set at liberty. Whether the regard of this glorious girl for Smith ever reached the feeling of love, is not known. No favor was ever expected in return. "I ask nothing of Captain Smith," said she, in an interview she afterward had with him in England, "in recompense for what I have done, but the boon of living in his memory." John Randolph was a lineal descendant of this noble woman, and was wont to pride himself upon the honor of his descent. Pocahontas died in the twenty-second year of her age.

Night, to the earnest soul, opens the bible of the universe, and on the leaves of Heaven is written, "God is everywhere."—*Butcher*.
vol. 1—4

Belicon.

At deepest hour of night methought I saw
A sad youth bending o'er a stilly stream,
A stolen pleasure from a spring to draw :
Oh, Clara! read my dream.

The well from which these waters trickled down
Was on a steep, and fenced about with thorns ;
He wished to reach it, though 'twere but to drown
Through all his summer morns.

And here he is ; he dips beneath the wave
His glowing palm, and plashes o'er his brow —
Drops bead, and trickling, fall, to lave
His heaving bosom now.

His heart responds, although his forehead reels,
In tight'ning band, of heated iron bound ;
His soul awakes, in the new joy it feels,
Diffusing sweets around.

His fancies, rippling to the softest air,
Come leaping o'er the chambers of his soul,
Their glistening trace in memory leave there,
Like wine mark in the bowl.

Then felt he like some blessed spirit free!
Each sweetest influence from Heaven descended
He felt and sought ; his food was harmony,
Which with his being blended.

Long leaned he o'er the spring, and imaged sees
His own pale face, yet beaming with a light
Unknown before ; he sinks upon his knees,
Dissolving in delight.

Each nervelet in his tender, quivering frame
Thrills to light touches, like the needle's jar,
While swinging toward the north with constant flame,
To seek its Polar Star.

Long laved he in these brilliant waters cool ;
And now his pulses leap, as bounding boy
Springs to the air from out some stagnant school, .
A singing, dancing joy!

He speaks : " Shall I of every sweetness sip,
Into the pulp of life my tooth send deep,
Until each ripened juice shall wet my lip,
And all my being steep?

" Here—on this holy spot which foot profane
Hath never soiled, I here my nature probe,
And with a languid, sweet, Heaven kissing pain,
My senses here unrobe.

"But shall I drag them forth upon the light,
 Quiv'ring and shrinking before each searching eye,
 Like virgins stripped for sale 'fore vulgar sight,
 Wilting like flowers to die!

"I feel within a new and Heaven-born strength,
 And shall I stand and finger o'er a jar
 Of sweets for epicure, whose listless length
 Stretches supine and far.

"Who cries aloud, 'Such morsels must be flung,
 As round the palate's threshold long will cling,
 And hang like melting pearls around the tongue,
 Such dainties you must fling.'

"Oh! rather some one *OBJET* let me grasp,
 If iron mace of thought be mine—
 Some vice whose monster folds the world enclasp;
 I'd cleave it through the spine.

"When subtil lightning cleaves the empty air,
 Its zigzag path but for an instant glows
 And leaves no trace, a transitory glare,
 And dies in its first throes;

"But when on lofty object it shall light,
 The unmistakable mark of power is left
 Forever there—before all Nations' sight,
 A mighty mountain cleft!"

THE DEAD OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The whole channel of the Mediterranean must be strewed with human bones. Carthaginians, Syrians, Sidonians, Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans—there they lie, side by side beneath the eternal waters; and the modern ship that brings freight from Alexandria, sails in its whole course over buried nations. It may be the corruption of the dead that now adds brightness to the phosphorescence of the waves.

All told me in the East they have a superstition of this subject, which represents the spirits of the departed as hovering, whether on land or water, over the spots where the ruins of their earthly tabernacles are found; so that in ploughing the Mediterranean, we sail through armies of ghosts more multitudinous than the waves. These patient spirits sometimes ride on the foam and at other times repose in those delicious little hollows, which look like excavated emeralds between the crests of the waves. It is their union and thronging together, say the Orientals, that constitute the phosphorescence of the sea, wherever there is light, and the billows flash with the luminousness of vanished generations that concentrate, as it were, the starlight on their wings.

The Death of Josephine.

Darkness and clouds surrounded the pathway of Napoleon. In vain he struggled to retrieve his fortune. The last engagement at Leipsic decided his fortunes for the time, and consigned him to Elba.

Napoleon was an exile, but in his retirement he did not forget the only being he ever really loved—his Josephine. He immediately addressed a letter to her, breathing the same spirit towards her that he had always manifested, rather congratulating himself that his head and spirit were free from the enormous weight of care, and intimating that hereafter his pen should be a substitute for the sword.

"The world," said he, "has, as yet, only seen me in profile. I shall now show myself in full. How many things have I to disclose—how many are the men upon whom a false estimate has been placed? I have heaped benefits upon millions of wretches! What have they done in the end for me? They have all betrayed me—yes all. I except from this number the good Eugene and yourself. Adieu! my dear Josephine. Be resigned as I am, and never forget him who never forgot and never will forget you. Farewell, Josephine. NAPOLÉON."

Upon reading these tidings, so terrible, Josephine was overwhelmed with grief, and immediately answered his letter, breathing the same spirit of devotion to him who was once her husband that had always characterized her noble heart, and entreating him but to say the word, and she would fly to him. The remaining circumstances connected with her illness and death, we give in the language of Mr. Abbott.

A few days after this letter was written, the Emperor Alexander, with a number of illustrious guests, dined with Josephine at Malmaison. In the evening twilight, the party went out upon the beautiful lawn in front of the house, for recreation. Josephine, whose health had become exceedingly precarious, through care and sorrow, being regardless of herself in devotion to her friends, took a violent cold. The next day she was worse. Without any very definite form of disease, she, day after day, grew more faint and feeble, until it was evident that her final change was near at hand. Eugene and Hortense, her most affectionate children, were with her by day and by night. They communicated to her the judgment of her physicians, that death was near. She heard the tidings with perfect composure, and called for a clergyman to administer to her the last rites of religion.

Just after the solemnity, the Emperor Alexander entered the room. Eugene and Hortense, bathed in tears, were kneeling at their mother's bedside. Josephine beckoned to the Emperor to approach her, and said to him and her children: "I have always desired the happiness of

France. I did all in my power to contribute to it; and I can say with truth to all of you now present, at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a tear to flow."

She called for the portrait of the Emperor. She gazed upon it long and tenderly; and then, fervently pressing it in her clasped hands to her bosom, faintly articulated the following prayer:

"O God! watch over Napoleon while he remains in the desert of this world. Alas! though he has committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings? Just God, thou hast looked into his heart, and hast seen by how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated. Deign to approve my last petition. And may this image of my husband bear me witness that my latest wish and my latest prayer were for him and my children."

It was the 26th of May, 1814; a tranquil Summer's day was fading away into a cloudless, serene, and beautiful evening. The rays of the setting sun, struggling through the foliage of the open window, shone cheerfully upon the bed where the Empress was dying. The vesper songs of the birds which filled the groves of Malmaison floated sweetly upon the ear, and the gentle spirit of Josephine, lulled to repose by the sweet anthems, sank into its last sleep. Gazing upon the portrait of the Emperor, she exclaimed, "L'isle d'Elba—Napoleon!" and died.

Alexander, as he gazed upon her lifeless remains, burst into tears, and uttered the following affecting yet just tribute of respect to her memory: "She is no more; that woman whom France named the beneficial, that angel of goodness is no more. Those who have known Josephine can never forget her. She dies regretted by her offspring, her friends, and her contemporaries."

For four days her body remained shrouded in state for its burial. During this time, more than twenty thousand of the people of France visited her remains. On the 2d of June, at mid-day, the funeral procession moved from Malmaison to Ruel, where the body was deposited in a tomb of the village church. The funeral services were conducted with the greatest magnificence, as the sovereigns of the allied armies united with the French in doing honor to her memory. When all had left the church but Eugene and Hortense, they knelt beside their mother's grave, and for a long time mingled their prayers and their tears. A beautiful monument of white marble, representing the Empress kneeling in her coronation robe, is erected over her burial place, with this simple but affecting inscription: "EUGENE AND HORTENSE TO JOSEPHINE."

Preform a good deed, speak a kind word, bestow a pleasant smile, and you will receive one in return. The happiness you bestow upon others is reflected back to your own bosom.

University of Oxford.

The University of Oxford, England, consists of nineteen colleges and five halls, as follows: University College, reputed to have been founded in 872, and revived in 1249; Baliol, founded between 1263 and 1268, and of which Wickliffe was once master; Merton, founded at Malden in Surrey, in 1264, and removed to Oxford in 1274; Exeter, founded in 1314; Oriel, a handsome and richly ornamented edifice, dating from 1321; Queen's, founded in 1340, and the buildings of which are the first in the city; New College, in 1386, with the most gorgeous and elegant chapel in the University; Lincoln, founded in 1427, and of which John Wesley was a fellow, or salaried student; All Soul's 1437, with a noble hall and a library of 40,000 volumes; Magdalen, 1456; Brazen Nose, 1509; Corpus Christi. 1516; Christ Church, originally founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1525, and with, by far, the most extensive buildings and grounds belonging to any of the Colleges, a vast front 382 feet in length, a tower containing the "Great Tom"—a bell weighing 17,000 pounds, magnificent hall, picture gallery, library, etc.; Trinity, founded 1554; St. John's, 1557; Jesus, 1571; Wadham, 1613; Pembroke, 1620; Worcester, 1714, and St. Mary's New Inn, St. Alban, Magdalen, and St. Edmund's halls. The Bodleian Library connected with the University, numbers 220,000 vols. and 20,000 MSS., and is entitled to a copy of all new works published either in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales. There are, besides, twenty-three other libraries. The total revenue of the University from lands and funds is estimated at £457,490, or near \$2,000,000, annually; a sum sufficient to pay the salary of the President of the United States for eight hundred years, or to support a man like Methuselah, allowing him \$500 annually for his living, from the day of creation to the coming of Christ, say some four thousand years. Henry T. Tuckerman, of Boston, who last Winter visited Oxford, thus gives vent to some of his feelings as he wandered "among its classic shades."

It was New Year's morning when I awoke in Oxford, but the anniversary so hilarious in my native land, there had what Byron calls an "old feel." The fashion of the upholstery seen from the canopied observatory of the stately bed, the profound stillness, a certain musty odor peculiar to venerable chambers, and the very design of the grate in which the remains of a huge coal fire smouldered, betokened a conservative locality. A glance from the window confirmed the impression. The plaster had fallen, in many places, from the front of the opposite house, and the gray slates on the quaint gable roofs were broken; the shops of stationer, tobacconist, and chemist, displayed their wares meagerly, as if too well known to require advertisement; and near by rose the wide

court walls, gray pillars, statues, and cornices of Queen's college. A groomsman, with square, silk cap, passed rapidly, in the twilight of that winter morning; and, beyond the long range of buildings, masses of glazed twigs were printed on the leaden sky. Nor was the sensation of age lessened when I descended the dark staircase to the large, dim, coffee-room, with its tall columns, and shadowy paintings. The waiters moved slower, and were more deferential than elsewhere; their years, too, accorded with the place; all was "grand, gloomy, and peculiar;" and, as I sat at my lonely breakfast, in an angle of the spacious room, it seemed as if many a scholastic reverie and dream of literary fame, born of solitary enthusiasm, yet lingered in the silent air; and when, at evening, the white-haired host and hostess of "The Angel" bowed us out to the very coach door, the day's experience closed with the sanction of an old and almost obsolete custom.

Each of the twenty-four colleges has an individual charm, such as habit would naturally endear; and this accounts for the strong local attachment they inspire. In one a beautiful walk, in another the Gothic splendor of the chapel; here an organ of thrilling harmony, and there a hall with some favorite portrait; the mellow hues of a painted window, the exquisite workmanship of a shrine, and even, to epicurean imaginations, the delectable association of the refectory, are spells to win and hold the sympathies; a library, a choir, or a tree, such as here exist, may easily become the nucleus of youthful sentiment. In truth, Oxford typifies the luxury of knowledge; it is the scholar's paradise. To the visitor from the New World, where our acquisitions are no sooner made than used, where we study to teach, and the active employment of learning is the very condition of its attainment, these ancient receptacles of science and letters, crowned with the graces of art, embosomed in the charms of nature, and hallowed by the memories of so many sages and bards, strike the imagination like an eastern romance. To sleep in these dormitories, wander under these noble trees, pray in these beautiful chapels, explore unmolested and at leisure, for years, these records of the mind in all tongues, and of all ages, is to actualize a grand intellectual dream, and to grow calm in an atmosphere of wisdom. The noiseless doors, carpeted galleries, towers fretted by time, and made aerial in moonlight, features of the great departed beaming from the silent walls, green arcades to wander through in June, and dark-vined festal-boards around which to cluster on winter nights, forms of saints and martyrs, tomes in which are garnered the choicest pearls of knowledge, hushed rooms opening on corridors dim with time, and vast quadrangles through which the spring-bird's trill wakes the echoes of ages, form an environment to a contemplative nature, which unites the tranquility of seclusion to the delights of taste. It is not surprising that, to minds thus cradled

in their most susceptible era, the mere names of Oriel, All-Souls', or Christ's, should become watchwords, in after-life, of endearment and inspiration.

The poetry of academic life is here concentrated, study is idealized and consecrated, and the scholar's life enshrined. I roamed through the churches, halls, museums, and libraries of Oxford, with a new consciousness of the dignity of human nature. The old cassia tree by the president's door at Magdalen, planted on the day of his inauguration, sixty-five years ago, symbolized, in the slow gradations of its vegetable life, the mechanical existence of the unenlightened and unprogressive intellect, compared with the life here realized. I seemed to behold anew "the countenance of Truth in the still air of delightful studies."

The Blind Sculptor.

"I have just come," says one, "from a house at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, in which I saw only one humble apartment; its entire furniture consisting of a miserable bed, a broken harpsichord, and a bench, upon which were laid a few pieces of wood and some tools for carving. It is the dwelling of a blind old man named Kleinhaus." Then is given the following interesting narrative :

At five years of age, Kleinhaus was attacked with small-pox, which affected his eyes, rendering him completely blind. Before he was deprived of sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures which are so skillfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and had even attempted to handle a knife, and to form statuette himself. When no longer permitted to behold the light, his thoughts unceasingly turned to those images he was wont to contemplate with so much pleasure, and which he would fain have imitated. Then he would take them between his hands, feel them, and try to console himself for not being able to see by measuring them with his finger. Feeling them again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able, by degrees, to comprehend from the touch the exact proportions of the figure—anatomising (if I may use the expression) upon wood, marble or bronze, the features of the face and the different parts of the body, and thus to judge the nicety of a work of art.

When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted. His father and mother were both dead ; he found himself alone and destitute ; and rather than beg, he resolved to make out, through his own exertions, a means of subsistence. Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and very trifling. Frequently did the un-

conscious blind man destroy, by one notch made too deep, a piece of work to which he had already devoted long days of labor. Such obstacles would have discouraged any other; but his love for art induced him to persevere. After very many efforts, he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand; and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb, that he saw as it were by means of his fingers, the figure he intended to copy. Thus he proceeded by degrees till he attained to what seems an almost incredible perfection; for he is now able to engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance.

In the museum at Innsbruck I have seen a bust in wood of the Emperor Ferdinand, which bears as strong a likeness to him as the bust from which it was fashioned, executed by a Venitian artist. I have also seen, at his own house, the portrait of one of his relatives, which he succeeded in executing by passing his hand repeatedly over the face of the individual. It is, they say, a perfect resemblance.

Kleinhaus is now seventy years of age: he is erect and robust; his countenance expresses much kindness and gentleness; and he contrives to work every day as in his youth. During the course of his long career, he has sculptured many hundred figures. All this, however, has not served to enrich the indefatigable Kleinhaus. His countrymen have not known how to appreciate the laborious exertions of such a man, and they have not tried to improve his position. By-and-by, perhaps, they will raise a monument to his memory; but in the mean time, he lives alone in his humble apartment, supplying his wants from the produce of his sculpture. But he is of a cheerful disposition; no vain desire agitates him; no ambition for honor or riches troubles the dreams of the blind artist: his mind is wholly occupied with better thoughts. He commences his work in the morning, and, as it advances, his face becomes more and more animated, and his soul expands.

I thought, while looking at him sculpturing a group of remarkably graceful figures, of the harmonious Beethoven, who was affected with deafness. Kleinhaus, however, has a consolation that Beethoven could not enjoy. "I feel," said he, "each work of art that is presented to me, and each piece that I carve, even to the very minutest part, and I am as content with it as if I had beheld it with my eyes."

He has himself composed the music and the words of a hymn, in which he expresses, with a touching resignation, the emotions of a blind man. He sang it for me, accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and I have tried to translate it, but could not well preserve the simple style of the original:

"Behold the misery of the poor blind man! He must go through the world to seek his daily bread. No pen can portray what the blind man

suffers. O, all-powerful God, have pity on him! When spring is come, and the ray of the morning sun reflects itself in delighted eyes, the blind man alone can not rejoice in the gladdening beams. No picture, no color, smiles before his eyes. Alas! this is to him a sad privation.

"Yet will I praise the Creator, although he has made me blind: I will worship him, although darkness surrounds me.

"A day will come when I shall rejoice. My eyes will again be opened, and then shall I be able to contemplate the splendor of the Most High. He is the Good Shepherd. He watches over his sightless sheep; and when the thread of this life is broken, he will show them the light of heaven."

When the noble artist had ended his hymn, I pressed his hand with deep emotion, gave him the moderate sum he asked for the only two remaining little figures he had, and carried them away as a souvenir of one of the best spent hours of my travels.

Maternal Influence.

During a lecture on Popular Education, recently delivered, Gov. Briggs, related the following impressive incident:

Twelve or fifteen years ago I left Washington three or four weeks in the spring. While at home, I possessed myself of the letters of Mr. Adams' mother, and read them with exceeding interest. I remember an expression in one of the letters addressed to her son, while yet a boy twelve years of age, in Europe; says she, "I would rather see you laid in your grave than you should grow up a profane and graceless boy."

After returning to Washington, I went over to Mr. Adams' seat one day, and said to him,

"Mr. Adams, I have found out who made you!"

"What do you mean?" said he.

I replied, "I have been reading the letters of your mother." If I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his dear mother, his eye could not have flashed more brightly, or his face glowed more quickly, than did the eye and face of that venerable old man, when I pronounced the name of his mother. He started up, in his peculiar manner and emphatically said:

"Yes! Mr. Briggs, all that is good in me I owe to my mother."

Oh, what a testimony was that from this venerable man to his mother, who had in his remembrance all the scenes of his manhood! "All that is good in me I owe to my mother!" Mothers, think of this when your bright-eyed little boy is about you! Mothers make the first impression upon their children, and those impressions will be the last to be effaced.

A Pleasant Surprise.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct.

While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed belonged to a poor man who had nearly finished his day's work. The young student turned to the professor, and said :

"Let us play the man a trick ; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind these bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so and then placed himself with the professor, behind the bushes hard by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work, and came to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; feeling hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were upon the countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it around and looked again; then he looked around on all sides, but could see no one. He put it in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but what was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered a loud and fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his dear wife, sick and helpless, and his children, from some unknown hand, would be saved from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and with tears in his eyes.

"Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"Oh, dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson that I can never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never understood—"It is better to give than to receive."

We should never approach the poor but with a desire to do them good.

I hate ingratitude more in a man than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness.—*Shakspeare.*

Editor's Table.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—Though their name is not legion, yet are they a chosen band. We expect to enlist as co-laborers in our enterprise, the very best poetic and prosaic talent in the country ; however, of this our readers will be able to judge.

The poetic contribution, entitled "The Casket," dedicated to the Grand Lodge of Ohio, is from the pen of a widely known writer, who desires to write under a *nom de plume*, for the present. Were we to give her real name, it would be hailed with pleasure by multitudes who have read with delight her productions.

"The Fountain of Youth," by Mrs. SOPHIA H. OLIVER, will be read with pleasure by her numerous admirers, and all lovers of good poetry.

CHRISTMAS.—On the eve of the twenty-fifth of December, as it is supposed, according to the legends of the Church, the greatest personage that ever visited the earth was born. Whatever time dates the anniversary of the birth of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, sacred history informs us that the advent was preceded and accompanied by the most wonderful events.

Away in the magnificent country of Persia, astrologers or magi, who were intently engaged in their midnight studies, were startled by the miraculous appearance of a new star, which, gently descending from the zenith, and resting above the western horizon, shed its mild and luminous rays upon their astonished vision. To the magi it was a sign that a king of great renown was about to be born into the world, and the new star which they saw was not only the herald of his advent, but the star of his destiny. So luminous was this star that when all the stars of ancient night had faded away, in the light of the succeeding morn, it was distinctly visible. Unlike the others, also, it did not go down behind the western horizon, but kept its position in the sky.

An unwonted interest was excited in the minds of the astrologers, and it became to them a question of the most intense and absorbing character, where this king should be born.

As they gazed upon its bright and beauteous disc, it seemed to come near to them, and then again would recede from them, as if inviting them to follow. To this indication three of their number gave attention, and procuring gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, for their new-born king, they started out in a westerly direction. Scarcely had they left ere the star came immediately over them, but a little in advance, and poured down its luminous rays upon their path. Guided by the celestial visitant, they journey on, crossing mountains and deserts and plains, until

at length they arrive at the land of Palestine, and ascend a mountain overlooking the metropolis of that country. Here the star rested immediately over the Jewish temple, and the wise men, supposing that this was the place of royal birth, hastened to the high priests and scribes to inquire for the new-born King of the Jews, informing them that they had seen his star in the east, and had come to worship him. The priests were astonished at such intelligence, and knew nothing of the event.

Soon the star was seen to take a southerly direction, and the wise men, leaving the city of Jerusalem, pursued their journey.

But not to the wise men alone in their distant land, was the announcement made. Six miles south of the city of Jerusalem, was the city of one of the greatest kings the Jewish nation ever had. It was not distinguished for its size or magnificence, but sacred history informs us that it was the city of David. The inhabitants were mostly engaged in the peaceful pursuits of a pastoral life, and were accustomed to watch their flocks during the night season. While a company of these shepherds were reclining on the hill-side, they were startled from their reverie by a sudden brightness, which illumined the whole heavens, outshining the moon and stars. It was an angel band on a visit to earth. Presently one of the number was heard to say, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." Then the angelic band united in the natal song,

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on Earth, peace and good will to men."

It was night when the men arrived at Bethlehem, and the star which led their way stopped immediately over a caravansery. Wondering that this could be the birth-place of a king, they entered its courts, and the star descending dissolved into a circle of rays which surrounded the head of an infant child. Immediately they advance, and falling before the new-born king, they present their offerings of gold, frankincense and myrrh, and being directed by an angel, return to their country another way.

The presentation of gifts by the wise men on this occasion, has been followed by persons in all Christian countries, and gifts are exchanged among relatives and friends. - What an appropriate day is Christmas for remembering the poor, and how should christian benevolence expand in contributing to their wants, and making their desolate homes happy.

We conclude our brief sketch by wishing all our patrons and friends a joyous Christmas and a happy New Year.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.

ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN LODGE, No. 170, CINCINNATI.—The third anniversary of this young and flourishing Lodge was appropriately celebrated at their hall, on the evening of the 19th December. P. G., W. Z. Rees was called to the Chair, Bro. W. W. Wiltsee chosen Vice President, and Bro. C. H. Erwin, Secretary. Invitations having been extended to brethren of other Lodges, a large attendance was present, and a sumptuous entertainment provided. After the supper, a number of toasts were read, and responded to by P. G.'s W. G. Williams, W. G. Neilson, P. Coates, M. Ruffner, W. Chidsey, and A. Foote. Several volunteer toasts were offered, among which was the following, by the Chairman, containing a new suggestion, which we insert :

“The Widow and Orphan's Fund, as it now exists, and remodeling, as a general fund, by the establishment of a College to educate the orphans, and an Infirmary for the sick, which should be a home for all good Odd Fellows who may be so unfortunate as to need relief.”

This Lodge was organized on the 19th of December, 1850, and consisted of only five members. Although that little band of brothers had many difficulties to contend with, yet their progress has been most remarkable—now numbering, at the end of the third year, one hundred and twenty-eight members.

ODD FELLOWS' PROPERTY.—We observe that propositions have been made by some capitalists, to purchase the site of the present Odd Fellows' Hall, in this city. The location being favorable for business houses, renders this property valuable ; and it is thought that the ground might be much more profitably occupied than it is at present, while suitable rooms for the use of the Lodges might be provided elsewhere, or in the upper part of a new building erected on the same site.

Various suggestions are made for the disposition of this property, by sale or lease, on the part of the members of the several Lodges to which it belongs, viz., the Ohio Lodge, No. 1, Washington Lodge, No. 2, Cincinnati Lodge, No. 3, and Franklin Lodge, No. 4. These Lodges being the oldest in the State, the nucleus of Odd Fellowship in Ohio, may be said to sustain a parental relation to a very large portion of the Order throughout the State. From long association many have learned to regard the corner of Third and Walnut streets as a spot dedicated to the cause of Odd-Fellowship—as inseparably connected with their holy brotherhood, and almost identified with their sacred obligations.

These causes produce some difference of opinion in regard to the course to be pursued in this matter, among those directly interested ; but we doubt not, that plan will be adopted which will most advance the interests of these flourishing Lodges.

HOPE FOR THE ORPHAN.—The Cincinnati Lodge, No. 3, recently gave a *soiree* for the benefit of the widows and orphan's fund. In addition to the social enjoyments of the occasion, we learn that a sum of \$600 was realized.

LECTURES.—We are pleased to learn that arrangements are being made for the delivery of a course of Lectures before the members of Eagle Lodge, No. 100, in this city. They will be delivered in their hall, in the Mechanics' Institute Building. We do not know of a more pleasant or profitable entertainment, or one better calculated to excite an interest in the doings of the Order, than a well-timed and appropriate course of lectures.

EDITORIAL CONVENTION.—A convention of the Editors and Publishers of Ohio, for the consideration of questions involving the interests, and tending to the elevation and improvement of the newspaper press, will be held in Cincinnati, commencing on the 10th of January. An address will be delivered before the convention on some popular topic relating to journalism by E. D. Mansfield, Esq., of this city. Invitations have been sent to all the leading editors of the Union, and a large and interesting meeting may be expected. It is to be hoped that this social reunion will, in addition to its other objects, accomplish the good work of again uniting in bonds of friendship those whom the warmth of political discussion and the acrimony of polemical warfare have forced assunder, and rivet more firmly the ties of those who have stood aloof from the exciting rencounters of their more fiery neighbors.

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.—Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us whith a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their bright festival around their midnight thrones, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And why is it that forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful being that now passes before us like the meteor, will stay in our presence forever.

INFLUENCE is to be measured, not by the extent of surface it covers, but by its kind. A man may spread his opinions through a great extent, but if his mind be a low one, he manifests no greatness.

Book Notices.

NOTES ON THE TWENTY-FIVE ARTICLES OF RELIGION, as received and taught by Methodists in the United States; in which the doctrines are carefully considered, and supported by the testimony of the Holy Scriptures. By Rev. A. A. JIMESON, M.D. Cincinnati: Published by Applegate & Co. 1853.

The enterprising firm of Applegate & Co. have done a good service to the Methodist community in the very neat and handsome manner in which they have brought out Dr. JIMESON's Notes on the XXV Articles of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and the Doctor himself has given evidence of a skill and ability, in the production of the work, worthy of all praise.

It was said by the Earl of Chatham, that "the Church of England had a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy." How far this may be true, we do not take it upon ourselves to say; but one thing is perfectly obvious—at least to our mind—and that is, that for clearness of statement and soundness of doctrine, in regard to the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, the XXXIX Articles of the Established Church are not excelled by any in the world. All are aware that the XXV Articles, so clearly and appropriately elucidated by the Doctor in his "Notes," were taken by Mr. Wesley, who was himself a member of the Protestant Episcopal or Established Church, and remained in its communion till the day of his death—from the Thirty-nine.

From the days of Bishops Coke and Asbury, who had written notes explanatory of the Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which were bound up with the Discipline, nothing in book form on this subject has appeared—at least in this country—until the publication of the work now under consideration. The work will doubtless, as it deserves to be, become a standard of doctrine in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and should find a place in every Methodist minister's library. To those who may wish to become acquainted with the doctrines of said Church, we would most cordially recommend the above work.

ODD FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1854. Published by E. WALKER, 114 Fulton st., N. Y.

This elegant volume constitutes the twelfth of the series of the "Offering." It is one of the handsomest gift-books of the season. It is an octavo volume of three hundred and twenty pages, embellished with four beautifully colored illustrations of the several Degrees of the Order, an elegant presentation plate, and view of the city of New York. These engravings are faithful copies of the great master productions of Wilkie. There are engravings also, entitled, "The Letter of Introduction," "Reading the Will," "The Village Politician," and "The Kingdom of Peace," all of which are finely executed.

The literary productions are of a high order, comprehending a rich variety of interesting and attractive papers from some of the most gifted American authors. The publisher deserves great praise for the enterprising manner in which he has executed his task, and the Order is especially indebted to him for so rich and appropriate an "Offering."

FINLEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Swormstedt & Poe, Publishers, Cincinnati.

This interesting volume of the "Old Chief" and Indian Missionary, embracing many thrilling incidents of pioneer life, in the West, is having a rapid sale. It has only been from the press about three months, and already six thousand have been sold.

Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH"

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1854.

NO. 2.

The True Brotherhood.

CHAPTER II.

As the assembled multitude dispersed to their homes, every heart was impressed with the wonderful scenes that had transpired before them, and they went away wiser, if not better men. Though they had publicly renounced the divine allegiance, they were still the subjects of the divine government, and would be held, for their sins as a nation, to the retributions of that Justice, which, with sleepless vigilance, presided over their fate.

Israel was now a monarchy. The tribes had asked for a king, and had by acclamation accepted the man whom God had appointed to reign over them. Under the most wonderful circumstances, attended with the most solemn and impressive rites, they had deliberately recognized his divine right to rule over them, notwithstanding the admonition of the venerable prophet, that they and their children, under his reign, would be crushed under the iron heel of oppression, and the very idol of their hearts would become an object of utter abhorrence and detestation; and as the sweetest wines make the strongest vinegar, and the greatest blessings are often converted into the direst curses, so would they realize that the desires of their hearts, ill-directed, would, in their gratification, turn into sources of grief and sorrow.

It is ever thus with man. Suffering his affections to be misplaced, or what is the same thing, allowing them to fasten upon improper objects, the tides of feeling, embittered by a thousand disappointments rush back upon the heart, and, like a wave of wormwood, roll their bitterness over the soul. Thus it was with the people of Israel. While God was the object of their affections, and the source of their joys, they enjoyed the highest happiness, and the richest blessings of heaven were poured with-

out measure upon their hearts and their homes ; but the evil hour that witnessed their departure from God, and the evil act that separated them from His government as their king, became the signal of events as disastrous as they were certain.

It was not, however, until after a successful reign of several years, so far as the protection and permanency of the government of Israel was concerned, that the nation began to reap the bitter fruits of its rash and reckless departure from the divine sovereignty. After the expiration of two years' reign, King Saul, for the purpose of defense, and the subjugation of the enemies round about, but more especially the Philistines, raised an army of chosen warriors, three thousand of which were under his own command, and stationed at Michmash and the garrison at Bethel, and one thousand were placed under the command of his son, the valiant and youthful Jonathan, whose head quarters were at Gibeah. Soon after, Jonathan, with his well-trained band of soldiers, entered upon an expedition against the proud and haughty Philistines, who held all Israel in contempt and abhorrence. Marching upon the strongly fortified garrison of the enemy at Geba, he stormed the fortresses, and achieved a victory. The tocsin of war was now sounded throughout all the ranks of the Philistine army, and the king of Israel, causing the war trumpet to be blown throughout all his provinces, summoned all Israel together at Gilgal. Jonathan soon joined the forces of his father, and every preparation was made for an anticipated attack from the Philistines. It was not long before the adjacent hills and plains were darkened by the advancing hosts of the Philistine army. The sacred historian informs us that the army consisted of thirty thousand chariots, six thousand horsemen, and a multitude of footmen numerous as the sands of the seashore. This vast army encamped in Michmash eastward from Bethaven. So great were the numbers of the Philistine hosts, and so terrible was their aspect when compared with the army of Israel, that great fear fell upon the Israelites, and multitudes deserted and fled to the dens and caves of the mountains and the dense thickets of the forest. Some of them in, their flight, passed to the other side of Jordan to the country of Gad and Gilead. Saul and Jonathan did their utmost to inspire the trembling hearts of the people with courage and hope.

The aged prophet Samuel had sent a message from Ramah to the king, informing him that he would meet him and the army seven days from that time, and would offer up burnt offerings and peace offerings to the God of Israel, in behalf of the nation. Saul, however, becoming impatient, and fearing that perhaps the prophet might be intercepted in his journey by the enemy, ere the time had fully arrived, ordered that preparations be made for making a burnt offering. All things being in readiness, and the prophet not having arrived, Saul usurped his place, and

with a heaven-daring effrontery and unsanctified hands, proceeded to make the offering. Scarcely had he performed the sacriligious act when it was announced that Samuel was coming, and Saul, leaving the offering, went out to meet him. When the king saw the prophet, he exclaimed, "Blessed art thou, O, servant of the Lord! wherefore didst thou delay thy coming? We feared lest some evil had befallen thee."

As they approached the encampment, Samuel beheld the smoke of the burnt offering ascending upwards, and, turning to Saul, exclaimed, "What hast thou done, O, King!"

"Wherefore askest thou me, 'What hast thou done?' Have not the people scattered away from me, and didst thou not delay thy coming? Behold the Philistines are upon us; their mighty hosts darken the plains, and Michmash is filled with their chariots and horses of war. They are already preparing to harness themselves for the battle, and soon the land will resound with the wild shouts of war."

"But why didst thou not wait until I came. Though I tarried, yet at the appointed hour I am come."

"The people were impatient, and fearing lest all should desert the standard of Israel, I was forced by the circumstances to make an offering to the Lord, that the enemy triumph not over us."

"O king! thou hast acted wickedly, and hast not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God. Hadst thou done so, the Lord would have established thy reign over Israel forever. As thou hast disobeyed the voice of the Lord, thy kingdom shall not be continued unto thee, but shall be given to another. Already hath the Lord chosen thy successor, one after his own heart, who will rule the people in righteousness."

Soon after this brief and melancholy interview, Samuel departed and went to Gibeah, accompanied by the king and his army. It seemed as though the day of Saul's doom had already come. The gloomy tidings of the prophet had quite unnerved him, but in the midst of his despondency, he strove to rally himself. Every thing seemed to be in a state of confusion. The desertions from the army had been so numerous that the four thousand was reduced to six hundred, and every thing wore a most discouraging aspect. In addition to the fewness of their numbers, with the exception of Saul and Jonathan, there was no soldier of all the Israelitish army, that possessed a sword or a spear.

While the army of Israel, in their encampment, were waiting, with almost breathless suspense, an attack from their enemies, whom they could discover already on the march, behold a portion of the army from the garrison separated into three companies: one company turned in the way that leadeth to Ophrah, in the country of Shual; another turned in the direction of Beth-horon, and the third marched off in the direction of the valley of Zeboim, towards the wilderness. The garrison, notwith-

standing the departure of the three companies, was well manned, a sufficiently large force being left for its defense.

The intrepid Jonathan, who had, with his armor-bearer, gained a point of observation unknown to his father, watched all these movements with a cautious and skillful eye; and when the companies had gone a sufficient distance from the garrison, so as not to return speedily and surprise him, he said to his armor-bearer, an athletic and powerful man, "Follow me, and alone we will storm the garrison of the enemy yonder."

Leaving the place of their concealment, unknown to any of the people, they started. Between Gibeah and Michmash, there was a narrow passage, which led among the rocks, and formed a communication between the two places. The enemy's fort was within a natural fortification, formed by two sharp, precipitous rocks—one looking towards the fortress of the Israelites, and the other in the opposite direction: the name of the former was Bozez, and the name of the latter was Seneh.

When they approached the sharp and frowning barrier of the rock Bozez, the young man, Jonathan's armor-bearer, was discouraged, and growing faint-hearted, said: "How shall we scale that wall?"

"'Tis easy," said Jonathan, "for the Lord will work for us this day; and to him there is no restraint to save by many or few."

"Then my heart is as thy heart," said the armor bearer. "Where'er thou goest I will follow thee, even to the braving of the greatest dangers."

"Before proceeding, however," said the brave young general to his armor-bearer, "let us fix upon a sign. We will first give an alarm, and if the sentinels say to us, 'Tarry until we come to you,' then we will stand still in our place; but if they shall say, 'Come up to us,' then we will go up, for, be assured, the Lord hath delivered them into our hands."

Upon this, Jonathan blew a loud blast from his trumpet, which hung by his side, and suddenly there appeared armed warriors on the battlements. When they saw but two men, supposing they were deserters from the Israelitish army, they exclaimed: "Behold, the Hebrews come forth out of the holes where they had hid themselves. Come up to us and we will show you a thing."

Then said Jonathan to his armor-bearer, secretly, "Follow me, and we will scale this rock; for the Lord hath delivered them into the hands of Israel."

Soon he was seen climbing the sharp and precipitous side of Bozez, followed by his armor-bearer. On reaching the summit, he drew his sword, exclaiming, "The sword of the Lord and Israel;" and cutting his way through, followed by his armor-bearer, who wielded a mighty arm, the terror-stricken soldiers fell in every direction. Those who were

encamped in the plain, hearing the dreadful sound, for the very earth quaked with the conflict, rushed to the garrison, and meeting those who were fleeing, they commenced slaying one another, and a most deadly conflict ensued.

Saul was reposing under a pomegranate tree, knowing nothing of the engagement. While he was indulging in gloomy forebodings in regard to the fate of Israel, two of his spies, whom he had sent out to watch the movements of the enemy, saw with astonishment the Philistines contending with each other, and the army melting away, as soldier after soldier fell, in rapid succession, by each other's hands. The spies hasten to the king, and inform him of the wonderful slaughter. The king returned instantly to the camp, and ordered the roll of the army called, to ascertain if any of his number were engaged in the contest. It was very soon discovered that Jonathan and his armor-bearer were missing. Saul, at this juncture, summoned the priest to bring into his presence the Ark of the Lord, for since its return from its captivity among the Philistines, it had shared the fortunes of the army. While the king was conversing with the priest, the roar of battle, which had increased, reached their ears, and commanding the priest to return the Ark, he summoned all his men to battle. By the time he reached the garrison, the Philistines themselves, who had come up from the plain, had joined the victorious Jonathan and his armor-bearer. In addition to this, the deserted Israelites who had fled to the mountains, when they heard of the defeat of the Philistines, rejoined the army, and great and dreadful was the slaughter of the foe. Never was courage more strikingly displayed, nor victory more signally achieved than that which was manifested by Jonathan, and crowned his victorious arms. But the victory did not stop here. The youthful general carried his conquests even to Beth-aven.

The Israelites were flushed with victory, and great were their rejoicings on that day. It seemed, however, that their rejoicing was to be of short duration. As though an evil spirit had entered the heart of the king, to trouble Israel, he solemnly adjured the army, saying:—"Cursed be the man that eateth any food till evening, that I may be avenged on mine enemies." After so signal a victory, this could not but be considered not only as an unnecessary but a rash and foolish curse.

Jonathan, the bravest of all the hosts of Israel, the first in war, accompanied by his soldiers, was urging his way through the wilderness, between Ephraim and Ajalon, when, being faint and weary with the fatigues of battle and forced marching, and having taken no refreshment of any kind, or rest, that day, on discovering some wild honey which was dropping from the rocks, extended his rod, and taking some of the honey in passing, his spirits were greatly revived. Jonathan had not

heard of his father's rash oath interdicting the use of any food, and his soldiers, on seeing it, informed him of the fact, saying: "Thy father charged the people with an oath, cursing the man who should eat any food this day." To this Jonathan replied: "My father hath troubled the land. See, I pray you, how mine eyes have been enlightened because I tasted a little honey; and how much more if, haply, the people had eaten to-day of the spoils of the enemy which they found, for had there not been, in consequence thereof, a much greater slaughter of the Philistines?"

The victorious army overtaking the enemy in the valley of Ajalon, a desperate conflict ensued, and they were routed with a great loss. After the battle, the army, fatigued and weary, and faint for the want of food, pressed with hunger, took the spoil of the enemy, and slaying their sheep and oxen and calves, they feasted sumptuously. When the intelligence of this act reached Saul he was greatly incensed, and commanded that a great stone should be rolled to him for the purpose of making an altar. It was the first he ever erected, and calling the priest, he commanded him to ask counsel of the Lord in regard to the further pursuit of the Philistines. But there was no response to the inquiries of the priest that day.

Anxious to ascertain the cause of this, he summoned together the officers of the army, and took an oath that the man who had transgressed, though it were his own son, Jonathan, he should be put to death. Though it was known to all the people that Jonathan was the transgressor, so greatly did they love him that not a mouth was opened nor a tongue moved against him. Being foiled in this, he resolved to resort to the solemnities of the lot, and call upon the Lord to decide between him and the people. To this end he placed himself and Jonathan on one side, and all Israel on the other, and invoked the God of heaven to decide between them. The lot was cast, and the king and his son were taken. It then lay between Saul and Jonathan, and the king said, "Cast lots between me and Jonathan, my son." The lot was cast, and Jonathan was taken. On this, the king turned to his son and said:

"What hast thou done?"

"I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in mine hand."

"For this thou shalt die then, and God do so, and more, to me if I do not cause thee to be put to death."

It was a time of intense interest to all Israel, and at this announcement the army was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. Presently a simultaneous shout was heard among all the ranks of the army. "Long live Jonathan, who hath, with his own right hand, gotten us the victory over our foes. It is he that hath done most valliantly and made us to

triumph over our enemies. Not one hair of his head shall fall to the ground."

So saying, they rushed around him, a living guard, and bore him off in triumph from the wrath of his father, with tumultuous shoutings of "God save Jonathan, the saviour of Israel."

The Poet of Rydal Mount.

Thine is a strain to read among the hills,
The old, and full of voices; by the source
Of some free stream whose gladdening presence fills
The solitude with sound; for in its course,
Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part
Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.—HERMAN.

The universe is one great harp whose strings are kept in tune by God himself. A mysterious harp, whose solemn sounds fill all things with harmony. Spirits invisible hover over it; nature's high minstrels, in whose power this instrument sends forth a music such as angels love, and the echo of this music, obeying the laws of sound, travels on through the realms of eternity, passes its borders, and descends to this lower world to waken and inspire with melody and song the hearts of men. The true poet feels the stirring of these unseen chords, and hears and responds to their lofty strains. "His intellect is the chorus of divinity," and from his spirit, rays of light, love and wisdom, continually radiate. He wields a power beautiful as mysterious, filling, or capable of filling, his own and the souls of others with indescribable pleasures. A gift is his, which, if properly cultivated, will yield him pure joy and a glorious immortality. If he adds to it the jewels of true wisdom, if he labors in the fields of Thought, for the good of humanity, battling against the enemies of light, and contending valliantly for the elevation of the race, he will become one whom nations will delight to honor, and on whom his grateful countrymen will shower their blessings.

Such an one was the subject of our sketch—Wordsworth, the world renowned poet of Rydal Mount. Well may England be proud to own him as her son, for the altar of her literature hath received, in the emanations of his genius, an offering which shall be as deathless as the stars of heaven. Nature's own bard was he; her light was to him the light of truth and beauty; her songs the essence of an invisible spirit. Listening to the voice of her inspiration, he went forth to her sanctuaries, and became the interpreter of her oracles.

"Early had he learned to reverence the volume
That displays the mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains he did FEEL his FAITH."

Shrinking from the din and bustle of a great city, and conscious of a feeling within which could never be tamed by the confusion of business, he sought and dwelt amid those places most congenial to his peculiar disposition. The green old woods and rocky wastes where solitude sits upon her antique throne, threw around him their hallowed charms, and wooed him to their quiet homes. The eternal voice of Nature, filling with her songs the whispering shades, had to him a sybil power which wrapped his inner being in a spell too strong to break. To read her mysteries, he left the haunts of men. The trees became to him familiar friends; the ceaseless prattle of the rippling brook, his music; and the far off stars his guardian angels. "'Tis beautiful to think of him as the inspired worshiper of God's most wondrous works. In early life, when most young men dream only of amassing a fortune, it was his delight to wander amid the solitudes of Nature's wilds, and free to follow out the train of his high thoughts, catch a gleam of song from the light which flowed into his soul, or listen to the wild, quick music of the wind, borne o'er rustling reed harps.

"A humming bee, a little tinkling rill,
A pair of falcon, wheeling on the wing
In clamorous agitation, round the crest
Of a tall rock, their airy citadel."
All things which are, and which have music in them,
Thrilled deep the chords within, and wakened there
The power and harmony of song and love.

Accompanied by his brother poets, Coleridge and Southey, with what enthusiasm did he wander over the solitary fields, and down the heathery hillside. This literary coterie, says Howett, had made the sublime discovery that true poetry was based on nature, and that it was found by looking into their own minds, and into the world around them. Therefore they sought not the gay metropolis, but the courts and shrines of Nature, where they could not only hold free communion with the invisible life which pervades all things, but where they could store up treasures of imagery full of beauty and truth, to be woven, in after years, into the glowing tissues of their own thoughts. To this life of seclusion, says the same author, Wordsworth, with Coleridge, adhered all their after life. As a consequence of this retirement, the poet was enabled to enrich the world of letters with an entire new system of poetry.

Conscious of the fires which burned in secret upon the altars of his heart, he resolved to follow no pursuit in life but that of administering to the deathless flame within, and true to his purpose, regardless of all that men might do or say, he continued to follow that course best calculated to mature his poetic genius. He felt

"How feelingly religion may be taught
In smoky cabins, from a mother's tongue."

For him

"The clouds were touched with glory,
And in their silent faces could be read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spiritual; sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him—they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live—
They were his life."

Thus did his mind absorb into itself "beauty, the living presence of the earth." Thus did he, at the fountain head of all inspiration, receive into his heart the smile, the gladness of the Eternal. Thus did he drink in rich draughts of peace and song, and learn to rise superior to the opinions of others. But idle curiosity did follow and annoy him even in his lone retreats. It became the object of the simple inhabitants of Somersetshire, to find out what had brought a stranger to their woods and glens. His sister, Coleridge and his wife, Southey, Cottle and Charles Lamb accompanied him thither, and it is not to be wondered at, that this knot of friends, young, full of enthusiasm and dreams of poetry, should become a source of the greatest wonder to these ignorant people, whose ideas of an honest man were only associated with those of some honorable, visible employment. Nor did the personal appearance of Wordsworth tend greatly to correct their unfavorable opinions. He was, we learn, always a solemn looking mortal, and as he lived in a large house, in a very solitary place, he became of all the most offensive to the simple inhabitants. One said he had seen him wandering about, looking strangely at the moon, and that he roamed over the hills like a partridge. Another said he had heard him mutter in some outlandish brogue that no one could understand. Another thought him a wise man, a conjurer. But the more general belief was, that he was a smuggler, because he went tramping away to the sea side; and would any man in the world take all that trouble to look at a parcel of water? They thought not; and that they might rid themselves of so suspicious a personage, they refused him the lease of the house he had occupied; and thus they drove from among them the brightest ornament which had ever graced their soil, Wordsworth, and his poor sister. Thus strangely did the ignorant judge him, thus strangely use him. They could not look upon the lofty creations of the poet, or follow him in his high soarings. They knew not that, though he seemed to live among them, he in reality dwelt in a clime, to the empyrean heights of which their darkened minds might never mount. Yet thus it is with the world: when they know the least of a person, they condemn the most severely.

Bristol, the birth-place of Chatterton and Southey, had the honor of issuing to the world the first productions of Wordsworth. His poetry

was of a style so novel, with so much of nature in it, that those whose business it was to sit in judgment upon the works of this eminent poet, could see no merit in them. The writers of the *Edinburg Review* gravely pronounced the sentence upon his *Excursion*, and declared, "this would never do; there was not a particle of sense in it"—an assertion which required but a short time to falsify; for, in spite of all their cutting sarcasm, the world soon plainly declared it *would* do, and immediately Wordsworth became an acknowledged poet. Literature soon was proud to own him as her own bright star. But he, neither disheartened by criticism nor flattered by praise, continued to draw new and purer draughts from the fountain of inspiration. In his poetry there was a philosophy to which none had heretofore attained. It was, as Howett beautifully expresses it, "the pure spirit of Quakerism infused into the living soul of poetry. He believed in that passive state in which light is poured into the heart from an invisible but never failing fountain. He sought that mental illumination, which pierces the mysteries of things unseen, and brings us into direct communion with the spirit of the universe, and into contact with all knowledge." He looked into the life of things, and became what nature designed him, a great poet. Yet there were other virtues which served to win for him an undying fame: these were pure principles, and his firm attachment to domestic life. Dwelling in the bosom of his family, his years flowed on like the gentle current of a stream, upon whose surface scarce a ripple has been seen to play. His devotion to his only sister, the companion of his youthful wanderings, and the sweet sharer of all his bright dreams, is alone sufficient to endear him to every heart. Her he never forsook, though the light of her mind grew dim, and went out in darkness, ere the spark of life expired; for "in the shooting gleam of her wild eye," there was a something, a spell, a power, which brought to him a dream of buried hours, and he cherished and loved her still, throwing around her the tender ties of affection, though the heart that once beat to the music of his own, was dead to all its former emotion. Thus did this noble spirit weave the tissues of his future greatness, with the golden thread of love and virtue, and for this his country honors him, and his name, with the sweet incense of generous deeds, has come to us from over the restless main, and we too are proud to speak his praise. His fame shall not pass from earth as a vain shadow. Every spot he visited will be held as sacred. But there is one place round which thought delights most to linger. Eloquent with the voice of his songs, breathed upon by his spirit, sanctified by his genius, a ray of glory shall descend and rest upon Mount Rydal forever.

If you know any thing that will make a brother's heart glad, run quick and tell it; but if it will only cause a sigh, bottle it up.

True Character of Odd-Fellowship.

I know of no Institution of the present time, better calculated to fraternize the human family, and harmonize the jarring elements of the moral world, than that of Odd-Fellowship. It presents a broad platform, upon which the inhabitants of the four quarters of the earth can meet to offer up in unison their mutual aspirations for the good of the human race.

It shall not be my purpose to inquire whether it be of great antiquity, or of modern origin. The solution of such a problem would be a waste of time. Excellence and value are not depending on such data. Antiquity cannot add to, nor modern origin detract from, its intrinsic merits. Hence I will take it up where I find it—in the nineteenth century—in our own day and generation. The fame it has acquired its merits have won; and that fame is the gift and reward of Omnipotence.

Neither shall it be my purpose to inquire into the origin of its name, singular as that name may appear. I know of no data to throw any light upon such a question; and if such a discovery could be made, it would no more affect the institution than the discovery of the origin of my name would influence my moral character. This was a subject over which the Order in this country had no control. Hence I will take it as I find it—a name endeared to the brotherhood by its association with acts of benevolence and deeds of mercy.

And but little need be said of its numerical and financial strength. Hence it shall be briefly stated, that the last annual proceeding of the Grand Lodge of the United States, held at the city of Baltimore, September, 1852, reports: 33 Grand Lodges belonging to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, together with one Lodge in Minnesota, and one in New Mexico, and one in Honolulu; 2,729 Subordinate Lodges; 193,298 contributing members; with a yearly revenue of \$614,721.08.

The Order in Great Britain numbers nearly three hundred thousand contributing members, with a yearly revenue of one and a half million of dollars. Thus the Order in these two countries contains the astonishing number of nearly half a million members, and a revenue of three millions of dollars, with a surplus fund of about six millions. What bounds can the mind perceive to the influence of an institution of such numbers and wealth? And be it remembered, these 500,000 members are all men, representing an aggregate population of at least three millions.

Thus from small beginnings, it has gone on from triumph to triumph, overspreading every State in the Union, together with Great Britain and its dependencies; binding together tens of thousands in a glorious broth-

erhood—a league of peace and love ; drawing together many of the disjointed elements of the moral world, and building them into a beautifully harmonious temple, whose foundation is friendship, love and truth.

Progress is its destiny, and peace its mission. The foe of despotism, it claims no affinity with either scepter or miter ; the universal prevalence of the principles which it inculcates being absolutely essential to human freedom and human well being. It makes no war upon society, but advances noiselessly and successfully, by the power of its own inherent vitality, and by its own instrumentalities of good.

It has accomplished and is accomplishing a glorious mission, conquering by its silent appeals to the highest and noblest attributes of man's nature ; running in conflict with no good institution, nor with the political creed, correct moral principle, or Christian feeling of any ; but creating in the minds of men a fraternal spirit in place of mutual distrust, and assisting in their most pressing need. And many a widow's heart has been made to sing for joy, many a fatherless child been cherished within its fraternal embrace, many a sigh of sorrow and moan of the miserable have been changed to songs of hope and joy, by its silent ministrations. Indeed, it needs no eloquence to portray its usefulness and moral excellence, standing, as it does, in its own sublimity, virtue and truth.

Claiming so much, it is due to the *uninitiated* that an attempt be made to answer some of the principal objections honestly brought against it, and illustrate its principles.

The existence of the Order is well known, but there are few who really understand it in its true light. Some view it simply in the light of an institution of pecuniary benefit, calculating the profit and loss, in dollars and cents, attendant upon a connection with it ; comparing it solely to a life-insurance company, issuing its policies for a certain pecuniary consideration, and running its various risks in proportion to the health, age, and probable longevity of its several members.

Now, just here, against such a low, selfish view of the Order, it were as well to enter an earnest protest, and say at once that this is not Odd-Fellowship. And, furthermore, that any one who may have united with this sole end in view, has altogether mistaken his obligations, and the duties which those obligations enjoined upon him, and in spirit is not an Odd Fellow—he knows not even the first principles of Odd-Fellowship.

But it is indeed true, and at once admitted, that the pecuniary matters of the Order, from necessity, form one important feature, as means to an end, enabling the brotherhood to take care of its sick, minister to the temporal wants of its needy members, protect the widow and orphan, and bury its dead. But beyond, in this direction, it can go no further. And never was there a greater error than to suppose that this is *all* of Odd-Fellowship.

But it is averred that higher objects are to be gained by becoming an Odd Fellow than these materialities. Principles are inculcated which strengthen the foundations of society, and promote order and harmony in the great social system. Its objects are to cause men to be better acquainted with each other, drawing them together by the development of the best and kindest feelings of human nature: to bring out whatever of good may be contained within the heart; and by a constant interchange of kind words and kind treatment, so subdue the evil nature within, that man may recognize in his fellow-man truly a brother. Its objects are to fraternize the human family by the recognition of the great principle that all men should be brothers in feeling, as well as name, no matter of what kindred, nation, or tongue. Its objects are to elevate a beacon light high up above the storm of dissension, heart-burning, domination, fraud and violence, those contending elements of discord which constitute the turbid waves of life's tumultuous ocean, and invite all to come and rally under one common standard, in the name and behalf of Friendship, Love and Truth. Its objects are to hasten the coming of that day—by its expansive benevolence and blissful teachings—when men “shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither learn war any more.”

These are conceived to be some of the objects of Odd-Fellowship, and in no other light must the Order be viewed; and whoever does connect himself with it, with such objects in view, will make the true-hearted Odd Fellow, and will be known and appreciated as such by the world.

Although the Order in the United States has been in existence more than one-third of a century, yet a vast amount of misunderstanding prevails as to what Odd-Fellowship really is; and perhaps in no case more so than in relation to its so-called secrets and mysteries. Objections are also urged against it of being exclusive, hence can claim nothing of a charitable or benevolent character; and that the secrecy of its operations justly render it liable to suspicion, and is equally opposed to a large philanthropy, and the genius of the government under which we live.

Now, with respect to the wonderfully hidden mysteries of Odd-Fellowship, which are supposed by some to act like a potent spell, or wand of a magician, susceptible of transforming men into beings supernatural, to hold converse, in sepulchral voice, with the shadowy forms of good or evil spirits of another world—all that need be said is, that Odd Fellows are neither magicians, wizards, nor spirit-rappers. But, on the contrary, are brothers, husbands, fathers, and we trust Christian men, full of responsibility to their families, society, and of obligation to God.

They make no endeavor by magic circles, and distortions of countenance, to disturb the spirits of the dead; they need neither their aid nor

advice, their business being with the living. Nor do they require the sleight-o'-hand trickeries of the magician for present conduct, nor the vaticinations of witch or wizard as to future guidance. The great volumes of nature and inspiration are spread before them, and they, for them, are all-sufficient. In the former may be found order, beauty, and majesty. All that delight the eye, gratify the taste, and charm the ear, exist around in endless profusion. In the latter may be found the solemn prophesyings of the past, and a code of moral ethics that could have emanated from no other source than Omnipotence; where are recorded with pen immortal all that is necessary for present happiness and future well-being. These great volumes are the sources of knowledge wherein Odd Fellows read the inward sentiments of their own souls, and they constitute the foundation upon which the whole superstructure of Odd-Fellowship rests.

Within the Lodge rooms nothing is known of the supernaturally wonderful or shadowy mystical. To say the least, Odd Fellows possess the ordinary common sense of the average of men, and exercise it, too, in the same degree, in their business transactions, as other men and other institutions do in theirs. The constitutions and laws of Lodges, and the proceedings of the Grand Lodges are all made public as the doings of any legislative or clerical body of men, so that scarcely a word need be said in reply to the objection of secrecy, it being one that, in some measure, will apply to all institutions and associations, and also to the private affairs of all individuals. Truly considered, it is no objection at all. The objects of Odd-Fellowship are, or may be, "known of all men," its only secret being in the *mode* of conducting its business operations, and the forms of conferring its various degrees. A certain degree of secrecy, from the very nature of the case, is absolutely necessary to efficiency. By signs and pass-words, only known to the initiated, the brothers are everywhere able to recognize each other; by these it is at once known who have claims upon the Order, who are worthy, and who are not. By no other means could so great an engine of practical benevolence, and far-reaching sympathy and assistance, be held together over so wide an extent of the earth's surface. Of itself, the secrecy is nothing; but as a means to an end, it is all-important. Every family has its secrets, which must be held sacred from the world. Every merchant has his business secrets, which he has no right to expose, and which he could not without involving pecuniary loss or dishonor. And we too, as Odd Fellows, have our secrets, which belong to us alone; and it would do no one any good, out of the Order, to know the way we conduct our business, nor who are the recipients of our benevolence.

Among others who are opposed to us, may be found members of Christian churches, having imbibed an impression from some unknown source,

that Odd-Fellowship is not in harmony with the Christian church. Never was there in existence a greater error of fact. Yet of such we shall not complain; for this number of our opponents is becoming every day less, numbering, as we do, among our ranks, many of the brightest ornaments of the Christian church. Of those, however, who do yet oppose us, we shall neither censure nor condemn, nor hold any controversy. Our arguments shall be our principles and our works. "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*" But we will ask them to walk with us through the beautiful groves and shady retreats of our glorious and beautiful temple; and partake of the feast of good things which may always be found at the perpetual banquet there ever ready for every true worshipper of Truth. And we would ask them to cast aside all narrow-minded prejudices and bigotry, to let their minds go free and be enlarged; for within our borders there is room enough for every child of humanity to grow, expand, and overflow with a love a gracious God designed he should overflow with.

There are others who are opposed to us with charges of becoming a great political machine, that shall be able eventually to control the politics of the country. To this objection shall be urged, that no fears need be entertained of our ever becoming a political machine; for in politics, as religion, we have members of every political party and religious creed, and probably, too, about equally balanced. Hence the common sense alone of every man would teach him, that the moment any thing of a sectarian or political character should be introduced, that instant the great body would be shook to its center, and, in a very short space of time, every element decompose, and be scattered beyond the possibility of ever reuniting.

Institutions, like individuals, have particular spheres of influence; and it is only by confining themselves to those given orbits, that they can act with any degree of efficiency. If their objects be noble, they all move under one great law, the central law of love, and can no more conflict with each other, than do the planets of the solar system in their revolutions round the sun.

Within our institution, the brothers assume certain obligations with regard to each other; but this does not imply a disregard of those which forever rest upon all men, by virtue of their common humanity.

It is true that there are a great many corporate bodies in existence to benefit the human family; but while they exist only as bodies, with more head than heart, we profess to exist as bodies with more heart than head. And this is one of the brightest features in our Order; for we have to do with that which they do not, and that is the social relations of life. The sphere of our operation is closer, more immediate, more intimate, and more effective for good. We profess to exist as brothers, to assist each other

in sickness, sympathize with each other in distress, and if possible, sound the depths of each other's afflictions.

It may be told us that we have poor-houses, alms-houses and hospitals, where the distressed, the sick, the widow and the fatherless, can find relief. These institutions, doubtless, are all good in their places, as far as they go, and reflect the highest honor upon the country where they exist. But something more is needed in distress, or sickness, than the doctor and his medicines, the cold attentions of a hired nurse, or the soup and rice of a poor-house or alms-house. There is such a principle as sympathy in the world, which in many cases is more beneficial to the sufferer than doctor, medicine, or hired nurse.

How often, when on the sick couch, has the countenance been cheered by the visit of a friend! one whom we feel really cares for us, and sympathizes with us; entering into all our little wants, humoring our little whims, speaking affectionately, soothingly, and encouragingly. Oh, how much good does such medicine as this do! How healing to the stricken soul such balm as this! Where can we find it? Not surely in institutions of public charity; that would be impossible, from the very nature of their position. But to this end is an Odd Fellows' Lodge instituted, and may be all summed up in the words of the Grand Lodge of the United States to the Subordinate Lodges: "We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, assist the widow, and educate the orphan."

Here, however, in this connection it shall be observed that Odd-Fellowship is not considered the universal panacea for all the ills of life. Error is too deeply seated in the social system; the interests of the human world are too varied and entangled to be easily righted. The philosophy of the human mind, and the origin and cause of evil have puzzled the greatest men of all ages of the world. But for our purpose, it is enough to know that misery, oppression, and suffering exist, and that it is for us, as Odd Fellows, to do all the good we can to remove the evils which surround us on every side, minister to the wants, and lighten the burdens of our fellow-men. This is all we claim. We do not, however, expect to move along without opposition. No truth of any moment will ever become established without it, until the nations of the earth are gathered within the fold of Odd-Fellowship, and placed in harmony with the laws of the universe, chanting in unison with universal nature, a loud anthem of love and good-will to man.

But we all know that, at the present time, this is not the case. The world presents a vastly different picture. Society appears in the light of a great antagonism—the hand of every man against the whole, and the whole against every man. That which is my interest is that of any other individual. From the cradle to the grave, we have to contend with

overwhelming oppositions. Vice, poverty, and oppression exist in every form ; and misery, licentiousness, envy, jealousy, selfishness and injustice are all in activity around us.

The philanthropist has often grieved over and examined this circle of human wretchedness, without being able to discern a single point to begin at to remove those frightful evils ; and many a time the musical string of the musician has broken just as he has tuned his instrument to the nicest harmony. Now what can be done to unravel these jarring interests, and harmonize these active antagonisms. It must be confessed that, as individuals, we can do but little ; but, as bodies, we can do a great deal. Hence every institution that can be established to bring men nearer together, to bind closer the bonds of brotherhood, to create better feelings between man and man, so that they understand each other and their wants better, in the name of Heaven, let us have them. Men are wide enough apart, their interests are sufficiently adverse, without the effort on the part of any one to widen the breach ; and he who succeeds in adding one ray of comfort to the disconsolate soul, or weaving one chord to bind in closer union the jarring elements of the moral world, has done a deed that an angel will record to his account in the archives of Heaven. Hence every Lodge established, that carries out its own behests, is one step gained in the ascending scale of human progress. It is so much done towards bringing the human world out of the failures and wrongs which have swelled and surged over it during a long night of grief and discomfort.

Some may doubt the ability of Lodges to accomplish the amount of good here claimed ; but there is no amount of good that they cannot accomplish, if they would carry out their own principles of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

These are the essential principles upon which the Order is based, and are illustrated by Three Links of a Chain.

Friendship, Love, and Truth ! Three strands of the cord that binds the moral and spiritual universe to the Throne of the Eternal. An institution based upon such principles must aim at immortality, cannot exist without exerting an influence for good.

Friendship is the first person of this glorious trinity—the first link of this emblematic chain. This principle is as necessary to the existence of the Order as the existence of the sun to the physical world.

True friendship moves along silently, uncontaminated by the breath of slander, and unchecked by the efforts of envy, prejudice or malice. It is a comforter in sickness, a helper in distress, and a sweetener of our joys. It tramples upon formality, sets aside interests, knows of no obligations, and admits no equivalents. It knows of neither climate, country, language, nor creed. The friend in need is a friend indeed ; and one who

upon can be depended in the hour of adversity, is an angel of mercy.

Man is a social being; he loves the voice of kindness and sympathy. He loves, too, the social hour. To gather around the hearth, or the festive board, with those he loves, constitutes one of the sweetest charms of his short existence. Scarcely any thing should induce us to violate its claims, or turn recreant to its demands. Many a small act of kindness towards a needy brother, perhaps forgotten by us, is never forgotten by the recipient, and will be found registered to the credit side of our account on the records of eternity. Sorrow, like a stream, may lose itself in many channels, while joy, like a ray of the sun, reflects with greater ardor and quickness when it rebounds upon a man from the breast of his friend.

Suffer this principle to die in our Order, and reduce it simply to a benefit society, it would not exist ten years; irretrievable ruin would certainly follow. This thought is well deserving serious attention.

Love is the second principle of this glorious trinity, and the second link of this emblematic chain; it is the prevailing attribute of Deity: "God is Love."

Love is the great center around which revolves all that is refulgent, and beautiful, and glorious, and perfect, and holy, and good. It is divine; it is infinite. It has neither height nor depth, length nor breadth. It is the inmost center of Christianity—the great attractive principle of the moral and spiritual universe. It is the main-spring of every good action, drawing towards it purity of thought and holy affection. It is this principle that attunes the harps of angels, who, in sweet numbers, breathe the love of their Creator. It was this that awoke the echoes of eternity, and caused the morning stars to sing creation's birth; that attuned Judah's harp to numbers that made the Pagan mountains shake, and Zion's cedars bow; that brought the Son of the Great Infinite from his high abode, accompanied with a heavenly host, singing "peace on earth and good will to man."

This principle is placed in a very conspicuous relation in our emblematic chain, so that all things within and without may be tested by it. It proclaims to the world that while we have established it as a guide to our conduct within, none need have any fears from without of becoming one of us; for all are assured that "love casteth out fear;" and wherever this principle rules, there will be harmony, and an earnest desire to benefit each other, from the inward satisfaction of doing good, which, in all cases, affords the highest degree of happiness. And when brethren dwell together in unity, it forms a pleasing scene—a scene over which the angels of heaven may delight. Let every Odd Fellow then endeavor to foster and promote this feeling, that we may resemble those celestial beings who live in mutual harmony and felicity in the world above.

Truth is the third link of this golden chain, and is implied in the principle of love ; one cannot operate except on the basis of the other. It is indestructible as the pillars of heaven—the immutable basis on which rests the Eternal Throne. Works of art may crumble to dust, solid rocks decompose, and all nations dissolve, but truth will live forever.

It is of immense importance to the existence of the Order. It is its bond, and the foundation of all that confidence and intercourse which subsist among us as Odd Fellows. It is the foundation of our present enjoyment ; and on the veracity of our brothers is depending our future success : let but one be deceived, all confidence in us would at once be at an end. We should be viewed as deceivers, holding up false lights to deceive the unwary, and thereby bring upon ourselves universal censure.

It would involve an impeachment of our veracity and integrity. By making proclamation of this principle, we ask our fellow men to confide in us, assuring them that whatever we promise we will perform ; that we are neither perjurers, hypocrites, nor religious impostors ; but men, able and willing to perform all that we promise.

The admission of a candidate to membership is to him an important event. He is about to assume new obligations and duties towards himself and his fellow men. From that hour he commences a new existence, a regeneration from that spirit of selfishness and exclusiveness which freezes all the fine sympathetic feelings and generous principles which should possess a human soul. The web of his moral and social existence is about to be unraveled, and he invested with feelings and associations to which he, in all probability, had been a stranger. He is about to devote his life to deeds of friendship, Christian charity, and brotherly love. Hence, to such offices of human benefaction, one must come with clean hands ; for no impurity should pollute the sacred retreats devoted to such an exalted mission.

To become an Odd Fellow, therefore, is more than the mere fact of going through the form and ceremony of initiation : these, however important, are but means to an end. The initiate assumes obligations of an exalting character ; a new field of duty and labor is laid before him, that will yield a rich recompense for all his labor. As no man ever yet regretted a good action in the cause of human suffering, nor committed self-destruction from the reflection of his good deeds, so will no Odd Fellow ever regret the obligations imposed upon him by his initiation to membership, if he fulfil and carry them out. Acts of kindness and generosity afford large profits to the giver ; and so will every Odd Fellow find if he act out the instructions he receives during his progress in Odd-Fellowship.

But in order to become one of our Fraternity, it is necessary that he be previously proposed for membership ; his character referred to a com-

mittee, who make the necessary inquiries, and if found worthy is balloted to membership ; and then must pass through certain initiatory forms, and assume obligations, which will eventually lead him to truth.

The charges administered to him are instructive, suggestive, solemn, and sublime. He, in company with a brother of the Order, enters at the portals of the Temple, guarded by Faith and Charity. Faith inquires of the brother what stranger he has in his company ; and upon being informed that he is one who has become dissatisfied with himself by supplying his own wants, and wishes a wider field of usefulness where Friendship, Love and Truth assert their mild dominion, and to be admitted to membership with the noble band who worship in that Court of Honor—asks if the stranger be willing to attach his name to the scroll of worthies who have passed through the ordeal to the full fruition of all the honors pertaining to membership. The answer being in the affirmative, Charity wishes him at once admitted, and encourages him with kind words, telling him to neither falter, fail nor weary, promising him her company to the end of his journey : assuring him also, that nothing shall hinder him from proceeding, if his motives be pure, and if he maintain his courage and honor, which are absolutely necessary to be tested before he can be prepared for such noble and exalted employment as he is seeking. He is at once admitted to the door, where he asks and receives, seeks and finds, knocks and it is opened unto him.

The candidate is then within a retreat dedicated to Peace and Love. Shut in amid solemn silence, away from the noise and vice of the busy world, his mind is led to deep reflection upon the vanity of all earthly things ; of the sad spectacle which the world presents to a serious and reflecting mind ; of the millions who, wrapt in their own selfishness, toil on, seemingly ignorant of the mutability of rank, wealth and power.

Such reflections naturally lead the mind to a contemplation of the effects of the disorder of the moral world, and the certainty of death. He thinks of the generous hearts that feel for the misery of others, and of the unfeeling ones that look on with cold indifference. His pride is humbled. He is awoke to a sense of the duty he owes to himself, and of his responsibility to his God. In view of these, his sympathies are enlisted ; his feelings are awakened to the solemn fact, that as he is but dust, so to dust must he return ; and *that* will be all which will remain, not only of him, but of the millions who now are acting out the various parts of the drama on the great theater of human life.

The solemn admonition these thoughts afford, prepare his mind for the voice of wisdom speaking from the experience of the past, that "the righteous are not forsaken, nor their seed begging bread ;" and that the best and surest protection against the trials of life is to be found in the practice of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Then the mind of the candidate is enlightened as to the spirit of Odd-Fellowship, and he is at liberty to receive the obligation, which is conformable to every moral and social obligation—conflicting with no duty he owes to himself, family, friends, society, or his God ; but, on the contrary, urges upon him the necessity of being faithful and virtuous in all his dealings with his fellow-men, and thus procure their esteem, and to let them see that these are the peculiar traits of character of every good Odd Fellow. He is welcomed amid a band of brothers, who assure him that in that court of honor he has nothing to fear. It is only by the heart that men are known, and not by outward professions of goodness and benevolence, although they may possess a captivating exterior.

He is instructed in the signs peculiar to this degree, which all contain a deep significance, and must be kept a profound secret, the all-seeing eye of God being ever upon him ; and that we are all held together by a chain strong and imperishable, in one vast fraternal union.

Having passed the threshold of Odd-Fellowship, he is reminded of the darkness of the human mind, and of his ignorance in relation to his future destiny—of that slavery of soul to all those objects which so often excite the passionate ambition of man. Then of the perfect freedom which the virtuous enjoy in the absence of sensuality and passion, and in love as the great remedy of all social evils. He is then led to perceive the true objects of Odd-Fellowship, which recognize the whole brotherhood of man.

This is the great fraternal principle of the Order, teaching the lesson that, as God is the author of our existence, so should we recognize each other as the offspring of the same Parent. Therefore, being brothers, our intercourse with each other should be marked by Friendship, Love and Truth, and be ever ready to assist each other in the day of trial.

The candidate is given emphatically to understand that we have nothing to do with any religious sects or political parties, nor with the classifications of human society. But all, as Odd Fellows, are equal. That no man can be an Odd Fellow unless he be a good citizen, yielding a ready obedience to its laws, dealing justly with his fellow-men, and feeling grateful to his God.

Such are the first principles of Odd-Fellowship, which, as the candidate advances, he will more clearly understand, but will not be able to appreciate its excellence until he shall have passed through, and examined all the hidden chambers of this glorious temple of human fraternity.

In addition to the above, he is not to look upon Odd-Fellowship as a mere beneficiary society, whose sole object is the relief of its members during sickness, "relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan ;" but endeavor to elevate the character of man, and extend the field of his usefulness, by teaching the true fraternal relation which all

men occupy, one towards the other, and thus control the elements of discord, and calm the storm of human passion.

In this, the initiatory degree, are taught the foundation principles of the Order, and all the other degrees are built upon this. Being the different parts of the same structure, an individual, by simply passing through this degree, would know no more of Odd-Fellowship than of the interior of a beautiful temple by passing only its vestibule. It is necessary that he pass through all the degrees, before he can see it in all its beauties.

There are many friends, however, who, it must be admitted, join the Order merely for its insurance against sickness—take the first step and go no further. Such brothers know but little of the intrinsic excellence of that institution with which they have connected themselves. It is the same with us, in this respect, as with every other institution of good. One must work in it, study its features, ascertain its tendencies, and take an active part in it: then the assertion shall be made—no one can do this without loving it for the beautiful lessons it inculcates, the lofty feelings it inspires, the obligations it imposes, and the delightful responsibilities it incurs.

The fact of unworthy men occasionally gaining admittance into our ranks, militates nothing against the name or usefulness of the Order. We must all remember that among the twelve apostles there was a Judas; and also, that the sons of God—mentioned in the book of Job—*could* not go up to worship, but Satan must go also; and not only accompany them, but claim the right to do so. Consequently, of what appears to be inherent in the constitution of things, none must complain. We have as large a share of the virtuous and intelligent portion of the community among us as any other institution, and some of them the brightest ornaments of humanity.

MAGNITUDE OF THE SUN.—The magnitude of this vast luminary is an object which overpowers the imagination. Its diameter is 880,000 miles; its circumference, 2,764,600 miles; its surface contains 2,432,800,000,000 square miles, which is twelve thousand three hundred and fifty times the area of the terraqueous globe, and nearly fifty thousand times the extent of all the habitable parts of the earth. Its solid contents comprehend 356,818,739,200,000,000, or more than three hundred and fifty-six thousand billions of cubical miles. Were its center placed directly over the earth, it would fill the whole orbit of the moon, and reach two hundred thousand miles beyond it on every hand. Were a person to travel along the surface of the sun, so as to pass along every square mile on its surface, at the rate of thirty miles every day, it would require more than two hundred and twenty millions of years before its survey could be completed. It would contain more than 1,300,000 globes such as ours.

Hints

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE MUTES' ASYLUM AT INDIANAPOLIS.

How mournful is the voiceless sway,
Which human hearts can bind,
And hush, ere yet its tones have way,
The music of the mind.
O'er glorious realms its power extends,
And mystery mantles all;
Dark as the shades when eve descends
Around some haunted hall.

Here Silence, o'er the immortal soul,
Broods with a spell of might,
And joy finds not its shining goal,
Or dreams the blessed light.
Hushed in their flow, the quivering chorde,
By conquering loves o'erswept,
Bring from their cells no answering words,
Of Sybil murmurs kept.

But voiceful founts in darkness lie.
With gems enshrined below,
Nor gleam, nor "songs that mantle high,"
Tell where the bright waves flow,
And passion fires, that fiercely burn,
O'er lone dark altars roll,
Whence searching lava-tides return,
To waste the weary soul.

Unseen, the lovely priestess, Thought,
Her mystic rites performs;
Now Fancy's gorgeous links are wrought,
Now Hope the bosom warms;
Joys, haunting fears, all feelings deep,
Dwell captive in her halls,
And glorious are the forms which sleep
On Memory's pictured walls.

They wake, they come at Thought's command;
They glide, like ghosts, along,
And circled round her altars, stand,
A strangely mournful throng.
To each, she holds her spirit lute,
Each tries its trembling strings,
But all the answering cells are mute,
No music tones it brings.

Here lovely forms in sadness pine,
For that o'ermastering art,
Which breathes o'er Friendship's holiest shrine,
The incense of the heart.

The soft vibrations of the air,
Which love's sweet notes convey,
To them no heavenly numbers bear,
For them no harp chords play.

Their pensive souls have never heard
Joy's peeling anthems rise,
Nor the wild warbling of the bird
Whose songs are of the skies.
The swelling strains of gladness free,
The pleasant human tone,
And the ringing shout of childhood's glee,
Are sounds to them unknown.

No voice is their's, or measured chime
Of winds, or rolling tides;
But on, the broad dark river Time,
In awful stillness glides;
They bear from earth no pleasant strain
Of high triumphant lore,
No memories of its wild refrain,
Or music of its shore.

The Shakers at Union Village.

About the year 1805, a colony of the "United Society of Believers," or "Shakers," established themselves in Warren county, Ohio, some twenty-eight miles from Cincinnati, and four from Lebanon, the county seat, where they purchased land and founded a Union Village for the believers in their peculiar doctrines. The Society has gone on increasing in prosperity until it is now the largest settlement of Shakers in the West, numbering between four and five hundred. These are divided into five families, situated on different parts of the farm, which consists of 4,400 acres of rich and valuable land. They also have leasehold possession of about five hundred additional acres adjoining their property, which is school-reservation land, and not purchasable.

The attention of the Society is devoted principally to agricultural pursuits and the rearing of stock, but they have workshops for manufacturing brooms and carrying on the various trades, at which those who prefer them can employ their time. The products of the workshops, however, are chiefly for the use of the Society, and only the brooms are manufactured expressly for market. They derive a handsome revenue from the sale of garden seeds, of which they raise a great quantity; their sales last year exceeded \$10,000. The stock comprises about one thousand head of cattle, and probably as many sheep. They have but little poultry, and no surplus for market. The employments of the women are

various. A certain number have charge of the household for one month, when they are relieved by another delegation, and betake themselves to sewing, spinning, weaving, or wool picking.

The houses of the village are mostly unpainted, presenting to the eye a desolate and unprepossessing appearance. No shade trees wave their foliage in the sunlight before their doors, inviting the cool breezes of summer to revel there, and bright plumed birds to build their nests; no creeping vines shelter the windows, and keep the sun from penetrating his burning rays within; no evergreens or flowers are there, to relieve the monotony of the landscape, or shed perfume around them. Perhaps they look upon these things in the light of vanities, they are so utilitarian in all their views; but whatever tends to beautify our homes and make them attractive, or contributes to the cultivation of a more refined taste, should be encouraged rather than discountenanced. But within, how different the scene! There, everything is arranged with the greatest neatness and precision, and an air of cleanliness and simplicity pervades the whole. The uncarpeted floor is as clean and shining as constant scrubbing can make it, and the furniture, of which there is nothing superfluous, is neatly arranged around the room, while the tidy inmates shower their welcome upon the visitor, compelling him to feel at home, and inculcating a practical lesson in brotherly love that must be felt by the coldest heart.

The five families of which the village consists are not divided entirely with reference to the convenience of members. One family is called the "Gathering-in Order;" here all new members are quartered, and remain for several years, or until they so advance in the path of their brethren that they are deemed worthy of being received into a higher Order. The other families are designated by their location in the village, viz: the West, South, Central, and East Families. The family at the Central Order is the highest in the village, being composed of the most devout and ardent believers. We found this family much more reserved and unsociable than the others. The brethren of the "Gathering-in Order" were far more communicative than their brethren of the other families. Like all who embrace a new doctrine, they are anxious to extend the blessings of their faith to those whom they consider in darkness. The spirit of propagandism is very strong with them, and they appear to never grow weary of imparting the doctrines of their faith to strangers. They reckon their age from the time of their first entrance into the Society; so many years in the "world," and so many in the Society.

The products and manufactures of the Shakers have such a reputation that they are not permitted to compete for prizes at Agricultural Fairs, it being alledged that they would obtain all the premiums.

The domestic affairs of the Society are all conducted with perfect order. They rise at half-past four in Summer, and at five in Winter. Almost every room is supplied with a clock, thus preventing all excuse for being behind-hand with work. In the barn we observed the same monitor marking with his hand the onward progress of time. The cows are milked at regular hours, and it is curious to see them marching with military precision, each to her own particular stall, without any instruction from the attendants. There are no dogs in the village, which we regard as a fine arrangement. The Society will keep nothing of a vicious or quarrelsome nature, and if a stubborn animal will not yield to kind treatment, he is disposed of. Each house has two front doors, one for males, and one for females. There are also two stairways for the sexes, and their visitors are instructed which to use; a breach of this rule, however, is not much regarded. It is a rule of the Society not to accumulate riches; all moneys in the treasury, over their wants, are applied to charitable purposes.

The Shakers do not take part in political affairs; they submit to the law of the land, but having withdrawn from the "world" they do not wish to engage in any worldly acts.

There are seventeen societies of Shakers in the United States, numbering in all about seven thousand souls. The garb of the Shakers, the pattern of which they claim to have derived from the spirits, consists of a plain braided straw hat, long blue coat, and vest of same color; brown pantaloons, and white shirt with very wide collar. The female garb is far more prepossessing, comprising a neat cap of plain materials, dresses, the waists of which come nearly up to the shoulders, with muslin handkerchiefs around the neck, and pinned in front, as we commonly see Quaker matrons dressed. This quaint attire gives them the appearance of being much older than they really are. We noticed several large girls just merging into womanhood, wearing the peculiar dress of the Society, and could not but contrast the simplicity of their apparel, with the gorgeous and elaborate attire of our city belles when arrayed in their ball room costumes. Their life, too, is one continuous round of work and worship, unrelieved by the excitement of gay festivities, or the refining influences of mental culture.

On a rising knoll at the side of the road leading to the quarters of the "Gathering-in Order," is a small spot entirely destitute of tree or shrub, enclosed with a rough rail fence. It is the burial ground of the Society. There,

"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid."

No handsome monuments tower over their graves, reared by the hands of affectionate kindred—no epitaph arrests the attention of the passer by.

Naught, save the rough stone, marks the place where the mortal casket, which an immortal soul once tenanted, now rests, passing to mother earth. It was sad to think that no kindred's tears would be shed over their graves—that the hand of affection would plant no flower over the last resting place of humanity. But flowers will fade, and tears will dry, and neither towering monument or fulsome epitaph will give them a higher place when transplanted to the skies; their actions in the body must then constitute their claims for reward.

Every Sunday, at ten o'clock, all the families of which this village is composed, meet for public worship in the church, which is located near the center of the village. The meeting house is a large wooden building, very plain in appearance, and capable of holding about eight hundred people. Pegs are fastened around the walls of the building, for the reception of the hats and bonnets of the worshipers; the men, however, mostly leave their broadbrims at the office, which is immediately opposite. The seats are placed on two sides of the house, leaving the center vacant for their dance. The women are ranged on the right of the entrances, and facing the men; all sit for some time in silence. At a signal from one of the Elders, all arise, and after removing the benches, their exercises begin.

Several elderly persons, of both sexes, place themselves in the center, while the others form in rows behind them, the men and women still facing each other. The Elders in the center, then commence a lively song, and the brethren and sisters, forming into a circle, start off into a dance, all of them shaking their hands, which is kept up constantly while dancing. There are two circles of dancers formed, one within the other, going different ways, and the inside circle consisting of the youthful portion of the worshipers. This exercise continues for some time, when all stop and are addressed by one of the Elders. When he has concluded, another song is struck up, and the dancing is resumed. At the intervals between the dances, any one is at liberty to make remarks, and on the occasion of our visit an invitation was extended to their visitors, of which one of our party availed himself to address a few words to them, for which they returned thanks, renewing their dancing, and "giving us their love," by motioning with their hands as if they were throwing something to us; much after the manner of magnetizers, who throw off magnetic influence by similar passes.

The Shakers appear to be very devout in their faith, and while engaged in worship their eyes do not wander around, going through the service mechanically, as is far too prevalent with many of our church members, but all seemed deeply absorbed, and their whole souls appeared to be engaged in their worship. Some of them would become so enthusiastic that they seemed to be in an extacy of delight, and would break out in

clapping, and their whole bodies would shake with the excitement. Their exercises continued about an hour and a half, when we were dismissed, and went home with our hospitable hosts.

This is a singular mode of worship, but whatever may be said of its ludicrousness, they are unquestionably sincere in their faith, and, strange as it may appear, it fills the beholder with an unaccountable feeling of solemnity and devotion.

This singular Society was founded by Ann Lee, of Manchester, England, in 1770. Meeting with persecution in that country, she in company with eight of her followers, embarked for the New World in May, 1774, where she hoped to enjoy her religion and worship God according to the dictates of her own conscience. The first permanent settlement was made at New Lebanon, Columbia county, New York, in 1779. At that time the Society had not increased in numbers, there not being over a dozen members, and all of them from England. The Society at New Lebanon was established as a common center of union for all belonging to the Society, and it still remains the principal or mother society.

The regulation of temporal affairs is entrusted to the deacons appointed to that office by the members of the Society. It is the business of the deacons to provide whatever is deemed necessary for the Society's use, and to conduct all dealings with the world. In addition to the chief deacons, there are also deacons in each family, whose duty it is to see that every member has his just rights, and that the family is supplied with everything needful.

The management of spiritual affairs is entrusted to the ministry and elders, or elder brethren of each community and family.

Such is a brief sketch of this singular Society, which is composed entirely of converts to their peculiar faith, there being no recognition of the marriage relation among them. That they are sincere in their faith no one who visits them, and attends their worship, will question, and that they are kind and hospitable to excess they will experience. There is every variety of intellect amongst them, some possessing minds of a high order, and well calculated to excel in any profession, while others are far below mediocrity. The children are instructed in the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but as they are taken from school for part of the year as soon as they are large enough to be useful, they can acquire but little solid information. Their faces all wear that disconsolate expression so peculiar to children in charitable institutions, and an unnatural sobriety, which can only be attributed to severe discipline, seems to have checked the natural buoyancy of youth, and converted them prematurely into dignified men and women. Thus fostered in ignorance, they become bigoted and intolerant, and being denied the hallowed influence of the marriage relation, all ties of kindred being severed,

knowing not the purifying influence of little children of their own to play about their hearth stones and cheer them with their innocent prattle, there seems to be a frigidity about them which is the natural consequence of such a mode of life. Of their religious belief we may probably treat in a subsequent article.

Pompeii: Its Ruins and its People.

In digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of imperial luxury. For far the greater part, these relics have a merely curious interest: they belong to archæology, and find appropriate resting places in historical museums. But there are some exceptions. Here, for instance, the excavator drops, an uninvited guest, upon a banquet,—there he unexpectedly obtrudes into a tomb. In one place, he finds a miser cowering on his heaps; another shows him bones of dancing girls, and broken instruments of music, lying on the marble floor. In the midst of painted chambers, baths, halls, columns, fountains—among the splendid evidences of material wealth—he sometimes stumbles on a simple incident, a touching human story, such as strikes the imagination, and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster; as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of a field of battle. Such, to our mind, is the latest discovery of the excavators in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of flight, accompanied by a dog. There are three human beings, one of them a young girl, with gold rings and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives had bags of gold and silver with them, snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the fiery flood was on their track; and vain their wealth, their flight, the age of one, the youth of the other. The burning lava rolled above them and beyond; and the faithful dog turned back to share the fortunes of its mistress—dying at her side. Seen by the light of such an incident, how vividly that night of horrors looms upon the sense! Does not imagination picture that little group in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, languidly chatting over the day's events and of the unusual heat? Does it not hear, with them, the troubled swell of the waters in the day—see as they do, how the night comes down in sudden strangeness, how the sky opens overhead and flames break out, while scoræ, sand, and molten rocks come pouring down? What movement, what emotion, what surprise! The scene grows darker every instant. The hollow monotone of the bay is lifted into yells and shrieks. The air grows thick with dust and hot with flames; and at the mountain's foot is heard the deadly roll of the liquid lava. Jewels, household gods, gold

and silver coins, are snatched up on the instant. No time to say farewell; darkness in front and fire behind, they rush into the streets—streets choked with falling houses and flying citizens. How find the way through passages which have no longer outlets? Confusion, danger, darkness, uproar, everywhere; the shouts of parted friends, the agony of men struck down by falling columns; fear, madness, and despair unchained. Here, penury clutching gold it cannot keep,—there, gluttony feeding on its final meal, and frenzy striking in the dark to forestall death. Through all, fancy hears the young girl's screams—the fire is on her jeweled hand. No time for thought—no pause: the flood rolls on, and wisdom, beauty, age, and youth, with all the stories of their hopes, their rank, wealth, greatness,—all the once-affluent life,—are gone forever. When unearthed after many ages, the nameless group has no other importance to mankind than as it may serve “to point a moral or adorn a tale.”

The Old Maid.

Being at a party given by an elderly lady of good fortune, and not knowing many of the company, as I was a stranger in the town of — I was more of a spectator than an actor. At length I saw enter the room, announced as Miss —, a tall thin figure, bearing evident marks of having been once extremely elegant, with a face where sorrow and disappointment seemed to vie with humble timidity. I felt certain that grief dwelt in her breast. An animated conversation was going on around her as she sat down, and once or twice she attempted to join in it, but with a half averted glance, and a tone so fearful and undecided, that no one attended to her remarks. She seemed to say within herself, “Why should I speak? Can any mortal feel an interest in what I say?” A half suppressed sigh, and an adjustment of her dress, arising from nervousness and not from vanity, for she had ceased to feel it, closed the scene, and she said no more that evening than to answer in monosyllables to the questions that were occasionally asked her by the mistress of the house. Yet, even in the tone of those simple monosyllables, I could discover a feeling and perhaps too sensitive mind. To a close observer of human nature in all its varieties, a tone, a word, a glance, will betray the secret though unconscious feeling of the heart. Music was proposed, and it was the whim of the moment to revive old songs. A young lady, whose voice was melody itself, sang with both feeling and good taste, “Oh, Nancy, wilt thou gang with me?” All eyes were turned on the young musician, but mine still dwelt on the countenance of Miss —. It assumed, I thought, a more and more melancholy cast. A few drops from eyes that had once been bright and lovely, fell on a dress whose

faded colors showed but too evident signs of a very slender purse. No one but myself perceived the little bye-scene, and I was careful that even my observations should not be discovered by the object of them.

I returned home more melancholy than from a tragedy, or the reading of a sad story of disappointed affections, for I had seen real sorrow, and become the witness of grief deep-seated, though stifled within the struggling breast. I know of no heroine of romance who, in her sorrows, all poignant as fancy can paint them, has not friends to pity, console, and support her; but in real life, human life as it is, many a pining disappointment, and many a bitter pang from the overthrow of our hopes have human beings, and especially women, to bear in silence and neglect. Are there then no objects of compassion beyond the beggars who importune us at our doors? Are there no wants but those of bread? Yes, the want of a friend to sympathize in our sorrow—the want of one heart that beats in unison with our own, and the loss of happiness—the want of energy to rise above our misfortunes and despise them, will bring us sooner into our cold graves than the most abject poverty and pinching hunger. A woman, a poor weak woman, without ambition and without strength of mind, whose heart is capable of tenderness and love—what is she when age has destroyed her charms for one sex, and poverty has rendered her useless to the other? Sadness becomes her portion and damps her power of adding her little mite to the agreeableness of the passing hour. She becomes more and more spiritless and dejected, more and more deserted by her early friends, whose lot in life Providence has destined to be less unfortunate. The rising generation treat her with contemptuous neglect; unable, from her slender frame and unstrung nerves, to assist or encourage their amusements, she takes no interest in them, and from their unconsciousness of sorrow and its destructive effects, they have no compassion for her. She is to them silent and inanimate; they ridicule and despise her. Of those who have known her in the days when pleasure and light-heartedness were to her not merely a name, many are far away—many are no more; and if one half kind and half estranged friend, whose heart is almost indifferent to her sufferings, be with her in the last sad hour, and shed one tear as she closes her eyes on this world for ever, it is more than she has for many years dared to hope. Is this a picture of human woe? It is a true tale. Let then a little of our charity be bestowed on such sufferers. Let us not insult their misfortunes nor add to them the pang of coldness and neglect; but let us be companions to the companionless, and give of our cheerfulness to the broken-hearted, as readily as we give our bread to the hungry. It is a better gift, a gift to the heart, the surest that is ever bestowed, but with more true charity in it than in the poor and beggarly elements. It is the nearest approach on earth to that gift which Christ alone can bestow.

The Tomb of Milton.

Two minutes scarcely elapsed after I rang the sexton's bell at St. Giles' church, Cripplegate, before that personage ushered me urbanely into the aisle. The roof of the building is modern, but the dark carvings on the pulpit and choir indicate an age of two centuries. I stood at the altar where Cromwell and Ben Johnson were married; marked the pavement beneath which Fox, the author of "The Book of Martyrs," is buried; and read the inscription on the Lucy vault—a family satirized in the character of Shallow, and which incarnates for everlasting ridicule the sapient justice who would have proved Shakspeare a deer-stealer. I examined the quaint old tomb of the historian Speeds; and from a window, looked upon a fragment of the Roman wall, the greatest antiquity of London, hard by the venerable Cripplegate.

Over against a pew, a familiar bust marks the spot beneath which are the mortal remains of Milton; and his epitaph is grand in its simplicity—"The author of Paradise Lost." He and his father before him were attendants of this church. How sublime to the imagination is this otherwise not remarkable temple where that beautiful head was bowed in prayer! I recalled his image as it lay in youthful beauty, one summer afternoon, on the green sward, under the classic trees of the college-lawn, when a fair lady hung entranced above the sleeper, and left a scroll in his nerveless hand. I saw him in his prime, conversing with Galileo, and looking forth, with all a poet's rapture, upon Val d'Arno from the wooded summit of Fisolet. I beheld him when time had silvered his flowing hair, with sightless orbs uplifted, as his fingers ran over the organ-keys, and the calm devotion softened the lines of care and grief in that majestic countenance.

The picture he bequeathed of Eden, fragrant and dewy as creation's morning, the forlorn glory of Satan, and the solemn cadence of the verse that embalmed, in perpetual music, the story of "man's first disobedience," came vividly back upon my heart beside his sepulchre. Stern Cromwell's rugged face grew mild as his marriage response woke again from the silence of years, and blithely sounded the footsteps of rare old Ben, as he walked again, with his beloved, in my vision, up that solitary nave. What a changed aspect bears the world since Roger Williams talked with Milton of the prospects of religious liberty in America, and the latter plead for the freedom of the press; and yet, with all the triumphs of science, the revelations of the bard have lost not a ray of their spiritual beauty; his "high argument" remains in all its original significance; his mighty song wakes the soul to-day as when first its eternal symphony burst forth; his intact career, unwavering faith, and sustained elevation, reproach the sordid and win the brave forever.

A Tribute of Memory.

When thou shalt wander by the river's side,
 Where oft in early friendship we have strayed,
 Or seek the bowers of some sequestered grove,
 To wake sweet memories in their lonely shade,
 O, let thy thoughts on Fancy's wing return
 To those fair days, those bright and sunny hours,
 When fondly clasped, we breathed affection's vow,
 Near murmuring streams, on banks of smiling flowers.

Let not the paths our youthful steps have known,
 Lie quite forgotten and deserted now,
 But trace them oft when spring's first flowrets bloom,
 As when I twined sweet chaplets for thy brow;
 Still pay thy visits to the lonely groves,
 And list the song of our sweet minstrel bird,
 Lest his wild notes in tribute should be sung,
 And waste in echo on the hills unheard.

And when calm evening in her sober train,
 Lights up the silver tapers of the sky,
 And Earth's pale satellite, in spotless robes,
 Walks gently o'er the starry plains on high,
 Let thy wrapt soul in dreams Elysian burn!
 And thy young thoughts sublimely take their flight—
 Remembering still, how oft I've gazed with thee
 On yonder soft resplendant fields of light.

When cheerless Autumn's lonely winds shall sigh
 In mournful cadence o'er thy native hills,
 And mourning birds, in soft and plaintive tones,
 Blend their sweet notes with sounds of distant rills,
 One passing thought, my friend, I'll claim of thee—
 One treasured line on memory's sacred page,
 That thou shalt not in other days forget
 Endearing ties thine early thoughts engage.

Long shall I court the fondly cherished flame,
 Which to my heart thine own loved image set,
 And dwell enraptured o'er departed scenes,
 That live in memory and sweet visions yet;
 And when lone midnight's still and starry hour
 Leaves the charmed fancy all unbound and free,
 I'll steal in vigils from the slumbering world,
 And wander back on spirit wings to thee.

Unless our actions will bear the test of our sober judgment, and reflections upon them, they are not the actions, and consequently, not the happiness, of a rational being.

vol. 1—6

The Captive Girl.

As early as the year 1790 the block-house and stockade above the mouth of the Hockhocking river was a frontier post for the hardy pioneers of the north-western territory. There nature was in her undisturbed livery of dark and thick forests, interspersed with green and flowing prairies. Then the forest had not heard the sound of the woodman's ax, nor the plow of the husbandman opened the bosom of the earth. Then the beautiful prairies waved their golden bloom to the God of nature; and among the most luxuriant of these were those which lay along the Hockhocking valley, and especially that portion of it on which the town of Lancaster now stands. This place, for its beauty, its richness of soil, and picturesque scenery, was selected as a location for an Indian village. This afforded a suitable place for the gambols of the Indian sportsman, as well as a central spot for concentrating the Indian warriors.

Here the tribes of the west and north met to counsel, and from this spot led forth the war path in different directions. Upon one of those occasions, when the war spirit moved mightily among those sons of nature, and the tomahawk leaped in its scabbard, and the spirits of their friends, who had died in the field of battle, visited the warrior in his night visions and called loudly for revenge, it was ascertained at the garrison above the mouth of the Hockhocking river, that the Indians were gathering in great numbers for the purpose of striking a blow on some post of the frontiers. To meet this crisis, two of the most skilled and indefatigable spies were dispatched to watch their movements and report. White and M'Cleland, two spirits that never quailed at danger, and as unconquerable as the Libyan lion, in the month of October, and on one of those balmy days of Indian summer, took leave of their fellows, and moved on through the thick plum and hazel bushes with the noiseless tread of the panther, armed with their unerring and trusty rifles. They continued their march, skirting the prairies, till they reached that most remarkable prominence, now known by the name of Mount Pleasant, the western termination of which is a perpendicular cliff of rocks of several hundred feet high, and whose summit, from a western view, towers to the clouds and overlooks the vast plain below. When this point was gained, our hardy spies held a position from which they could see every movement of the Indians below in the valley. Every day added a new accession of warriors to the company. They witnessed their exercises of horse-racing, running foot-races, jumping, throwing the tomahawk, and dancing—the old sachems looking on with their Indian indifference, the squaws engaged in their usual drudgery, and the children in their playful gambols. The arrival of a new war party was greeted with terrible

shouts, which, striking the mural face of Mount Pleasant, were driven back in the various indentations of the surrounding hills, producing reverberations and echoes as if ten thousand fiends were gathered at a universal levee. Such yells would have struck terror to the hearts of those unaccustomed to Indian revelry. To our spies this was but martial music—strains which waked their watchfulness, and newly strung their veteran courage. From their early youth they had been always on the frontier, and were well practiced in all the subtlety, craft, and cunning of Indian warfare, as well as the ferocity and blood-thirsty nature of these savage warriors. They were, therefore, not likely to be ensnared by their cunning, nor, without a desperate conflict, to fall victims to their scalping-knives or tomahawks. On several occasions, small parties left the prairie and ascended the mount from the eastern side. On these occasions, the spies would hide in the deep fissures of the rocks on the west, and again leave their hiding places when their uninvited and unwelcome visitors had disappeared.

For food they depended on jerked venison and corn bread, with which their knapsacks were well stored. They dare not kindle a fire, and the report of one of their rifles would bring upon them the entire force of the Indians. For drink they depended on some rain water, which still stood in the hollows of some of the rocks; but in a short time this store was exhausted, and M'Clelland and White must abandon their enterprise, or find a new supply. To accomplish this most hazardous enterprise, M'Clelland, being the oldest, resolved to make the attempt; and with his trusty rifle in his hand, and their two canteens strung across his shoulders, he cautiously descended, by a circuitous route, to the prairie, skirting the hills on the north, and under covert of the hazel thickets he reached the river, and turning a bold point of a hill, he found a beautiful spring within a few feet of the river, now known by the name of Cold Spring, on the farm of D. Talmadge, Esq. He filled his canteens and returned in safety to his watchful companion. It was now determined to have a fresh supply of water every day, and this duty was performed alternately.

On one of these occasions, after White had filled his canteens, he sat a few moments watching the limpid element as it came gurgling out of the bosom of the earth, when the light sound of footsteps caught his practiced ear, and upon turning round he saw two squaws within a few feet of him. Upon turning the jut of the hill, the eldest squaw gave one of those far-reaching whoops peculiar to Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation. If the alarm should reach the camps or town, he and his companion must inevitably perish. Self-preservation compelled him to inflict a noiseless death on the squaws, and in such a manner as, if possible, to leave no trace behind. Ever rapid in thought

and prompt in action, he sprang upon his victims with the rapidity and power of the lion, and grasping the throat of each, sprang into the water. While making strong efforts to submerge the younger, who powerfully resisted him, and during the short struggle with this young athletic, to his astonishment she addressed him in his own language, though in almost inarticulate sounds. Releasing his hold, she informed him that she had been a prisoner for ten years, and was taken from below Wheeling, and that the Indians had killed all the family, and that her brother and herself were taken prisoners, but he succeeded, on the second night, in making his escape. During this narrative, White had drowned the elder squaw, and had let her float off with the current, where it would not probably be found out soon. He now directed the girl to follow him, and with his usual speed and energy pushed for the mount. They had scarcely gone half way when they heard the alarm cry some quarter of a mile down the stream. It was supposed some party of Indians, returning from hunting, struck the river just as the body of the squaw floated past. White and the girl succeeded in reaching the mount, where M'Clelland had been no indifferent spectator to the sudden commotion among the Indians. The prairie parties of warriors were seen immediately to strike off in every direction, and White and the girl had scarcely arrived before a party of some twenty warriors had reached the eastern acclivity of the mount, and were cautiously and carefully keeping under cover. Soon the spies saw their swarthy foes, as they glided from tree to tree and rock to rock, till their position was surrounded, except on the west perpendicular side, and all hope of escape was cut off. In this perilous condition, nothing was left but to sell their lives as dear as possible, and this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to the Indians and tell them she had been taken prisoner. She said, "No! death to me in the presence of my own people is a thousand times sweeter than captivity and slavery. Furnish me with a gun, and I will show you I can fight as well as die. This place I leave not. Here my bones shall lie bleaching with yours, and should either of you escape, you will carry the tidings of my death to my few relations." Remonstrance proved fruitless. The two spies quickly matured their plan of defense, and vigorously commenced the attack from the front, where, from the very narrow back-bone of the mount, the savages had to advance in single file, and without any covert. Beyond the neck, the warriors availed themselves of the rocks and trees in advancing, but in passing from one to the other they must be exposed for a short time, and a moment's exposure of their swarthy forms was enough for the unerring rifles of the spies. The Indians being entirely ignorant of how many were in ambuscade, made them the more cautious how they advanced. After bravely maintaining the fight in front and keeping the enemy in check, they discovered a new

danger threatening them. The arch foe now made evident preparations to attack them on the flank, which could be most successfully done by reaching an isolated rock lying in one of the ravines on the southern hillside. This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the spies under point-blank shot of the rifle without the possibility of escape. Our brave spies saw the hopelessness of their situation, which nothing could avert but a brave companion and an unerring shot. These they had not; but the brave never despair. With this impending fate resting upon them, they continued calm and calculating, and as unwearied as the strongest desire of life and the resistance of a numerous foe could produce. Soon M'Clelland saw a tall and swarthy figure preparing to spring from a covert so near to the fatal rock that a bound or two would reach it, and all hope of life then was gone. He felt that all depended on one single advantageous shot; and although but an inch or two of the warrior's body was exposed, and that at the distance of eighty or a hundred yards, he resolved to risk all, coolly raised his rifle to his face, and shading the sight with his hand, he drew a bead so sure that he felt conscious it would do the deed. He touched the trigger with his finger; the hammer came down, but in place of striking fire, it broke his flint into many pieces; and although he felt that the Indian must reach the rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the utmost composure. Casting his eye toward the fearful point, suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for the leap; and with the agility of the panther he made the spring, but instead of reaching the rock, he gave a most hideous yell, and his dark body fell and rolled down the steep into the valley below. He had evidently received a death shot from some unknown hand. A hundred voices re-echoed, from below, the terrible shout. It was evident that they had lost a favorite warrior, as well as being disappointed, for a time, of the most important movement. A very few minutes proved that the advantage gained would be of short duration; for already the spies caught a glimpse of a tall, swarthy warrior cautiously advancing to the covert so recently occupied by his companion. Now, too, the attack in front was renewed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both spies to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence; and in a short time M'Clelland saw a warrior making preparations to leap to the fatal rock. The leap was made, and the Indian turning a somersault, his corpse rolled down the hill toward his former companion. Again an unknown agent had interposed in their behalf. This second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of the assailants, and just as the sun was disappearing behind the western hills, the foe withdrew a short distance, to devise some new mode of attack. This respite came most seasonably to our spies, who had kept their ground, and bravely maintained the unequal fight since the middle of the day.

Now, for the first time, was the girl missing; and the spies thought that through terror she had escaped to her former captors, or that she had been killed during the fight; but they were not long left to conjecture. The girl was seen emerging from behind a rock, and coming to them with a rifle in her hand. During the heat of the fight she saw a warrior fall who had advanced some distance before the rest, and while some of them changed their position she resolved at once, live or die, to possess herself of his gun and ammunition; and, crouching down beneath the underbrush, she crawled to the place and succeeded in her enterprise.

Her keen and watchful eye had early noticed the fatal rock, and hers was the mysterious hand by which the two warriors fell; the last being the most intrepid and blood-thirsty of the Shawnee tribe, and the leader of the company which killed her mother and sisters, and took her and her brother prisoners.

Now, in the west, arose dark clouds, which soon overspread the whole heavens, and the elements were rent with peels of thunder. Darkness, deep and gloomy, shrouded the whole heavens: this darkness greatly embarrassed the spies in their contemplated night escape, supposing that they might readily lose their way, and accidentally fall on their enemy. But a short consultation decided the plan; it was agreed that the girl should go foremost, from her intimate knowledge of the localities, and another advantage might be gained in case they should fall in with any of the parties or outposts. From her knowledge of their language, she might deceive the sentinels, as the sequel proved; for scarcely had they descended a hundred yards, when a low whist from the girl warned them of danger. The spies sunk silently to the ground, where, by previous engagement, they were to remain till the signal was given, by the girl, to move on. Her absence, for the space of a quarter of an hour, began to excite the most serious apprehension. Again she appeared, and told them she had succeeded in removing two sentinels to a short distance, who were directly in their route. The descent was noiselessly resumed, and the spies followed their intrepid leader for a half mile in the most profound silence, when the barking of a dog at a short distance apprised them of new danger. The almost simultaneous click of the spies' rifles was heard by the girl, who stated that they were now in the midst of the Indian camps, and their lives now depended on the most profound silence, and implicitly following her footsteps. A moment afterward, the girl was accosted by a squaw, from an opening in her wigwam: she replied in the Indian language, and, without stopping, still pressed forward. In a short time she stopped, and assured the spies that the village was now cleared, and that they had passed the greatest danger. She knew that every leading pass was guarded safely by the Indians, and at once resolved to adopt the bold adventure of passing through the center of the

village, as the least hazardous, and the sequel proved the correctness of her judgment. They now steered a course for the Ohio river, and, after three days' travel, arrived safe at the block house. Their escape and adventure prevented the Indians from their contemplated attack; and the rescued girl proved to be the sister of the intrepid Corneal Washburn, celebrated in the history of Indian warfare, and as the renowned spy of Captain Simon Kenton's bloody Kentuckians.

The Butterfly.

The butterfly is one of the most tremendous agents in the conduct of the world. It is a machine constructed by Providence for certain awful purposes. Man boasts of steam carriages and steam boats, but whilst sitting in his railway carriage, traveling by an express train at the rate of thirty, forty or fifty miles an hour, he finds that a blue bottle-fly is buzzing about, taking no notice of the pace at which he is going. It is traveling at the same rate as he is, and has, at the same time, the opportunity of amusing itself by tickling his nose as it thinks proper. We thus learn that these insects are superior in muscular power and energy to man. It has been found that a fly can go at its ordinary speed seventy feet in a second of time, and that if it is urged or frightened, it will go ninety feet, or perhaps more than that. Put that into miles or minutes, and see what these insects were doing long before man invented railways: they would be able to "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," if they were only increased in size to the proportions which other animals are permitted to enjoy. The butterfly, in its state of gorgeousness, decoration and magnificence, is only permitted to live a day or two, in order to lay its eggs, which are five or six hundred in number. These eggs instead of bringing forth butterflies, with wings and elegancies, bring forth caterpillars, with jaws of steel, wherewith to work at the cabbages and gooseberry bushes where they are hatched. Supposing I had a garden, and it happened to be visited by one thousand butterflies, there would thus be five or six hundred thousand eggs. How could agriculture, how could mortal man, with all his industry, resist such an army as that? The world could not stand up against such destruction, unless there was a systematic check upon it.

The little ichneumon has attached to its tail three appendages; it has two exquisitely constructed shields, and in the center there is an admirably constructed apparatus, which requires the microscope to examine it. The two shields have to take care that the apparatus inside never gets blunted, and to preserve the world against the butterflies. The business of the ichneumon is to look out the caterpillar in cabbages and gooseberry

bushes, the chinks and corners of walls, and wherever else they may be found; and having found a caterpillar, to drill a hole in its back and deposit an egg or two and then fly away. The caterpillar goes on eating, unconscious of the work that has been achieved; but its power of laying eggs is taken away. Only one or two of the caterpillars produced are permitted to assume the colors of the butterfly. Expunge the caterpillars from the world, and you expunge hundreds of thousands of other animals which exist upon them. We thus perceive that the little police officers, the ichneumons, guard the world against the devastations which might ensue. There is thus beneficence on both sides: food is provided, and careful attention is given lest that which is intended for food should cause mischief. The caterpillar is permitted to secrete in a couple of bags inside its little head, and force from a small pipe screwed in its lips, a certain fluid material that man calls silk, which is its chief defense. By means of this, the weak and feeble insect is enabled to perform long journeys; it can come down from the tree on which it has been living, and find a nestling-place beneath the ground, where it may become a chrysalis, and afterwards assume the butterfly form. We cannot go out on any summer's morning, without finding hundreds of caterpillars letting themselves down from trees by means of this beautiful rope. It is cleverer than the sailor boy, for though he may let himself down, or even hang himself by a rope of hemp, he could not let himself down by a rope of water, and would not find it an easy matter to commit suicide with it. The caterpillar fixes the fluid which issues from its little pipe to the bough, and then lets out exactly sufficient of it to bear its weight without breaking; and thus gradually lets itself down. But the bit of silk which forms such a curious rope ladder, has been constructed for other purposes, in which there is, perhaps, more ingenuity displayed than in the construction of that woven material by which man finds wealth and riches. The chrysalises may be seen swinging comfortably under the cover of a wall, (or anything that is sufficient to protect them,) by their silken thread. Having hung itself by a thread, it then contrives to turn itself the other way and puts its legs, or their representatives, amongst the silk, and there it is suspended, with its head downwards. The great-coat which the caterpillar wove has to be transferred into another form—that which the chrysalis exhibits. Gradually this old great coat is pushed upwards, until the chrysalis is suspended from it. It is pushed farther and farther upwards, until it is nearly as far as the caterpillar's tail; and then comes the difficulty. How has the chrysalis that has been throwing off the great coat, got the power to hang itself in the place where the caterpillar hung before? It has no arms, no legs or eyes—nothing to help itself with except a pretty little bit of machinery that nature has given it. The chrysalis is provided with a quadruple crown, which is placed, not upon the head, but at the

end of the tail. When the time comes for the insect to change its skin for the last time, it is left but one power—that of moving two rings at the hinder part of the body. Having thrown off its great-coat as far as necessary, by means of these two rings it takes hold of this great-coat, and, hanging between life and death, it wriggles until it gets the crown entangled in the silk, and thus rids itself of the old covering, and waits patiently until the next change. The chrysalis will hang for a week, or a month, or a year or two, if necessary; and at last, the butterfly within having become perfect, this magnificent object of nature makes its way into the world.

A great change is thus effected; the caterpillar was blind, but the butterfly is provided with ten or twenty thousand eyes, every one of which the mathematician may study with advantage. The caterpillar crawled with sixteen legs, and could scarcely move; the butterfly is provided with six legs, although it has very little use even for them, and it also has four wings, gorgeously and elegantly decorated, with which it flies. The caterpillar was made to be the food of humble insects; the butterfly to be the renovator and preserver of the world. This is another lesson of the majesty, and might, and power, of the Creator. The colors which are laid on the butterfly are not for the purpose of ostentation, but to conceal it from the eye of the destroyer when amongst the flowers. There is not a tint laid upon the butterfly without studying the safety of the insect, and showing the perfections of the Almighty. If a man wishes to study color, let him study the wings of the butterfly. Whether he is a manufacturer, a designer of calicoes, or of the richer fabrics of silk, an ornamentor, or a decorator of any kind, he will find that if he exhausts all his powers of combination, all ideas of the beautiful, he cannot equal the colors on the wings of the butterfly. Upon their wings they may find combinations which at once strike the mind as being perfectly beautiful; and to change the color of one scale out of the millions would only be to mar it. If they wish to increase what English energy has accomplished, let them study the butterfly's wing. If the manufacturers wish to carry out the last part of this lesson, let them collect in their museums these butterflies' wings, which in my opinion would find instruction for, and be the study of, many an intelligent man; and would be the means of improving the elegancies of wealth and the happiness of the world in which we live.

The Power of Right.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
 Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

John Howard.

John Howard, the father of our hero, kept a shop in London, for the sale of upholsterer's goods; and when, by diligently following that line of business, he had obtained enough to enjoy his "*otium cum dignitate*," he first retired to Enfield, and then removed to Clapton. About 1790, the Clapton residence was described as a venerable mansion, but much decayed, and lately disfigured. Very soon after, it was pulled down. There, in 1739, Mr. Howard must have been living in good circumstances, as in that year he paid the fine for not serving as sheriff of London. He had then a son, about thirteen years old, who was probably born in the Clapton house; though considerable obscurity rests on the scene as well as the exact date of his birth. This son was *the* John Howard on whose name by universal acclamation, the title of philanthropist has been bestowed—a title far surpassing any which heralds can record or sovereigns confer. We fancy we see him in his father's garden—a lad not tall of his age, yet thin and spare, and rather fragile in his make and appearance, with large nose, and eyes sparkling with benevolence, and compressed lips, which show that he carries with him a will too strong to be easily broken. Hair cut short in front and curled behind, and costume somewhat like a full court dress in miniature, complete the portrait. Young Howard went to school for seven years with Mr. Worsley, a good Greek scholar at Hertford; and was then removed to the care of Mr. Eames, who was tutor in a seminary conducted in Tenter-Alley, Moorfields, for the education of both dissenting ministers and laymen. Mr. Eames was of rare attainments, a friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and pronounced by Dr. Watts to be the most learned man he ever knew. But Howard, with these advantages, never turned out a scholar. Strange to say, he not only knew very little of Latin, and less of Greek, but he could never write his own language with propriety and correctness. But among his school associations there occurs one of those instances of generosity with which his history abounds. Mr. Densham was assistant to Mr. Eames, and won the respect and gratitude of Howard. The latter, just before setting out on his last and fatal journey, gave his old tutor an unlimited order to draw on his banker for whatever sum he might stand in need of; but the delicate conscientiousness of the poor scholar was as great as the benevolence of his rich friend, for though at the time having only twelve or thirteen pounds a year, he diminished his little capital rather than accept the discretionary privilege.

Howard's father did what few men in his circumstances are wont to do. Though he could leave his son a fortune, he determined to bring him up to business, and therefore bound him apprentice to Messrs. New-

ham & Shipley, wholesale grocers in Watling street. For that old thoroughfare with a Roman name, we must confess some considerable *penchant*. Memories of the time when the great masters of the world had their provinces in Britain, and Roman manners and Roman hearts covered the banks of the Thames, all about that neighborhood, come thick and fast before the mind's eye, as we sometimes thread that alley-like avenue to London Bridge, in preference to the broader and more crowded highway of Cheapside. Milton's shade, of course, meets us at the corner of Milk street, and we like to think also of the grocers' apprentice, grown somewhat since we described him at Clapton; who, amid hogsheads of sugar and chests of tea, was acquiring habits of application to business of no little use to him in after life. Meditating on this early portion of Howard's history, our thoughts take the shape so well defined by his last biographer:

"No man can foresee even for an hour the turns of fortune. It is the part of wisdom to be armed and prepared for whatever may befall. Knowledge of a profession is no burden. A gentleman is not the less a gentleman because he is conversant with law, with trade, with medicine; nay, he is then more a gentleman than he otherwise could be, for he is more completely independent. He alone is perfect master of his actions who has a personal means of living—some art or craft, knowledge or skill, of which chance and change cannot divest him; wanting this, his present interest or his fears for the future must often modify his hopes and warp his conscience."

It would seem, however, as if Howard, who had been well schooled in filial obedience, only *submitted* to the drudgery of the grocers' warehouse, without any liking for scales and ledgers, inasmuch as we find that almost immediately upon his father's death he procured the surrender of his indentures. His apprenticeship obligations were easily canceled upon the payment of a sum of money; but the youth, freed from the yoke of servitude, was by no means disposed to riot in his new found liberty, but, with a steadiness and care such as belong to the ripest years of human life, he attended to the preservation, improvement, and proper use of the patrimony he inherited. He personally superintended the repairs of the Clapton House; and as we walk through the main street of that now populous suburb, we think of Howard's visit to the paternal abode, and his recollections amid the scenes of his boyhood, and call to mind how daily he might be seen by a buttress of the garden wall, at the hour when the baker was passing with his cart, buying a loaf of the man, and flinging it over the wall, and then, with a laugh, saying to his father's gardener, the playmate probably of his own earlier days, "Harry, see if there is not something for you there among the cabbages." The frolicsomeness of Howard in his youth, bore the stamp of true kindness

of disposition, and that punctuality in engagements which marked the entire history of Howard in his manhood.

But he did not live in the Clapton House—that was let. His own place of abode was Stoke Newington. He had lodgings there, where he studied and improved his mind. The delicate state of his health required more attentive nursing than he found in the house where he first lodged, so he removed to apartments under the roof of Mrs. Sarah Lowne, a widow of a little property, residing in Church street, who devoted her time to the care and comfort of the young invalid. He had some rather strange notions, and when they shaped themselves into the form of duty, they always rested upon a very firm substratum of conscientiousness. Though he was only twenty-five, he considered that he could justly repay the lady for her kindness, though she was fifty-two, by nothing less than the offer of his hand in marriage, with the resolution of promoting the happiness of her life who had saved his. The eccentric proposal was at first refused, but being strongly urged, was at length accepted, and Howard amply redeemed his vow. He always expressed himself as having been happy in his choice, though his domestic enjoyment was of a different character from that which he afterward so richly reaped during the ten years of wedded companionship he spent with his second wife—his beloved Henrietta. The first Mrs. Howard died in 1755, between two and three years after her marriage. Howard felt lonely when this tie was dissolved, and broke up house-keeping, giving away his furniture to the poor of the village. We have no means of ascertaining the house where Howard lived at Stoke Newington, but we know where he worshiped. We have a vivid recollection of the old Independent Chapel there, as it appeared about twenty years ago, then much in the same state it had been in from the beginning. The small pulpit, surmounted by a huge sounding-board, and the tall-backed pews and heavy galleries, spoke of other days, constituting an appropriate background for the figure of young Mr. Howard in earnest prayer, or reverently listening to his pastor. The man of whom we write, it should be remembered, was eminent for his spiritual piety, no less than his active benevolence. He breathed through his letters and journals a devotional fervor which, while they rebuke the languid religious sentiments of frigid professors of christianity, are calculated to excite a sympathetic ardor in the hearts of all who have any spiritual sensibility. The motto on his monument in Cardington Church, written by himself, was expressive of his evangelical creed, and his tone of humble confidence from first to last: "My hope is in Christ."

Howard removed to lodgings in St. Paul's church-yard, whence he proceeded to the continent, and where, we presume, he afterward returned. That visit to the continent was a very eventful one. He was

taken prisoner, and barbarously treated, and detained for some months a captive in France. There he saw and felt what entered into his soul, and afterward helped to impel him onward in his astonishing career of prison visitation and reform. He was permitted to return to England, so strong was the confidence he inspired, to negotiate himself with the government for his liberation. He had pledged his honor to go back to prison if he did not succeed; and when his friends congratulated him on his escape, he desired them to defer their expressions of joy, till he had obtained an honorable discharge of his obligations. So the shadow of Howard passes us in St. Paul's church-yard, out on parole, like another Regulus, prepared to return to captivity if he cannot obtain liberty upon terms fair and just. A right noble study is that for the men of commerce, and for all sorts of men who pass by St. Paul's every day: "My word is my bond." This sentiment, embodied in the conduct even of a heathen, ought surely to guide all believers in that book which commends him who "swareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

In tracing the other London haunts of Howard, we must plunge into the prison-world of the last century. Elsewhere in the metropolis, what we know of him for the rest of his life is next to nothing. It is a wonderful progress we have to make, as we follow this illustrious individual in his circumnavigation of charity, "not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples, not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art, not to collect medals or collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men." The Augean stable which Hercules undertook to cleanse is no inapt symbol of the dens of corruption, tyranny, cruelty and vice, which Howard resolved to purify and transform when he entered on his great work of prison reformation. In his book on prisons, he gives the result of his earlier visits to those in London; and from that source, aided by kindred documents, we derive the materials of what, for the most part, will form the rest of this paper. The following passages have a graphic character about them, and enable us to catch a glimpse of the philanthropist while engaged in his errands of mercy:

"At each visit I entered every room, cell and dungeon, with a memorandum book in my hand, in which I noted particulars on the spot. I have been frequently asked what precautions I use to preserve myself from infection in the prisons and hospitals which I visit. I here answer, next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in Divine Provi-

denoe, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells; and while thus employed, I fear no evil. I never enter an hospital or prison before breakfast, and in an offensive room I seldom draw my breath deeply."

A general description of the London prisons by Howard, gives a fearful idea of the neglect of discipline which prevailed when he began his researches. The statistics which Howard supplies relative to the prison-world of London, afford terrible insight into the miseries experienced by the captives.

Newgate was rebuilt between 1778 and 1780. As then erected, and as it still remains, it presents a great improvement upon its predecessor; but, as Howard observed, it is far from being a model, and at the commencement of the present century, the jail fever broke out there, which he predicted would be the result of its defective and faulty arrangements. One shudders on entering the condemned cells which Howard opens for our inspection. There are five upon each of the three floors, all vaulted. The strong stone wall is lined all round with planks studded with broad-headed nails; and such is the aspect of these darksome, solitary abodes, that criminals, before unmoved, have been struck with horror, and have shed tears on entering them. Fifteen condemned cells happily appear to us, now that the criminal law has been reformed, a most unnecessary provision; but alas! when Howard wrote, they seemed not more than to suffice for the demand which was created by the Draconic severity of the judicial code. In twelve years, four hundred and sixty-seven executions took place in London, including two by burning, the two culprits being women, one condemned for murder, the other for coining.

The hardened criminal and the juvenile offender were closely associated; and if the latter resisted his initiation into the mystery of the prison-house, he underwent a mock trial by some impudent offender, who assumed the office of judge, and tied a knotted towel on his head to imitate a wig. Prisoners were requested to pay "garnish," as contributions to riotous entertainments were called, and he who had no money was stripped of his clothes, in discharge of the villainous demand. A singular relic of the ancient administration of torture is mentioned by Howard as continuing in a form which was observed in his time. When prisoners capitally convicted at the Old Bailey were brought up to receive sentence, and the judge asked, "What have you to say why judgment of death should not be awarded against you?" the executioner slipped a whipcord noose about the thumbs.

The Fleet Prison stood not far off Newgate, and there the philanthropist discloses some startling scenes of disorder:

"They play in the courtyard at skittles, mississippi, fives, tennis, &c.; and not only the prisoners, for I saw among them several butchers and

others from the market, who are admitted here as at any other public house. The same may be seen in many other prisons where the jailer keeps or lets the tap. Besides the inconvenience of this to prisoners, the frequenting a prison lessens the dread of being confined in one. On Monday night there was a wine club, on Thursday night a beer club, each lasting usually till one or two in the morning. I need not say how much riot they occasion; how the sober prisoners and those that are sick are annoyed by them."

We are next conducted to New-Ludgate, in Bishopsgate street, a prison for debtors, free of the city, and for clergymen, proctors and attorneys. The common side debtors are in two large garrets, the forest and dock, which have no fire-places. The prison is out of repair, the walls and ceilings very black, being never white-washed. There is no infirmary, no bath. It was in reference to this debtors' prison, that the Spectator says:

"Passing under Ludgate the other day, I heard a voice bawling for charity, which I thought I had heard before. Coming near to the gate the prisoner called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box."

Happily it is all now swept away, and so is the Poultry Counter, with regard to which Howard remarks:

"At the roof of the prison are spacious leads, on which the master's-side debtors are sometimes allowed to walk; but then the keeper is with them, for the leads communicate with the adjoining houses, one of which affords a ready escape from so close a prison in case of fire."

From this specimen of heedlessness about the security of the prisoners, Howard next takes us to the Wood-street Counter, where all are kept secure enough; there we are shown a room about thirty-five feet by eighteen, with twenty-three beds ranged round the walls, on three tiers of shelves. At one of his visits, he informs us, there were in this room thirty-nine debtors, seven of them with their wives and children. The room was swarming with bugs. There was a chapel in the court, and under it a tap-room. Within the unwholesome precincts of this place, eleven prisoners died in 1773.

We pass on next to Bridewell, where there was no court, and fresh air could be obtained only by means of a hand ventilator, with a tube to each room of the women's ward. It enjoyed a privilege peculiar to itself, that of having an allowance of *rye straw once a month!* "No other prison in London," says Howard, "has any straw or bedding." In the new prison, Clerkenwell, our reformer notices some commendable arrangements, but condemned certain cabins or cupboards, five in number, only ten feet by five in measurement, each with a barrack-bed for two prisoners; miserably close and unwholesome cells, having no air but from grates over the doors into the gallery. On visiting the Clerkenwell

Bridewell, in 1777, he found thirty convicts, committed for a term of years. Some of these, and others besides, were sick, and complained of their feet, which were actually turned black. In 1783 five were ill, one was dying with little or no covering on, and in another room one was laid out dead. In the women's sick ward, twelve were lying in their clothes on the barrack bedstead and on the floor, without any bedding whatever. In this strange tour about London, which, in proportion as the scenes described shock our sensibilities, must have been to our philanthropist a series of tortures, we arrive next at Whitechapel prison, which presents nothing noteworthy, except the fact of the debtors hanging out a begging-box from a little closet in the front of the house, and attending to it each in turn. It brought only a few pence daily, of which pittance none partook but those who on entrance paid the keeper half a crown, and treated the prisoners with half a gallon of beer.

At Tothill fields' Bridewell, he informs us, the prisoners washed their hands and faces every morning before they came for their allowance, a practice that must have been very grateful to him, for he ever enforced the strictest cleanliness on those over whom he had any control; and we remember hearing from an old man, who lived at Cardington, how he would notice and reward the children whose hands were clean; and that he once said to a cottager who was not over fond of self-ablution, "John Bassett, go home and wash your hands, or no dinner." Howard describes Westminster Gate-house as empty, but the King's Bench, Southwark, as full to overflowing. It was so crowded in the Summer of 1776, that a prisoner paid five shillings a week for half a bed, and many lay in the chapel. The debtors, with their families, two-thirds of whom were within the prison walls, amounted to a population of one thousand.

But, perhaps, of all the London prisons, the Marshalsea was the worst, where debtors and pirates were huddled together in dark narrow rooms, four men in each, sleeping in two beds. The tap-room was let to a prisoner, and there the inmates of the place, at times, slept on the floor; and to show the habits of drinking which prevailed, it is sufficient to repeat a statement by Howard, that one Sunday six hundred pots of beer were brought in from a neighboring public house, because the prisoners did not like the beverage supplied by the tapster within the walls. The spot where we close this melancholy ramble, amid the scenes of prison life three-quarters of a century since, is the Borough Counter, the last place of confinement of the whole number in London which Howard describes. It was out of repair and ruinous—had no infirmary and no bedding, while most of the inmates were poor creatures from the court of conscience, who lay there till their debts were paid.

It is dreary enough to pursue this pilgrimage from prison to prison; but it is instructive as an illustration of the fallen state of humanity.

Where but in a world where things are sadly out of order, and the relations of the creature to the Creator are disturbed, could such flagrant abuses prevail under the color of political justice? Nor can we help congratulating England, and blessing the God of nations, for the improved state of things existing in her prisons at the present day, mainly through the instrumentality of him whose shadow we have been following. It was a tremendous strong-hold of iniquity that he dared to assault—enough to make the courage quail in even a braver heart by nature than his own; but sustained by help from heaven, he nobly carried through his mission, and crowned it with a success which, if not complete, was signal. His life was a truly earnest one, a battle with wrong, and an errand of richest mercy. It is pleasant to follow poets and painters through their career of elegant literature and art; but we feel ourselves to be in a far different presence as we track the footsteps of Howard. He has something more serious to do than to gather flowers and echo back nature's sweet music; he has to trample on serpents, to rend asunder chains, and to let rays of light and love into the cells of the captive. But, after all, Howard only walked at an humble distance in the footsteps of Him whom the Hebrew seer described as binding up the broken-hearted, proclaiming liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that were bound. Howard's benevolence was but a reflected beam of His who gave himself for the redemption of our race out of a bondage worse than that of English or even Algerine jails. His beneficent course was only an outgrowth of the gospel he embraced.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—The Forget-me-not, that beatifnl little flower of memory with its blue like the tint of the summer heavens, and its golden eye, bright as the eye of Hope herself, is consecrated not alone to the reminiscences of love but also to those of home and friendship. The field forget-me-not, *Myosotis arvensis*, is often assumed as the token-flower; but the true one is the water forget-me-not, *Myosotis palustris*, whose flower is rather larger, and more intensely blue than that of its sister of the fields. The legendary origin of its name proves the claim of the aquatic species to be the real blossom of remembrance. A German knight and his lady-love were walking on the banks of the Danube, when the fair one saw a beautiful tuft of the *Myosotis palustris* growing in the water, and expressed a wish to have it. The knight with due chivalrous alacrity, plunged at once into the water, in all his array, and gathered his prize; but before he could again climb up the steep and slippery bank, he was drawn by a treacherous eddy into a deep pool, and encumbered as he was, finding he could not save himself, just as he sank he threw the flowers ashore to his mistress, and uttered with his last breath: '*Vergiss mein nicht!*' (Forget me not!)

vol. 1—8

Footsteps of Angels.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy calm delight:

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms, grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall—

Then the forms of the departed
Enter the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longing for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more.

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in Heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes the messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

An American Home.

How many tender and beautiful conceptions enter into the meaning of the word—HOME! It is not merely the place of our birth; nor the place where our father and mother—our brothers and sisters, live; it is not merely the place where we have been trained, and where we sported in boyhood; it is not that *our* house is more beautiful or splendid than can be found in other lands; it is not that we are clothed in fine linen and fare sumptuously every day—but it is that there clusters around an American home, what is rarely, if ever, to be found in any other habitation of man. All homes in our land are not, indeed, precisely the same, but there is a *beau idéal* which easily conveys the conception, and which will find its original in thousands of the abodes in this republic, and not often in the older portions of the world—rarely except in our own native land.

It is the abode of Liberty. The father is allowed to pursue his own plan for the good of his family, and, with his sons, to labor in what profession he chooses, and to enjoy the avails of his own labor. The results of his toil are not liable to be torn away by rapacious officers of Government; nor is he subject to the will of another as to the amount of labor which he shall perform, or the kind of employment which he shall pursue. He may live where he pleases—he may purchase a field as his own—he may plant, or sow, or build, where and what he chooses—and there, undisturbed, he may lie down and die.

It is the abode of neatness, thrift, and competence. It is not the wretched hut of the Greenlander or the Caffrarian, or the underground abode of the Kamschatkan, or the sty of the Hottentot.

It is the abode of intelligence. We associate with the word instinctively the idea that they who reside there can read; that they have the Bible; that they are not strangers to other books and other means of spreading knowledge. They are familiar with the constitution of their country, and know their rights as citizens; they know the value of a vote; they know where to find redress if they are wronged—they feel sure that if they are wronged they will have redress.

It is the abode of contentment and peace. The bond that unites all, is love and mutual respect. A father and mother are respected, obeyed, and loved. They have intelligence and virtue, which constitute a claim to respect, and they have laid the foundation for this in the careful training of their children.

It is the abode of kindness. There is a kindness to each other, and to all who have a claim to compassion. The poor neighbor has a share in the sympathy existing there, and is sure of not being sent empty away.

It is the abode of safety. On my own father's house, which has stood now for nearly half a century, there has never been a lock, or a bolt; nor, when left alone, as it has often been, has it ever been in any way secured against robbers—and yet it has never been entered for an evil purpose. If, to these things, as they might be expanded and illustrated, you were to add the idea of religion—of the blessings of the Gospel in the purest form known since apostolic times, producing kindness, contentment and peace—sustaining the soul in adversity, and in prosperity leading the heart up to God with gratitude; inclining his daily worship in the habitation, and the ordering of all the plans of life in accordance with the principles of religion, you would have completed the image of an American Home.

Such is the home that is loved—that we revert to with pleasure, when far away, and when we are tossed on the billows of life; and that we love to revisit again after we have been absent many years. And, it may be added, it is in such a home, and in the strong attachment which is formed for it, that the stability of our institutions lies. You have an indissoluble hold on the virtue and good conduct of your sons, as long as home is what it should be, and as long as it shall seem to them when there or when abroad, to be the most pleasant spot on the earth. Our strength as a people is there; our hopes are there; the foundations of the republic rest there. We have no arithmetic to express the value of this silent influence for a year, or even for a day. Who can tell how much the dews that fall around our dwellings at night are worth? Some time since an ingenious utilitarian attempted to estimate the value in this country to the national wealth of a single day's sunshine; but our arithmetic is not well adapted to such things. There are influences collateral, unobserved, or remote, in the dew-drop, and the sun-beam, and the training in a virtuous home, which you cannot bring within the compass of your calculations.

TRUTH.—Why is Truth made a fundamental principle of our Order? Because truth is the basis of practical goodness; without it all virtues are mere representations wanting the reality, and having no foundation, they quickly prove their evanescent nature, and disappear as the morning dew. Whatever brilliant abilities we may possess, if the dark spot of falsehood exists in our hearts, it defaces their splendor and destroys their efficacy. If Truth be not our guiding spirit we shall stumble upon the "dark mountains," the clouds of Error will surround us, and we shall wander in a labyrinth, the intricacy of which will increase as we proceed in it. Truth is robed in spotless white, and, conscious of its purity, is fearless and undaunted; it never fails its votaries, but conducts them through evil and good report, without spot or blemish.

The Patriot.

It was morning—a bright, cool, glorious morning in autumn—after the terrible battle of Brandywine, and the grateful beams of the sun were gilding the tops of the trees, which formed a great forest lying within sight of the American encampment below Princeton. The disastrous result of that memorable conflict had well nigh crushed the hopes of the bravest colonists, and the commander-in-chief himself was dispirited and heart-stricken.

Hundreds of his brave companions in arms had bitten the dust in that ill-fated fray ; many of the best officers had been cut down ; the energies of his Spartan band were crippled, winter was approaching, and the future filled indeed with gloomy prospects. The soldiers were without shoes ; scarcely a decent tent was left with the army ; the ground was frozen and ragged, and as the men were forced over it, their bare feet were exposed, and many a rueful gash had caused a bloody foot-print to be left behind them.

But on that lovely and bright morning, within the edge of that broad forest, there sat an aged royalist, whose sympathies had latterly inclined towards the American interests, but whose personal weal had induced him to pursue an inactivity, a neutrality between the parties. And yet this man had a son in Washington's camp, a mere boy in years, who had taken his musket and joined the American army some months previously. The father had learned of the defeat of the colonial forces ; he knew they had been forced to retreat, and he came to the neighborhood of the army, which had halted an hour or two, to learn, if possible, the fate of his boy.

He dare not approach too abruptly, and having reached the deep wood at last which lay between him and the distant camp, he mounted a knoll from the summit of which he had a view of the vanquished but still determined band, who had comported themselves so valiantly but a little time previously, but who were now hastening towards Princeton.

The father's heart throbbed audibly, as he gazed beyond him at the remains of the gallant army, and questioned if his child was there, or whether fate might have numbered his body among the three hundred noble spirits who had been sacrificed but a few hours before on the field of battle. And as he strained his aged sight far down toward the camp, a white horse suddenly came in view, and approached at length towards the forest.

The figure which bestrode this noble animal was commanding and graceful, and the old man quickly noted that his loose grey coat and chapeau indicated him an American officer. He was at the verge of the forest, and turning his steed aside, he secured the animal to a tree, and disappeared within the confines of the wood.

Who could he be, and what was his purpose at this hour alone in the dark forest? The man turned slowly about, and he rejoiced that the intruder did not observe him, for he could now satisfy his curiosity.

The stalwart form, the proud step, the manly face, the solemn movement of the stranger greatly interested the watcher, who saw that a deep burthen weighed upon his heart; and as he looked again he saw that noble form bend low, and the old man heard George Washington, on his knees, send up a fervent, earnest prayer to the God of battles, for the deliverance of his country from war, opposition and peril, and ardent supplication in behalf of his countrymen.

A tear of sympathy gushed from the grey eye of the royalist, but as he dashed aside the fallen drop, the brave warrior arose from his knees, and was slowly wending his way towards the spot where his steed was secured, when another figure from an opposite direction suddenly hove in sight, and halting, stood in the path of the American commander-in-chief. In an instant the hand of Washington clasped his sword hilt, and he would have drawn the blade from the scabbard, but the man who confronted him motioned him in kindness, and the warrior stood in his tracks. Drawing himself up to his hight, he gazed for a moment in the face of the other, and evidently recognizing him, he exclaimed with evident surprise:

"Sir William Howe?"

"The same—and, by favor of his Majesty, commander of the British forces in the colonies."

"The tool of an unwise sovereign who rolls in splendid extravagance and ease, while the poor colonists, who should have been the objects of his special regard, are starving throughout the land," quickly added Washington.

"A truce of this, sir," replied the British General quickly. "His Majesty seeks to put an end to the contention and strife that unfortunately have existed too long here.

"You speak truly?" exclaimed Washington, interrupting the General and deeply interested in his words.

"On my honor, sir, the King would see this conflict speedily terminated, and I but repeat his words when I say that he looks to Washington for the result, so desirable to the colonists and mother land."

The American General advanced towards Sir William Howe; he looked into his eyes—he measured his form—and a thousand emotions of hope, joy, fear, suspicion momentarily thrust themselves upon the mind of the sagacious warrior.

What means those words of encouragement? Was Sir William Howe insane? How came he there, in that forest, at so opportune a moment? The King's British General, these assurances, this strange meeting—what

boded all this mystery? But in his hand Sir William held a roll of parchment, and again he pressed upon the American General's notice the kindly intentions of his sovereign, King George. When with a nervous movement, as if he distrusted the foul act himself, Sir William Howe raised the pure white scroll, and gazing intently into the face of Washington, he moved the outer covering of the parchment slowly, and with evident emotion, said :

"You may end these hostilities, sir; you may confer permanent peace upon this portion of his Majesty's dominions; you may crush the turbulence which has shown itself in these colonies; you may acquire a lasting name for yourself, if you accept the overtures which I am authorized to make from the King. Behold his signature," added the General, as he exposed the contents of the parchment, and the eye of Washington fell upon the proffer of his Majesty, King George, to the commander-in-chief of the American army.

For an instant a film seemed to pass over his sight as he gazed upon the gilded document bearing the sign manuel and broad seal of the King upon its face; and the American General passed his hand to his brow, for he could scarcely believe himself awake. But the pang was momentary, and instantly recovering, he found the document in his own hands, upon which he read the words: "To our beloved fellow servant, Duke George Washington, Mount Vernon."

He started back, a groan burst from his lips, and the next moment the parchment was torn into a hundred shreds, and lay beneath the American warrior's feet.

"Thus—thus I answer your vile proposal, Sir William Howe," exclaimed the gallant Washington, contemptuously, as he stamped the fragments in the dust beneath his feet, and the British General quickly gave way before the excited, insulted man, whom he feared, as the latter moved forward to the outer verge of the wood.

"This may be my answer to your wicked master. The blood of a thousand martyrs in the cause of freedom, each one of whom were more worthy than your royal leader, calls upon the living to avenge the dead! The memory of Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill and Brandywine, are fresh in our hearts, and we defy your cruel master's power or his arts. And for myself I crave no higher title than that of patriot; I seek no other reward but what I find in the consciousness of performing my utmost in the noble cause of freedom."

"On your head be the consequences of this contumely," said the English General between his teeth, as he turned away. Within five minutes Washington had mounted his steed, and was quickly out of sight, on his way to the American camp.

The aged man who lay concealed beyond, an unsuspected, but deeply

interested spectator of this thrilling scene, returned to his quiet home an altered man.

"I have met George Washington," he said to his family; "I have heard him pray, and I have seen him beard the British Lion. The man who can trample the offer of a dukedom under foot, as he has done, cannot be a *rebel*." And within twenty-four hours afterwards, old as he was, he joined his son in the American army, under the command of the noble Washington.

Honorable Employment.

There is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well-being of the race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment that elevates or degrades it. The plowman that turns the clod may be a Cincinnatus or a Washington, or he may be brother to the clod he turns. It is every way creditable to handle the yard-stick and to measure tape; the only discredit consists in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick, and as narrow as the tape. There is no glory in the act of affixing a signature by which the treasures of commerce are transferred, or treaties between nations are ratified; the glory consists in the rectitude of the purpose that approves the one, and the grandeur of the philanthropy that sanctifies the other. The time is soon coming, when, by the common consent of mankind, it will be esteemed more honorable to have been John Pounds, putting new and beautiful souls into the ragged children of the neighborhood, while he mended their fathers' shoes, than to have set on the British throne. The time now is, when, if Queen Victoria, in one of her magnificent "Progresses" through her realms, were to meet that more than American Queen, Miss Dix, in her "circumnavigation of charity" among the insane, the former should kneel and kiss the hand of the latter; and the ruler over a hundred millions of people, should pay homage to the angel whom God has sent to the maniac.

WEALTH in this country may be traced back to industry and frugality; the paths which lead to it are equal to all; and such is the joint operation of the law and the customs of society, that the wheel of fortune is in constant revolution, and the poor in one generation furnish the rich of the next. The rich man who treats poverty with arrogance and contempt, tramples upon the ashes of his father or his grandfather; the poor man who nourishes feelings of unkindness and bitterness against wealth makes war with the prospects of his children and the order of things in which he lives.

I Might have Been.

A couple were walking slowly up Broadway one evening, engaged in earnest converse. One of them was in the prime of manhood, with free, firm step, and an unbroken spirit. The other was somewhat older in years, and a great deal older in *heart*. Just as we passed we caught the words, "I might have been——" The jar of wheels drowned the rest, but it was enough for a song or a sermon—that "I might have been."

"I shall be," and "I might have been!" The former the music of youth, sweet as the sound of bells, fresh as

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn."

The latter the plaint of age, the dirge of hope, the inscription for a tomb. The one trembles upon thin pale lips, parched with "life's fitful fever;" the other swells from strong young hearts to lips rounded and dewy, with the sweetness of hope and the fullness of strength.

"I shall be," and "I might have been!" What toil, what trouble, time and tears, are recorded in those little words—the very *stenography* of life. How like a bugle-call is that "I shall be," from the young soul, strong in prophecy—"I shall be great, honored, affluent, good."

"I shall be," whispers the glad girl to herself, as with one foot upon the threshold of womanhood, she catches the breath from the summer fields of life—"I shall be—*loved* by and by!" That is her aspiration; for to be loved is to be happy.

"I shall be," says the struggling boy; "I shall be the possessor of a little home of my own, a little wife, some day, and the home shall be *ours*, and the wife shall be *mine*, and then, and then"—who can fill out those "*thens*?"—who but the painter that has dipped his pen in sunset—who but the poet whose lips have been touched with a coal fresh from the altar of inspiration?

"I shall be—victorious yet," murmurs the man in the middle watch, who had been battling foes till night-fall, and is praying, like the Greek, for dawn again, that "he might see to fight."

"I shall be," faintly breathes the languishing upon her couch of pain—"I shall be better to-morrow or next day;" and she lives on, because she hopes on, and she grows strong with the "shall be" she has uttered.

And the strong man armed, who has "fought the good fight," and has "kept the faith," when they that sustained his extended hands through the battle, are departing, and no Joshua to bid the declining sun "stand still," as he looks beyond the rugged hills of the world, and sees a window opened in heaven, and a wounded hand put forth in welcome, he lays aside the armor he has worn so long and well, and going down into the dark river, he utters, with a hope glorified to faith, "I shall be over Jordan to-morrow."

Before the memory has a tomb in it—before it becomes the cemetery of the soul—"I shall be" is beautiful as an old ballad; when graves are digged therein, and willows are planted, and hopes are buried, and no light breaks out of the cloud, then "I shall be" is as grand as an old Pæan; when

The battle is done, the harp is unstrung,
Its music trembling, dying.

Then "I shall be" is as sublime as an old prophecy.

But there is another tense in this grammar of life it were well to remember; the sparkling moment that dances on from the ripening hours, like golden grain beneath the flails of Time, as we write, is gathered into the garner of the Past. There is taught in connection with it a lesson which it were well to remember and observe:

"Trust no Future, how'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act, act, in the living Present —
Heart within! and God o'erhead!"

Proclamation.

OFFICE OF M. W. GRAND SIRE, R. W. G. L. U. S.

To all whom it may concern:

I, WILMOT G. DESAUSSURE, Most Worthy Grand Sire of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in and for the United States of America, and the jurisdiction of the Order thereunto belonging, send greeting:

Know YE: That whereas the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, did, at its annual communication, held in the city of Baltimore, on the twenty-fourth day of September, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, erect into a distinct sovereignty, The Grand Lodge of British North America, the same having before that time been subordinate to the said Grand Lodge of the United States: And whereas, the said Grand Lodge of British North America, having now ceased to exercise all the functions of a Grand Lodge, whereby the Lodges and Encampments subordinate thereto are without an acknowledged head: And whereas, the said Lodges and Encampments located within the territorial limits of British North America, have made application to the Grand Lodge of the United States to resume its original jurisdiction: And whereas, the Grand Lodge of the United States having called upon the Grand Lodge of British North America to resume its functions, and exercise its authority over the Lodges and Encampments subordinate thereto, or to surrender its authority to the source from which the same emanated: And whereas, such call has been met by a surrender of the powers and authorities of the Grand Lodge of

British North America, a declaration that the same has ceased to exist—

NOW THEREFORE, KNOW YE: That I WILMOT G. DESAUSURE, Most Worthy Grand Sire of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, under a special authority in me vested by the said Grand Lodge for that purpose, do hereby make proclamation that the charter granted to the Grand Lodge of British North America, and declaring the same an independent sovereignty, is this day reclaimed, and all powers and authority vested in the said Grand Lodge of British North America, are from this day annulled and revoked, and a final termination now put to the separate existence of the Grand Lodge of British North America. And I do further make proclamation that all Lodges and Encampments heretofore subordinate to the said Grand Lodge of British North America, are hereby, and from this day, declared no longer subordinate to the said Grand Lodge of British North America, but revert to, and henceforward are under the immediate jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and that to the same alone shall the said Lodges and Encampments make their returns, ask instruction of, receive the work from, or in any other manner or way be governed by, in all things relating to Odd Fellowship; and that the said Lodges and Encampments shall be governed by the laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. And I do further make proclamation, that the Lodges and Encampments within the territorial limits of British North America, which may have received charters from the said Grand Lodge of British North America, are invested with full power and authority to continue their work in as full and ample a manner as though the said charters had been originally derived from and granted by this Grand Lodge.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Grand Lodge of the United States, at the city of Montreal, this fourteenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three.

[L. S.]

WILMOT G. DE SAUSURE,
Grand Sire.

Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, or pleasure denied—has a child for whom he hopes, and on whom he doats. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its dark mantle over him, his voice may be unheard by those among whom he dwells, and his face may be unknown by his neighbors; even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow; but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth defying computations, for fame filling a world's ear, for the highest power, for the sweetest sleep that ever fell on mortal's eye.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST is rapidly increasing in all parts of the country, and thus far has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. We hope to make the Casket a welcome and instructive visitor, as no labor will be spared to make it interesting to our readers. We shall begin a series of articles, in the next number, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Jameson, on the fundamental principles of Odd-Fellowship, which will possess great practical interest, and be perused with profit by every lover of the important teachings of our Order.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—Several articles which were intended for this number of the Casket, were sent in too late, and are consequently deferred until next month. Our friends should bear in mind that all first-class periodicals anticipate their date several days, and that the copy must be in the hands of the printer nearly a month before the day of publication. Communications for the Casket should be addressed to the editor.

All letters on business must be directed to Messrs. Tidball & Turner, publishers, No. 130 Walnut street.

RELIEF COMMITTEE OF I. O. O. F. OF CINCINNATI.—The report of this Committee for the term ending in January exhibits its affairs in a flourishing condition. It is abundantly supplied with funds at all times to meet promptly any demand which may be made upon its charity.

Our attention has been attracted particularly to one item in the report, viz., the improvements on the burial lot belonging to the Order, and under the control of this Committee, in Spring Grove Cemetery. It has been properly laid out and improved, the sub-divisions numbered, with gravel walks, shrubbery, &c., and provision made for an accurate and complete record of interments. Who can read this simple statement without being impressed with an appreciation of some of the benefits of Odd-Fellowship? Though apparently a small matter in itself, yet what an interesting connection it maintains in the mind of an intelligent observer. It is the last link in the chain of benefits which accrue to the consistent and honorable Odd Fellow. Away from his kindred and in a city of strangers, he is surrounded by friends. Though no fond parents may sustain and watch over him in affliction—no gentle sister wipe from his fevered cheek the tear of sorrow and suffering—yet a band of brothers in heart and action are by his side, ready if possible to relieve his

distress, or faithfully perform the last act of kindness which it is in the power of man to bestow. And if called to end his days, instead of being hastily removed, perhaps from a public hospital, and consigned uncared for and unknown, to his last resting place beneath some undistinguished spot in a potter's field, he is laid in the tomb of his brethren, where his kindred may in after years revive and cherish his memory, and his children and his children's children may kneel above his ashes, and plant a flower on his grave.

THE EDITORIAL CONVENTION held in this city on the tenth and eleventh of January, was well attended by members of the press from abroad. The business transacted was of little importance; too much time was given to feasting and merry-making. On the evening of the 10th, a lecture was delivered before the delegates by E. D. MANSFIELD, Esq. on the "Moral power and responsibility of the press." The lecture contained some interesting statistics in regard to the history and influence of the press, which was listened to by a highly literary audience.

A poem written for the occasion by Prof. COATES KINNEY, entitled, "The Heroes of the Pen," was read at the same time, from which we take the following stanza:

Upon old tomes, those catacombs
Of the dead and buried time,
' They lay the base of glory's domes,
And build with truth sublime;
And from their hight directing the fight
Of the right against the wrong,
They fill the world with lettered might,
Of eloquence and song.
Nor buried they lie with those who die
At three score years and ten;
But a-top the piles they have builded, sleep
The Heroes of the Pen.

There was not that unanimity manifested among the *corps* editorial in the city which should have been secured in getting up an Editorial Convention. The next Convention will be held in Zanesville, on the 17th of January, 1855, being the anniversary of Franklin's birthday.

CLUBBING.—The liberal offer made by the publishers to clubs will bring our periodical within the reach of all, and at the rates will make it one of the cheapest publications of the day. We hope every friend of the Order will interest himself in sending us subscribers.

In speaking of the rights of men, Burke said, "Men have no right to what is not reasonable and for their benefit."

OUR EXCHANGES.—We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the January number of **THE ARK**, a monthly magazine published at Columbus, Ohio, and edited by Alex. E. Glenn. The Ark is devoted to the interests of Odd-Fellowship. This periodical has reached its eleventh volume, and, we are happy to learn, is in a prosperous condition. Its contents for the present number are, Duties of Odd-Fellowship, Midnight Reflections on the end of the year, Odd-Fellowship, Utility of Odd-Fellowship, Jesse Lee, The New Constitution, Dangers of Prosperity, Summer Melodies, Important Suggestions, Encampment Question, Grand Lodge Decisions, Lines by Kate Harrington, Celebration at Lexington, Ohio, A Song, Correspondence, etc. The remainder is occupied by editorial, embracing items of interest to the Order.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW, published at Boston by John B. Hall, is a large quarto sheet. It is now in its eighteenth volume; two dollars a year, in advance.

THE TOKEN is a weekly paper of 16 pages, published at Pittsburgh, Pa., and devoted to Odd-Fellowship and general information. Alex. B. Russell, editor and proprietor. It has reached its seventh volume, and presents a flourishing appearance.

THE BANNER OF THE UNION, in consequence of having its subscription books stolen in August last, suffered much inconvenience and temporary suspension; but we are happy to learn that Bro. Bullock, having recovered the lost books, is again regularly issuing his Banner with its usual amount of interesting matter. It is published in New York, and advocates the interests of our Order.

THE MASONIC REVIEW, edited by C. Moore, Cincinnati, devoted to the interests of Masonry, is a most interesting and valuable publication. The Review has been in existence for many years, and has obtained a wide and extensive circulation. Its articles are all original, and exclusively devoted to the facts and illustrations of the Masonic Order.

THE PARLOR MAGAZINE, edited by Jethro Jackson, and published by the Applegates, is a monthly gotten up to supply a desideratum in Western literature. Its enterprising editor and proprietor, we are happy to learn, is meeting with success.

MOORE'S WESTERN LADY'S BOOK, is the title of a monthly published in this city, and edited by the wife of the gentleman whose name it bears.

Others with which we have been favored will be noticed hereafter.

Silently and unostentatiously the currents of the benevolence and charity of Odd-Fellowship are unceasingly spreading themselves abroad. The indifferent and selfish world may deride our humble name, but round it are clustered the grateful recollections of many a child of sorrow—of many a widowed heart, who have reaped its benefits.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—The regular quarterly session of the Grand Encampment of Ohio, was held in this city on the 19th of last month. There was a large attendance of delegates, and all the business was transacted in one evening. The proceedings were of little interest.

MEETING OF THE GRAND LODGE.—The annual session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State of Ohio will be held in the city of Zanesville, on the third Tuesday of this month, the 21st inst. A complete list of the Representatives from this city may be found on the 130th page.

We learn, with pleasure that our brethren at Indianapolis, Ia. intend erecting a new Hall in the Spring. The Order is in a flourishing condition in that city, and we hope the enterprise will be pushed with vigor.

MEMBERS OF THE RELIEF COMMITTEE.—The following is a list of the Junior Past Grands, composing the Relief Committee of this city, for the term ending in July, 1854:

John R. Bears, Ohio Lodge, No. 1. Residence, No. 130 Baymiller street—place of business, No. 90 Fifth street.

J. N. Walker, Washington Lodge, No. 2. Residence, High street west of Kilgour—place of business, corner of Seventh and Main streets.

A. R. Foote, Cincinnati Lodge, No. 3. Residence, No. 367 Eighth street—place of business, No. 248 Western Row.

G. F. Nieber, Franklin Lodge, No. 4. Residence, No. 316 Third street.

David Baker, William Penn Lodge, No. 56. Residence, No. 153 George street—place of business, corner Seventh and John streets.

J. C. Wallace, Fidelity Lodge, No. 71. Residence, No. 61 Everett street.

W. A. Conway, Magnolia Lodge, No. 83. Residence, No. 331 George street—place of business, junction of Third and Front streets.

J. B. Eaton, Eagle Lodge, No. 100. Place of business, Law Building, Third st. between Main and Sycamore.

M. Herbstreit, Germania Lodge, No. 113. Residence, No. 461 Vine street.

H. Hainer, Metropolitan Lodge, No. 142. Residence, No. 302 Front street—place of business, 16 Water street.

G. H. Shotwell, Woodward Lodge, 149. Residence, George, between John and Smith streets.

F. Maurer, Mohawk Lodge, No. 150. Residence, No. 27 Poplar street.

Charles A. Wright, American Lodge, No. 170. Residence, No. 211 Smith street, place of business, corner Pearl and Elm streets.

C. M. Hartwell, Palmetto Lodge, No. 175. Residence, Fifth between Elm and Plum streets—place of business, corner of Seventh and John streets.

J. Hargrave, Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 176. Residence, No. 135 George street, place of business, Boylan & Co., 123 Walnut street.

J. C. Schewing, Teutonia Lodge, No. 177. Residence, No. 151 George st.—place of business, Augusta, west of John street.

Spencer Smith, Vulcan Lodge, No. 178. Residence, No. 697 East Front street.

V. Eichenlaub, Herman Lodge, 208. Residence, 651 Vine street.

H. HAINER, Secretary.

A. B. FOOTE, Chairman.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—The following are the officers of the various Lodges in this city, elected for the term commencing on the first of January, 1854:

- OHIO LODGE, No. 1.**—Thos. J. Stevens, N. G.; E. B. Dobel, V. G.; Daniel Muselman, Sec.; M. T. Williamson, P. Sec.; Robert Hedger, Treas.
- WASHINGTON, No. 2.**—B. Eggleston, N. G.; Henry Westrup, V. G.; John Elliott, Sec.; A. W. Francis, P. Sec.; A. B. Caldwell, Treas.
- CINCINNATI, No. 3.**—J. D. Thompson, N. G.; R. T. Thorburn, V. G.; R. M. Clement, Sec.; J. H. Clemmer, P. Sec.; John Beattie, Treas.
- FRANKLIN, No. 4.**—Samuel Stokes, N. G.; Wm. G. Voris, V. G.; J. G. Gauspohl, Sec.; A. C. Christopher, P. Sec.; Joseph Phares, Treas.
- WILLIAM PENN, No. 56.**—T. Boswell, N. G.; J. Carson, V. G.; M. Hall, Sec.; F. S. Foster, P. Sec.; George George, Treas.
- FIDELITY, No. 71.**—C. H. Rihl, N. G.; T. J. Abbott, V. G.; J. Davis, Sec.; Charles Hulse, P. Sec.; Jos. Smiley, Treas.
- MAGNOLIA, No. 83.**—R. G. Hunting, N. G.; Chas. S. Betts, V. G.; Jos. Dean, Sec.; Wm. Chidsey, P. Sec.; George D. Winchell, Treas.
- EAGLE LODGE, No. 100.**—Samuel Bolles, N. G.; James Hudson, V. G.; E. D. Norris, Jr., Sec.; H. N. Clark, P. Sec.; W. B. Chapman, Treas.
- GERMANIA, No. 113.**—Peter Tenner, N. G.; Fred. Muller, V. G.; Wendel Joachim, Sec.; W. Lange, P. Sec.; Thomas Streif, Treas.
- METROPOLITAN, No. 142.**—James A. Sample, N. G.; Wm. B. French, V. G.; E. S. Lippit, Sec.; B. B. Everest, P. Sec.; George Stackhouse, Treas.
- WOODWARD, No. 149.**—Geo. F. Dick, N. G.; S. H. Dunning, V. G.; J. R. Blackmore, Sec.; J. Rice, P. Sec.; O. Thomas, Treas.
- MOHAWK, No. 150.**—Chas. Peppenbring, N. G.; John W. Carltan, V. G.; Adam Horning, Jr., Sec.; William Steele, P. Sec.; J. V. Richardson, Treas.
- AMERICAN, No. 170.**—Isaac Shingledecker, N. G.; Jas. J. Lyons, V. G.; J. King, Sec.; J. E. Rees, P. Sec.; N. Haddix, Treas.
- PALMETTO, No. 175.**—T. W. Farren, N. G.; A. Hanna, V. G.; J. B. Lawder, Sec.; H. H. Edwards, P. Sec.; John Pummell, Treas.
- CRYSTAL FOUNT, No. 176.**—D. B. Lupton, N. G.; H. C. Grosvenor, V. G.; S. A. Hopkins, Sec.; O. Hidden, P. Sec.; John DeGraw, Treas.
- TEUTONIA, No. 177.**—John F. Hackman, N. G.; William Dickmann, V. G.; Peter Ruhl, Sec.; Frederick Gronerog, P. Sec.; H. W. Kammann, Treas.
- VULCAN LODGE, No. 178.**—John F. Gunkle, N. G.; John H. Hallam, V. G.; George W. Cooper, Sec.; C. B. Finch, Treas.
- HERMAN, No. 208.**—H. Bruns, N. G.; Chas. Kulencamp, V. G.; Fred. Mayer, Sec.; Val. Laux, P. Sec.; Val. Wagner, Treas.

CINCINNATI REPRESENTATIVES TO GRAND LODGE.

- DIST. 1.** Ohio Lodge, No. 1, Vulcan, No. 178—Lewis Handman, E. T. Havelin.
2. Washington, No. 2—Chas. F. Jelliff, William B. Shepperd.
3. Cincinnati, No. 3—Andrew R. Foote, C. J. W. Smith, Joshua R. Gibson.
4. Franklin, No. 4—Samuel J. Moses, A. C. Christopher.
8. Magnolia, No. 83—William M. Hubbell.
9. Eagle, No. 100, Metropolitan, No. 142—Jos. P. Meyers, H. Hainer.
10. Germania, No. 113, Teutonia, No. 177—Adam Hornung, Adam Geots.
11. Woodward, No. 149, Mohawk, No. 150—Charles Snyder.
13. Fidelity, No. 71, Herman, No. 208—C. H. Rihl.
14. William Penn, No. 56, Palmetto, No. 175—D. Hoke, George A. Stinger.
16. American, No. 170, Crystal Fount, No. 176, Harrison, 140—John E. Rees.



SABBATH MORNING. (See page 182.)

Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH."

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1854.

NO. 3.

Friendship.

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them by the soul with hooks of steel."—SHAKESPEARE.

The terms FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH, indicate three cardinal virtues, and constitute the very appropriate motto of Odd-Fellowship. The virtues indicated by this triad of terms, lie at the foundation of all good society, and constitute the vitality of all good morals. Religion itself must be a lifeless formality without these elements. The inarticulate and stammering, though very significant teachings of Natural Religion, whether illustrated by the detailed benefactions of Providence, or the instincts of animals, most clearly impress the mind with the idea, if not the very sentiment of friendship. And Revealed Religion, recognizing this as belonging to the higher instincts of human nature, would promote its sanctified enlargement, until it is sufficiently expanded to embrace every member of the human race. Its life was enfeebled, and its bonds were severed when man became selfish and vain, and when the tribe sought its utmost limits in the well marked geographical lines of its own territory. Not content with the too large boundaries of the nation, and what seemed to be the too large claims of friendship for all the members of the particular nation, man began to contract and narrow down his feelings, and his offices of friendship, to the single isolated fact that himself was the only object of care and solicitude. The term friendship was scarcely known, and much less the practical illustration of the virtue itself. It is a fact patent to the experience of every one, that just in proportion to the absence of friendship so is the presence of cold indifference to the wants of others, if not the very presence of selfishness and malice.

Religion and morality would teach other feelings, and other actions, and would reunite the divided family of man in one universal brotherhood
vol. 1—9

of friendship. And, joining them together as "a band of brothers," she would take her seat in the midst of the family circle, and would train and mould the virtues of her children for the purer friendship of the higher life.

Subordinate to, and working with, this greatest reformatory power, are the various humane and benevolent societies of men. These not only refer to religion for their authority, but to the practice of religious men for an illustration of their principles. Religion has its *theory* of friendship in the Divine Oracles, and its most touching *illustration* in the conduct of David and Jonathan. To these we all refer with delight. Religion invites all the nations of the earth to calm repose upon its own bosom, and this invitation is enforced, and its high object illustrated by the symbolic representations of all nations in the embrace of Odd-Fellowship. But even here, and in the very shadow of the symbols, the ancient friendship, and much of the common politeness of Odd Fellows is on the wane. This is too often and keenly felt by almost every brother whose necessity calls him among strangers. Politeness, which is one of the signs, if not indeed a constituent part of friendship, may be exercised at but little cost to the one, while it may be a means of great comfort to the other; and yet the selfishness and puffed-up conceit of the narrow heart may prompt the withholding of even this. If such persons were to reflect upon how little is gained, and how much is lost by a course of this kind, a reform might soon be expected. To account for this want of true politeness on just principles, and to enforce the revival of whatever may be included in the term friendship, may be our very best employment. To do good and find the truth is our object. And whether we consider human society in its written history, or in its living form, the same facts are discovered.

History, whether it refers to the Church, or to the State, or to individuals, records the fact that in proportion as either becomes powerful and wealthy, so do they degenerate in morals, and in the social virtues. The same fact is developed in the history and progress of those subordinate societies whose formation is within the State, or the Church. When any associated class of persons is in the formative state, and consequently feeble, and in many instances persecuted, then are they humble, virtuous, affectionate, and industrious. This is true of the early Christians, and of most of the civil societies of men. But as Christianity grew into strength and power, she fostered so many elements of the State, and consequently so many elements of repulsion, that she soon became secular, cold, and speculative.

The same is true in the history of States. At their birth they were small and feeble, and all their subjects were alike interested in their common adversities, and their common prosperity. But in their enlarge-

ment, party and sectional interests absorbed the common interests, and peace and contentment gradually withdrew their benign influence, while the revolutionary element predominated and ultimately destroyed the compact.

Beginning with the simplest form of society, which was the patriarchal, and following the history of the formation of nations and governments to the present time, we have the sad spectacle of such extreme mutation, that it is difficult to trace the history of any one nation through a period of more than a few hundred years. To-day we shout the birth of a republic, and to-morrow we may shout the birth of an empire. Wearied with changes and revolutions, we see nations, on the one hand, in the wild vagaries of anarchy, and on the other, under the oppressive yoke of despotism. These two extremes are the legitimate issues of selfishness and ambition.

Another result of the repulsions of human society is the complete destruction of social and national distinctiveness. The greater have absorbed the smaller to the extent that nations once powerful and refined are only known by name, and a few historic facts. Not even a trace of their language is known to modern scholars, and the geographer and the historian are left to the merest conjecture as to what were their forms of government, the character of their social condition, and the places and limits of their possessions. In this rapid change from one extreme to the other, one idea remained permanent much longer than any other. Whatever was the object of national ambition, all agreed in the belief of one Supreme Intelligence. As long as this belief remained in the incorrupted state, it formed the great ligament by which all people were bound together in one worship. But, sacred and sublime as is the idea of a Supreme God, this too was prostituted by the imaginations of men, and now there are gods many, and no great bond of union in worship, binding together the nations of the earth in the one grand practice of a true worship. And so rapid has been the growth of national discord that hatred in its fullest size has its embodiment in the vast posterity of Ishmael, in their direct and bloody antagonism to all the nations of the earth. From the period when this humbling fact of human depravity became practical, to the present period, our earth has been a field of blood; nations have been entombed in the ruins of their own cities, and human life has been of less value than the life of the war horse. And at the present moment, China, old and staid, is convulsed with a bloody revolution in her own body, while the nations of Europe are torn into pieces by wars with their neighbors.

National friendship, in a great measure, is converted to hatred, and peace and love into war and malice. These facts almost compel us to say with one of Tuke's adventurers, that

"Friendship's but an empty name, made to deceive
Those whose good nature tempts them to believe;
There's no such thing on earth—the best that we
Can hope for is faint neutrality."

Such facts naturally impress the heart with self-loathing, and a desire for rest and relief. But this, as has often been proved, is not found in *things*, but in *principles*. Things may support and comfort the body, but principles and virtues must be the asylum for the soul. That state of mind known by the term *friendship* is the state of elevated excellence which should subdue every selfish element of our being. It instructs in the facts of our relations and dependencies, and induces every man to recognize in the person of his fellow the person of a brother.

Naturally mankind are disqualified for constant, generous, and warm friendship, as they are indeed incapacitated for any other elevated virtue. This is occasioned partly by perpetual attention to their own selfish interests, and partly by unresisting subjection to their depraved passions. And, added to this hateful and confirmed corruption, there is the great variety of disposition which excludes that long-continued and confirmed friendship, which should always ennoble the human character. Some persons are ardent enough, but are nevertheless constitutionally mutable and uncertain, very soon attracted by new objects, disgusted without any offense, and alienated without any just cause of enmity. Others are so flexible that they are easily influenced by reports and whispers, and ready to take alarm at every complicated circumstance, and to listen to every suspicion which envy or flattery may suggest. Others are anxious to throw a mysteriousness around their purposes, and pleased when they exhibit their design only in its execution. Others, again, are rashly communicative, alike open to every eye, and equally profuse of their own secrets and those of others, without the vigilance of caution, ready to betray without treachery, and to accuse without malice. Such persons are unfit for the close and tender intimacies of friendship. That man cannot be intelligently chosen for a friend whose kindness is the fruit of the present generous impulse, or whose kind offices are suspended by the first sting of the slanderer.

These reflections lead directly to the fact, that friendship, in order to be at once ardent and permanent, must not only find congeniality of spirit and temper, but there must be an equality of virtue and integrity. Not only must the same end be proposed, but there must be a similarity of means employed in its attainment. Agreement, therefore, lies at the foundation of true friendship.

But it may not be forgotten that two classes of persons are constantly making their just demands upon our hearts—those whom we esteem but cannot love, and those whom we love but cannot esteem. Between these

two states of the heart, and including them both, lies the compound affection of true friendship. And thus it is that friendship derives its tenderness from love, and its permanence from esteem. Thus constituted, true friendship not only gains the judgment, but it attracts the affections. And thus it is that a man of intelligent and manly friendship will be firm in the day of adversity, and participate in the joys of prosperity. His presence will diffuse cheerfulness as well as courage, and dispel alike the terror of fear and the gloom of melancholy.

"Friendship has a power
To sooth affliction in her darkest hour."

But friendship is not the result of a refined and educated heart, finding its origin among men and its practice and benefactions among friends. It involves its origin and its existence in a much higher source. Heaven is its home, and, as a messenger of comfort, it has been sent deep down into the heart of humanity, to bind one man to another, and all men to the great God himself. No honor conferred upon man is more divine, and no distinction can be conferred upon man that is more distinguishing than to be called a true friend. And what more can be said of a man than to call him the friend of God? Abraham was thus distinguished, and so were the disciples of Christ, and so may all of us. "*The friend of God.*" It is easily learned from this experience, what is the estimate set upon true, virtuous friendship, by inspired writers; and it is easily learned, too, that God himself regards, with no ordinary interest, the true friend, such as was Abraham. We are not a little surprised when we see the man of wealth, of learning, or of distinction, entering into familiarity with one of less learning and poor, and more especially if we see that person select such an one for his friend and companion. But how do such acts dwindle into folly, when we consider the King of the universe conferring upon a mortal man the appellation of friend! But when we consider the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, no subject is made more prominent than friendship. It is described as being so pure and so intense, that a man will even lay down his life for his friends—himself has given us an example.

The first dictate of true friendship is a concern for the honor and reputation of those whom we love. It follows, then, that we shall resent with becoming dignity, all the efforts of enemies, whether by word or act, to injure or tarnish the fair name of our friend.

"Such is the use and noble end of friendship,
To bear a part in every storm of fate,
And, by dividing, make the lighter weight."

Such descriptions of friendship as are found in the Bible, entitle it to much more than a passing remark. Solomon says, "A friend loveth at all times." "As ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so does the

sweetness of a friend by hearty counsel." This is not expressive of empty, heartless flattery, such as the deceiver feasts upon, but of that profound depth of friendship that every virtuous friend will cultivate.

"A friend is gold, if true, he'll never leave thee."

If we look about for an illustration of true friendship, we almost instinctively refer to that most touching case of David and Jonathan. Here is simplicity, purity, wisdom and fidelity, such only as true affection can dictate. It was ardent, vigilant, honest and protective. As the heart pours its tenderest emotions into a friendship like this, and trembles lest it be not a reality, it pants for such a friendship.

These reflections are suggested by what is patent to the eyes and heart of almost every stranger who enters a lodge of our Order. True, he is, with due formality, introduced to the brethren, but who will approach him and give the warm hand and hearty grip, with the fond smile of a brother? And it is likewise true, that a stranger thus introduced may become a citizen of the town, and for months be passed by Odd Fellows without the common and most ordinary recognition of civility. This I regard as a violation not only of common politeness, but of the uniform instructions of the Order. And besides this, it strikes the heart of the young man, in the Order, with a death chill, and infuses into his soul a disgust for the perpetrators of such wrongs, and a disbelief in the sincerity of the Order. This coldness and indifference may be the result of selfishness, or thoughtlessness, or it may be in great part attributable to the indiscriminate admission of the rude, the up-start, and the brainless fop, into the sacred enclosures of the Order. Such persons are elements of repulsion wherever they are, and the effect they produce is seen in the thinly attended lodge, the gradual falling off of its members, and the very slow increase of numbers. When a young member looks upon that inimitable triad of terms, Friendship, Love and Truth, and as he passes through the degrees of the Order, and sees how much is done to illustrate friendship, his heart glows with the rushing up from the great deep of his humanity of all the emotions of true fraternal feeling. To have these sacred and new-born emotions chilled and bound up in ice, by the impoliteness and indifference of those calling themselves brethren, must be more or less injurious to the harmony and advancement of the Order.

I know there are other and substantial signs of friendship among Odd Fellows—as the *relief*, the night-watching of a sick brother, the funeral ceremonies, and the care of the widow and orphan. But may it not be that these are rather the fruits of law than of the generous feeling? Nor should we feel any alarm, if this be the truth. Every system of beneficence, even religion itself, has its power and its form, and unless the connection between the one and the other is carefully maintained, the form

will absorb the power, and nothing will remain but the outward ceremony. Consulting the progress and power of society we see how easily this may be the result. And consulting, too, the unequalled increase and popularity of the Order, together with its great wealth and power, and we have the same tendency to indifference and formality that has become so prominent in all increasing societies, whether of the Church or the State. Seeing the bad effects of a mere formal action without the generous feeling, and perceiving how much of value there is in the hearty friendship, how careful should every member of the Order be to make his actions but the mere ritual of the full and generous friendship of the heart. Friendship is not a name, but a stern reality—a fact so interwoven with our being that it is a part of the very essence of life.

“Who knows the joys of friendship?
 The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
 The double joys, where each is glad for both?
 Friendship our only wealth, our last retreat and strength,
 Secure against ill-fortune and the world.”

The True Brotherhood.*

CHAPTER III.

Saul, through the courage and skill of his son Jonathan, was now firmly established on the throne of Israel, and he set himself fully to work for the defense and enlargement of his kingdom. Having subdued the enemies within, he sought to extend his conquests without the commonwealth of Israel. To this end, he carried the war into the enemy's country, and attacking the Moabites in their strong mountain homes, and his enemies the Ammonites and Philistines, he fought against the kings of Zobah, in Syria, and everywhere his army proved victorious, and success crowned the valorous achievements of his intrepid soldiers. Nor did he stay when victory perched upon his standard throughout the land of Palestine and Syria. The rocky mountains of Arabia Deserta were made to resound with the onward march of his triumphant hosts, and the children of Edom, in their strong rockbuilt fortresses, felt the shock of his powerful arms.

Among all these nations where victories were achieved, the most valiant and daring of the prisoners were taken by Saul, and adopted in his army. The monarch proved himself a brave and successful warrior, and if he did lack the elements necessary to make him a wise and righteous king to rule over God's people, he nevertheless possessed, in an eminent degree, those traits which are essential to a military chieftain.

*Continued from the February number.

It was these latter qualifications which made the people cling to him. It was the sheen and glory of the successive victories which gathered around his commanding person that made him an object of so much regard among the people, and not any particular traits of character as manifested in the government of Israel.

Having returned from a successful expedition against the inhabitants of Mount Seir, he was visited by the venerable prophet from whose hands he had received the crown of Israel, but who, being grieved at his conduct, had departed from him for a season. In this interview, Samuel said unto King Saul, "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I remember that which Amalek did to Israel, how he laid wait for him in the way when he came up from Egypt. Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and do not spare any."

To this, Saul instantly replied: "The commands of the King of Heaven shall be obeyed. I will do as the Lord has directed."

The Amalekites were the descendants of Esau, and occupied the fastnesses in the mountains of Rocky Arabia. When the Israelites were on their passage through the desert of Canaan, they were attacked by this war-like people, in the vale of Rephidim. At the command of Moses, Joshua was directed to take a strong detachment and go out and give them battle. While the armies were engaged in fighting, Moses took Aaron and Hur, and ascended a neighboring mountain, from whence he had a view of the contending hosts. Elevating the rod of miracles towards heaven, he directed the priests to stand by him. While his hand bearing the wonder-working rod was uplifted, the Israelites prevailed, but when, through fatigue, he was not able to keep it extended, the Amalekites prevailed. Aaron and Hur, on seeing this, seated their leader on a rock, and standing on each side, stayed up the hand of Moses, and Israel was victorious. The battle waxed hotter and hotter, until the going down of the sun, when the enemies of Israel, being unable any longer to withstand the bravery of Israel, were completely routed, and fell in great numbers at the edge of the sword.

It was on account of this attack that Jehovah commanded Moses to "write it for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua, that he would utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven." Thus the nation was doomed by the just and irreversible decree of heaven.

As the agent of the Almighty in carrying out his purposes, Saul was, as we have seen, selected. Among the Amalekites, however, as confederates, were the Kenites, the friends of Israel in the days of their exode, and it was not meet that they should perish with the enemies of Israel. Saul, therefore, sent an ambassador to them with a friendly message, saying: "Go, depart, get you down from among the Amalekites, lest ye

be destroyed with them; for ye showed kindness to the children of Israel when they came up out of Egypt." The Kenites gave heed to the instructions of Saul's ambassador, and separated themselves from the doomed nation.

All things being in readiness, Saul marshaled his hosts, amounting to two hundred and ten thousand, and marched them to the city of Amalek. The vast army filled the narrow vallies of the rocky country, and the inhabitants, being apprised of the enemy's approach, fled to their fortresses and strongholds in their excavated cities. They were, however, pursued and smitten by the Israelites, and every citadel taken from Havilah to Shur, on the borders of Egypt. According to the divine command none escaped the edge of the sword, except the king, whom Saul and his army spared from the general slaughter. They also spared the best portion of the cattle, destroying all the rest, so that the land was left utterly destitute. After the work of death was completed, the victorious army marched back to Palestine. The monarch of Israel, however, had not fulfilled the whole of the divine command. His instructions were to spare nothing; to put to death all the nation, without regard to condition, age, or sex, as well as to destroy all their cattle, and lay waste their possessions.

The Lord appeared unto Samuel, in consequence of this disobedience of instructions, and said: "It repenteth me that I have set Saul to be king, for he is turned back from following me, and hath not performed my commandments." At this the aged prophet was sorely afflicted. The shadows of evening were gathering around, and with a sad and heavy heart he went out into the solitudes of the mountain, and spent the whole night in prayer. When morning came, he hastened forth to meet the returning conqueror; but it was not with that glad heart with which one is wont to hail the return of a successful leader of his country's armies, but with sad and melancholy feelings. How was his sadness increased when he was informed that Saul had set up a triumphal arch at Carmel, and that his army was marching through the country triumphing over the spoils of the conquered nation. Notwithstanding all this, he followed the king to Gilgal, and, as if ignorant of what had transpired, when he met him, after Saul had pronounced upon him a blessing, and assured him that he had performed the commandment of the Lord, he exclaimed: "What meaneth this bleating of the sheep and lowing of the oxen which I hear?" Saul replied: "They have brought them from the Amalekites; for the people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God, and the rest we have utterly destroyed."

"Hold," said Samuel, "and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said unto me this night."

"Speak," said Saul, "for thy servant heareth."

"When thou wast little in thine own sight, wast thou not made the head of the tribes of Israel, and the Lord anointed thee king over Israel? And the Lord sent thee to utterly destroy the sinners, the Amalekites, and fight against them until they be consumed. Wherefore, then, didst thou not obey the voice of the Lord, but didst fly upon the spoil, and didst evil in the sight of thy Lord?"

"But," said Saul, "I have obeyed the voice of the Lord, and have gone the way which he sent me, and have brought Agag, king of the Amalekites, and have utterly destroyed them. But the people have taken of the spoil the chief of the things which should have been destroyed, to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God, in Gilgal."

"Dost thou believe that God has as great a delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as he has in obedience to his commands? Is it not better to obey than to sacrifice? Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry; and hear, O king! because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath from this time rejected thee as king over Israel."

"O, thou servant of the Lord, I confess that I have sinned, for I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord and thy words, because I feared the people and obeyed their voice, now therefore, I pray thee, pardon my sin, and turn again with me that I may worship the Lord."

"Nay, but I will not return with thee, for thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, and the Lord hath rejected thee from being king over Israel."

At this, the prophet turned to go away from the king, and Saul, in agony, seizing his own mantle by the skirt, rent it in twain. Samuel, on seeing this, exclaimed: "Thus hath the Lord rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day, and hath given it to a neighbor of thine that is better than thou."

"Stay, I pray thee, thou prophet of the Lord. I have sinned, but honor me now, I pray thee, before the elders of my people, and before Israel, and turn again with me that I may worship the Lord thy God."

The entreaty of Saul touched the heart of Samuel, for, with all his disobedience, his heart was tenderly moved towards him, and he turned back, and they worshiped the Lord together.

After this, the prophet left Saul and returned home to Ramah, nor did he see him again until the day of his death. The aged prophet, though he spake terrible things to Saul with his mouth, yet he deeply mourned for him in his heart. Such was his affection for him that he could not be comforted. When he thought of the doomed king, sadness filled his heart as when one mourneth for the dead; and when, from various sources, he heard of his progress in wickedness, the tear of sor-

row would fill his eye as he saw the gathering storm that would one day break upon his devoted head. So long did Samuel continue his lamentations for Saul, that the Lord reproved him, and to the shutting out of all hope of repentance and restoration so far as Saul was concerned, he commanded him to arise and fill his horn with oil and go out in quest of his successor to the throne of Israel.

* * * * *

In the quiet and peaceful village of Bethlehem, not many miles south of Jebus or Salem, there lived an aged shepherd, who possessed numerous flocks of sheep that grazed in the fertile valleys of the surrounding rural district of country. He had a large family of sons, all of whom, like their father, were engaged in the pursuits of agricultural and pastoral life. The names of the elder were Eliab, Abinadab, and Shammah, with five others whose names do not appear. The prophet was informed that from this family one was to be selected who should succeed Saul upon the throne of Israel, and he directed his steps thitherward. That his visit might not awaken any suspicion on the part of the king, who was alive to apprehensions in regard to his position and the circumstances by which he was surrounded, he resolved on making preparations for offering a sacrifice at Bethlehem. To this end, he procured the proper animal, and proceeded on his journey. When he arrived at the gates of Bethlehem, he was met by the elders, who, knowing him to be the prophet and judge of Israel, feared lest he had come to curse instead of bless the people, for he still bore the sword of justice.

"Dost thou come," said the elders, tremblingly, "to bless or to curse? Is thy message peaceful, O thou servant of the Most High?"

"Peaceably have I come to sacrifice unto the Lord. Sanctify yourselves, therefore, for the sacrifice." Jesse, the grandson of Moab and Ruth, being an elder, was called by Samuel, and he and his sons were gathered together at the altar and separated for the special benefits of the sacrifice which was about to be made. The victim was prepared, and soon the altar smoked with the offering to the Lord, which the prophet presented in behalf of the family of Jesse.

"Present me thy sons," said Samuel, that I may pronounce upon them the blessing of the Lord;" and the father presented his first born, a man of large stature, fine open countenance and commanding appearance. His person reminded the prophet of Saul, the first anointed king of Israel; and he said to himself, "surely this is the man whom God hath chosen to be king over Israel." But the spirit whispered in his ear—"Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature, because I have refused him; for Jehovah seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but Jehovah looketh on the heart."

"Bring hither another of thy sons," said Samuel; and the father pre-

sented the second-born to the prophet. But he was not the chosen of the Lord. Then, in succession, the father caused all his sons to pass before the Seer of Israel, but in the person of none could he behold the future king.

"Are these all the children thou hast? are there no more sons of thy family?"

"Nay," said Jesse, "there remaineth one more, the youngest, whom his brothers have left in the valley yonder, to watch the sheep, while they came up to the sacrifice."

"Send for him immediately, for we will not retire hence until he is come; peradventure the last shall be first, for of the many called none yet are chosen."

The youthful David was reclining upon a grassy knoll near the fountains of water in the valley, playing upon his harp, the sweet sounds of which, accompanied by a voice of unusual melody, was echoing among the neighboring hills, and dying away in the distant solitudes. It was a calm and lovely day, and the scene was befitting the season. The sheep were grazing in the green pastures beside the still, transparent waters, as if in peaceful consciousness that their shepherd was by their side. The wild swan sported among the water lilies which grew on the margin, and all nature seemed joyous and glad. The thoughts of the youth none could tell, but whatever they were, that beautiful face, with its calm, benignant features told not of guilt or an unhallowed ambition. The fire of his dark, lustrous eye might speak of a daring, impulsive nature, but there was nought but benevolence and magnanimity in their expression.

"Ho! my brother, arise and come to the sacrifice," said a voice behind him which startled him from his reverie, and caused him to drop his harp among the wild flowers which grew on the bank where he was reclining. "The man of God hath called thee; haste, away." Following his elder brother, he was soon in the presence of Samuel. His youth, his slender form—but above all, the beauty of his person, as it stood out unconcealed by the rude, simple shepherd's dress, which but half enclosed it—struck the prophet with surprise.

"Come hither, thou beloved of the Lord," said the aged seer, as he embraced the young and beautiful David in his arms. Then taking the horn of oil, he poured it upon the shining locks of the young shepherd, proclaiming him King of Israel. If there was brightness and beauty in the face of the sweet-voiced shepherd before, how was that light and glory enhanced when, at the anointing, the Spirit shed its choicest beams of heaven's own radiance upon his enraptured heart. By divine intention and choice, he was now king of Israel, but intervening circumstances were to occur before his path could be fully opened to the throne.

The sacrifice ended, and the family of Jesse disperse to their various



pursuits, each impressed with the wonderful fortunes of their younger but beloved brother. David resumed his shepherd's crook and harp, and the neighboring hills and valleys echoed with his song. The prophet having fulfilled his mission, returned to his native city, Ramah, and we never hear of him more until the day of his death. This was the last public act of his long eventful life. He had been judge and prophet in Israel for many years. He had anointed its first monarch and mourned his sad departure from God. He saw that monarch rejected, and had, with his own lips, pronounced his doom. A cloud of darkness was settling over his melancholy fate, casting before it deep shadows of a coming storm. The aged prophet, worn down by a life of labor and care, had retired to his quiet home in peace to die, but his last hours were relieved in the consoling reflection, that the scepter of Israel would, in a few years, pass into the hands of the shepherd of Bethlehem, a man after God's own heart, and one whom all the people would delight to love and honor—one who would restore unity to the distracted kingdom of Israel; who would regard the rights of the people, and during whose reign the principles of the true brotherhood of man would be encouraged and developed as they had never been before.

The Spirit of the Lord having departed from Saul, and an evil spirit having taken possession of him, his troubles began to increase on every hand. His mind became harassed with dark and fearful forebodings, and those tumultuous passions which hitherto had been kept in check by the restraining influences of divine grace, now that these influences were removed from him, raged with uncontrollable violence. God having withdrawn from him His grace, and left him to himself, he seemed also to have been abandoned by man, and left to the fitful control of those dark angry passions which swept with hurricane violence over his drear and desolate spirit. The book of his doom was written, and within and without it was filled with lamentation and mourning and woe. Evil spirits would gather around his couch by night, and their malignant influence would fill his mind with a sullen melancholy bordering upon despair, or he would start in affright, and gaze wildly around, and grasping his sword rush out into the darkness as if to encounter his approaching foe. The officers of his court attempted to quell his fears, and drive away the despair which was settling down in shade after shade of darkness upon his distracted mind. But all their efforts proved unavailing. A man may bear up under the ills and trials of life, which come upon him in the providence of God, but a smitten conscience who can bear? Who could turn to sweetness those waves of wormwood which were rolling their bitterness over his soul, or calm the heart which God had left to its own fearful workings? What were a crown and scepter and the splendors of a throne and brilliant court, to a mind distracted by a thou-

sand fearful apprehensions? As well might one attempt to feed a hungry man with husks, as to attempt to minister to a mind diseased with the trappings of royalty or the pleasures of sin. Wine, mirth and song, with all the accompanying festivities of a pleasure-seeking court, could not sooth the spirit of Saul.

At length one of the princes of his household, having heard of the extraordinary musical powers of a young Bethlehemite minstrel, who, with his harp and voice, made the most enchanting music, the influence of which had the most remarkable effect upon the minds of those who heard it, suggested the propriety of sending for him, that, if possible, the mind of the king might be affected by its influence. The proposition received favor from the monarch who readily resorted to every means in his power to banish from his mind the gloomy horror in which it was enshrouded.

Royal orders were accordingly issued to the father of the youth, that he would send his son immediately to the court of Saul. No sooner had the father received them than he prepared presents of bread and wine, and sent them with his son to the king. When the youthful shepherd, with his harp, entered the audience chamber of the king, his beauty of person, united with the ease and grace of his manners, won all hearts. Fresh from the fields and fountains of his native valley, where, day after day, he wandered among the bowers with his harp and crook, there was a ruddy glow upon his cheek, and an elasticity in his step, and a fire in his eye, which all the excitements of courts never could have imparted, and he seemed to the king and his court like one from another sphere. Though a child of nature, he was far from being uncultivated. To extraordinary natural powers was united a native genius and both the one and the other had been brought under cultivation. He was now about twenty years of age, and though his form was slender, yet there was a symmetry of development which rendered him a model of manly beauty. So delighted was the king with his guest, and so fully and completely prepossessed was he in his favor, that he at once promoted him to office, and made him his armor-bearer.

That harp which had so often cheered the inmates of his father's house, and which had filled with gladness the young men and maidens of his native village, now poured its enchanting strains on royal ears, and was listened to with equal delight by the princes and princesses of the court of Saul. Whenever a fit of melancholy would come upon the king, the almost divine strains of the harp would chase the gloom away, and the troubled spirit would become calm. But the fame of David was not confined to the court; it spread abroad among the armies of Israel, and the name of the armor-bearer and his harp, became a household word, and all believed that strains from a harp that could evoke the evil spirits that possessed the monarch, must have been produced by a master hand.

"Home, Sweet Home."

"Home, sweet home!" I have listened long
 To the pleasant strains of the maiden's song,
 Till all around me the soft air thrills
 With a joyous sound as of gushing rills.
 Gayly she sings in her father's halls,
 And I hear her voice as it floats and falls,
 And mingled with it are tones of mirth,
 From a gathered group by a lighted hearth.
 Sweet is that song to my listening ear,
 As the first wild hymn of a new-born sphere,
 And rich as the lay which the Peri sings
 By the crystal founts, where she folds her wings,
 Or as strains which roll, with seraphic fire,
 Down the golden strings of an "Eden Lyre."

Sing, maiden, sing; on thy sunny brow
 I see no sorrow—sing gayly now!
 There lies no shade in thine eyes of blue,
 Care hath not darkened their gentle hue;
 Thy heart beats free as the wild gazel's,
 Which drinks the dew of the mountain wells,
 And well may'st thou echo that melting lay
 In the sunny halls where thy sisters play—
 Thine eye, whence flashes the light of mirth,
 Looks not as mine, on a lonely hearth.
 "I hear a voice that thou canst not hear,"
 A mournful pleading, a voice of fear;
 I see a phantom thou canst not see,
 A shattered bark on a midnight sea;
 And darkly gathered along thy path,
 Are the boding frowns of the storm-king's wrath.
 'Tis strange, but grief hath the power to lift
 The veil of the future—O fearful gift!
 Is it not enough that our heart-strings sway
 To the plaintive tones of a mournful lay?
 Must we inly bow to the dreams which lie
 In the full, deep tones of prophecy,
 And read the record of darker hours
 In the sun's bright smile and the blush of flowers?
 Must we ever sway like a wind-rocked leaf,
 To the blighting breath of a new-born grief,
 And feel when we thrill to the songs of mirth,
 That a sadder part is our lot on earth?
 Oh! that a charm and wierd spell,
 In the deep shrines of the soul might dwell,
 And hush the lays that unbidden start,
 From the sybil cells of a mournful heart.

"Home, sweet home!" 'tis a thrilling song,
 And wakened by it are feelings strong,
 Feelings too deep for the gay to know—
 The heart's sealed fountains, a voiceless woe,
 Unlocked, unbound, by that melting lay,
 The full high current of thought finds way,
 Till the wasted springs of the heart o'erflow
 With a sudden gush of their waves below.
 In many a heart doth its music dwell,
 With the mast'ring power of a haunting spell.
 For some it wakens a pleasant dream,
 Of a cherished spot by a joyous stream,
 Where Love looks on with her sunny eye,
 And, winged with pleasure, the hours fly by,
 While not a breath from the world unkind,
 May warp or fetter the tranquil mind.
 But, Oh! to others its echo brings
 The deepening shadow of darker things;
 A painful vision, a phantom throng
 Of ghostly sorrows, and pain and wrong;
 The homeless, the wanderers, those who dwell
 In lane, and alley, and crowded cell—
 Those who pine for the fresh green earth,
 In wasting toil, by a cold damp hearth—
 Those whom Vice, with her winning arts,
 Had bound to her by their human hearts,
 Till all unmasked, to their HOMES she came,
 A ruthless spoiler, with sword and flame.
 Oh! WHAT, to them, is that music high,
 But the conquered spirit of agony
 Calling up from their souls' abyss
 The faded visions of former bliss?

The song is hushed, and the maiden gone,
 But its tuneful echoes will still ring on;
 They have lent a tone to the sweeping air,
 Soft as the treading of angels there;
 Its murmurs rise from the green wood halls,
 Through the dark pine groves with their fretted walls;
 In crowded mart, and in valley green,
 Where'er the dwellings of man have been,
 There, with the might of a deathless sway,
 Hath passed the sound of this olden lay.

"Home, sweet home,"—'tis a simple song,
 But it fetters the weak and subdues the strong,
 And evermore will its flute notes low,
 With the gushing sounds of the wind-harps flow.

NATURE is an Æolian Harp, a musical instrument, whose tones are
 keys to higher strings in us.

The Awakening.

[The following conversation, translated from the German, between a deceased wife and her husband, in the spirit-world, is one of the most touching and beautiful, if not truthful, descriptions of the heavenly state we have ever seen. We have read it again and again, and like John's description of the New Jerusalem, it loses none of its interest. The wife is introduced as addressing her husband after he had awakened from the sleep of death.]

Wife.—Thou hast slept well?

Husband.—As never before. Not even in childhood did I experience such a deep, soft, refreshing slumber. My old father—thou rememberest him well—when he stepped into the room in the morning, where we were waiting for him, used to say in answer to our inquiry how he had slept, “like the blessed.” Like the blessed, I might say, have I slept; or rather, like the blessed have I awakened. I feel myself newly quickened, as if all weariness and all need of sleep, were gone forever. Such vigor is in my limbs, such elasticity in my movements, that I believe I could fly, if I would.

And you are pleased with this place?

Indeed, I must say we have been in many a beautiful place together, but this is wonderful beyond description. What trees! actually heaven-high! They bear blossoms and fruit together. Their branches swaying to the morning wind, cause the tree tops all to give melody, as if a host of feathered singers dwelt in them. Behind the trees the mountains tower up. Their majestic forms ruggedly defined in the pure air, and here and there glowing with all the hues of sunrise and sunset, stretch along their sides or float over their summits. Upon the highest peak, out of a milk-white, translucent, skimming mist, there spring, as it were, the gates and towers of a splendid city. From this peak nearest us, there seems to gush a mighty water, which I may call a sea rather than a stream, and which, nevertheless, leaps down the numerous terraces of the mountain, not with fearful roaring but with a melodious sound. Wide about us are sprinkled the drops which water the trees and flowers, and impart a delicious coolness to the air, making it ecstasy to breathe here. Look, too, at this bank whereon we stand! How luxuriantly and thickly strewn with wonderful flowers. We wander over it, and yet the spires of grass are not broken, nor the flowers crushed by our footsteps. 'Tis a solitary place; yet on all sides vistas open to us, and the horizon tempts us even further and further on.

Hast thou seen all this often before, or dost thou see it to-day for the first time?

vol. 1—10

Notwithstanding all is so home-like to me here, and though every thing greets me as something long beloved, yet when I think of it, I must say no, I have never been here before.

And dost thou not wonder to see me again at thy side?

Indeed; and hast thou not somehow always been near me?

In a certain sense, I have; but in another, not so. 'Tis long since thine eyes have seen me. I disappeared from them once.

Ah! now there sweeps over my memory, as it were, a dark cloud—days of anxiety, and nights spent in weeping—only the painful thoughts and emotions which so recently absorbed me. Now they elude my grasp; I cannot distinctly comprehend them; they appear to me something mysterious.

I think, on the fourteenth of February.

Now it is all clear to me. It was near noon. Four days hadst thou been sick. We had feared much for thee, but still had hope. Suddenly a faintness came over thee; thou didst lean thy head upon my breast; didst sink back with a deep sigh; thou diedst—yes, it is all over, thou art dead.

I am dead; and yet I see—I live.

If thou art dead, and if I see thee, then do I really dream.

Thou dreamest not, for thou art awake.

Oh, art thou sent down from heaven to earth, that I should see thee again for a short time, and then anew through long years lament thy disappearance?

No; henceforth we shall never separate. I am indeed sent to thee, but not down upon the earth. Look around thee here; where upon earth hast thou seen such trees, such water? Look at thyself; thou didst go about yonder bower beneath the weight of years, Now thou art young again. Thou dost not walk, thou floatest; thine eyes not only see, but see immeasurably far. Look inward upon thyself; has it always been with thy heart as now?

Within me is a deep unfathomable, ever swelling, and yet entirely still and peaceful sea. Yes, when I look about me here, and when I feel thy hand in mine—then I must say I am blessed—I am in heaven.

Thou art.

And then must I be actually dead.

Thou art. Hast thou not lain sick in that very chamber where I died, and whither thou didst long to be brought? Has not thy son, day and night, without leaving thy side, sincerely and tenderly nursed thee? Hast thou not, by day and night, found open the blue eye of thy daughter, in which she vainly strove to hold back the forth-swelling tears? Was there not then a deep mist and utter darkness spread over the faces of thy children, and over every thing around thee?

I AM DEAD! Lord of life and death, upon my knees I thank thee, that thou hast fulfilled this so great thing in me; that thou hast led me to such great happiness—to such great honor; *dead, and happy to be dead.* Thou knowest, O Lord, how often that moment stood before me; how often I have prayed that thou thyself, since I was not able to do it, wouldst prepare me for that hour; that thou wouldst send me a soft, blessed death. Now, O Lord, that thou hast heard this, as all my other prayers; thou hast in this, as in all things, shown thyself gracious and pitiful. What stood before me is now over. Truly, though dead, I have not yet learned exactly what death is; but this much I know, death is sweet. As one bears a sleeping child out of a dark chamber into a bright spring garden, so hast thou borne me from earth to heaven. But now, loved one, hold me no longer back.

Whither wouldst thou go?

Canst thou ask? To whom else but to Him? All is beautiful and lovely here; these trees, these flowers, this down streaming water, this coolness, which breathes over flowers and trees, and deep into my heart; thyself, thy presence, which, after so long a separation, after so many tears, I enjoy again. But not even all this satisfies me. HIMSELF I must see. Let him adorn his heavens as beautifully as he may, that can not compensate for the loss of his presence. What was impossible he has made possible; so long, so unweariedly, so faithfully had he worked in me, that I might be capable of bliss. Where is the little earth? Yonder it spins, how far from here? In what darkness is it veiled! I would not return to it! He has condescended to go down thither, has trod its dust with his sacred feet, has endured hunger and thirst, and died! Ah! he will quicken my vision, that I may pierce deeper than heretofore, the abyss of his death-pains. There he won me for his own, and that I, his dearly purchased one, should not again be lost to him, he has from my earliest years given me his ceaseless care. Much that he has done for me have I already learned upon the earth, now I know more, and I shall know more still in the future, when together we recount the whole. But now I have no time for this. Emotion within me is too strong, my heart will burst; I must away to him, see him, thank him—if I am capable of thanking him—if, in this overpowering bliss, thanksgiving be not swallowed up.

Thou wilt see him, but not until he comes to thee. Until then be patient. I am sent to thee to tell thee such is his will.

Now I know for a certainty that I am in heaven, for my will yields itself implicitly to his, without a struggle. I had thought it wholly insupportable not to see him here. Yet I not only bear it but bear it cheerfully. HE wills this, I will it also. Other than this seems now impossible to me. So readily could we not submit below. But if thou

art sent to me from him, then he must have spoken with thee. He has already spoken many words with thee?

Already many.

O thou truly blessed one! Can'st thou tell how it was with thee, when he for the first time spake with thee?

As it has been in my heart each following time. I am using an earthly language with thee, in which these things cannot be described.

As thou sawest him for the first time, didst thou instantly recognize him?

Instantly.

How? By what particular glory in which he outshines all angels?

He has no need to clothe himself in splendor; we know him without that.

Dost thou mean that I will immediately recognize him, without any one saying to me, that is he?

Thine own heart will tell thee.

How will he really seem to me—severe or gentle? Below, when I cried to him out of the darkness of my earth-life, he often answered me with sternness.

There, he was constrained to do this with his best beloved. Here, it is no longer necessary; here, there is no need that he should do violence to his own heart: he can give free expression to his love. This love is infinite; on earth we could not fathom it, as little can we do so here.

Do there exist among you here differences in glory and blessedness?

In endless degree; but then the highest are even as the most lowly, so they stoop down to the humblest. And this does he require of them; for he who ranks above the highest is himself the humblest of them all.

So these diversities become swallowed up, and we are all one in him.

Now, I have often thought, if I only reach heaven, only dwell not with the enemies of the Lord, I shall be content to be the very least of all there. Thou, methought, would'st soar in a much higher circle, and our children also, when they left the earth. But then, if only once in a thousand years, I might be counted worthy to see the Lord, still methought it would be enough for me.

Be trustful. Whom he receives, he receives to glory. Knowest thou not by what wonderful way he has called in his word?

Well do I know all that, and I see with what glory and honor he has crowned thee. Between thy image in the last sickness, and that which now stands revealed to me—between that perishable flower and the heavenly blossom—what a difference! No; this bloom upon thy cheek can never fade; this light in thine eyes can never be dimmed; thy form shall never bear the impress of age. Thus ever wilt thou wander about with me here; thou wilt show the glory of those heavenly mansions, and also wilt lead me to those blessed ones who are dear to me?

Thou wilt see them as soon as thou hast seen the Lord.

How delightful was it of old when we sought our aged father in his cot. Our carriage rolled up; all came running out before the house, and among the whole troop we sought first his dear, honored countenance. How much more delightful to see him here! He whom the smallest favor filled with thanks to the giver; he who could find beauty in a single spear of grass, who smiled at a brighter sun-beam; he who went forth so joyfully under the starry heavens, and adored the Creator of these worlds—what must he experience here, where the wonders of omnipotence lie all open and unveiled before him! He who, in the silent joy of his heart, thanked the Lord for his beneficence, and for the least refreshing which was granted him on his weary earthway—what thanks will he now pour forth to his Redeemer! “We shall meet again,” he said to me in his last sickness, as he pressed my hand with all his remaining strength; “we shall meet again, and together thank God for his grace.”

Thou wilt soon see him and thy mother also.

My mother, who loved me with such unspeakable tenderness, and whom I have never, never known! I was three years old when I lost her. As she lay upon her death bed, and I was playing before the house, “What will become of my poor child?” she cried. Good mother, all that man can be thy son has become—an inhabitant of heaven. Through the grace of God has this been effected, and also by the help of thy prayers. Is it not so?

It is even so. I have often spoke of thee with thy father and mother. Is X— here?

Yes.

I had not expected it. That, however, was wrong; why am I here? But the dear souls whom I left behind me on earth, I would have some tidings of, or is the perception of them lost to us until the moment of re-union?

This question thou may'st speedily answer for thyself. Look thither.

I do so, but I see nothing.

Look longer in this direction, and you will surely see. Dost thou see now?

Perfectly. The place is familiar to me; it is the church yard, where I placed thy mortal part, which was given back to the earth. The place became dear to me. I often sought it, and kneeling down upon the grave, raised my eyes hitherward to heaven, where we both are now; among beautiful trees and flowers, I thought, may she be wandering there? So a flower garden and a wilderness of blossoms sprung up, and every beautiful thing which the anniversary brought with it adorned thy grave.

I knew it well. Look thitherward now. What seest thou?

Near thy grave is another open. The church-yard gate stands open;

a corpse is borne forward; our children follow. Do ye weep, loved hearts—weep so bitterly? Could you see us as we see you, ye would not weep, or at the most only for longing. The body—my body—is lowered; now they cast a handful of dust upon the coffin. The grave is closed; now rests my dust by thine. Go home now, ye loved ones, and may the foretaste of that heavenly peace which we now enjoy glide to your souls. But return hitherward often, and seek the grave of your old parents. When you meet there and pray we will be near you, and bring you heavenly gifts from the Lord. Henceforth take his hand as you go. He will guide you safely—your old parents have proved this—and will bring us together.

Amen; thus it will surely be.

Hearst thou these sounds? What may it be? Strange and wonderful, like the mingled roaring of the sea and sweetest flute notes, they come from that quarter and float through the wide heaven. Hark! now from the other side melody arises, a wholly different note, from myriads of other songsters, yet just as strange and enrapturing. What may it be?

They are angel choirs, which from immeasurable distance answer one another.

What do they sing?

Ever of ONE, who is the theme of eternal and ceaseless praise.

For some time already a form moves about there.

Observe it more closely, and then tell me why it attracts thee so.

Pardon me who am so lately called from the death, an earthly, childish comparison. At the home where I was born, thou knowest it well, though at the time thou wast no longer upon earth, I had planted a garden. As the spring came, I devoted myself to its cultivation; and enjoyed myself over my plants, and their beautiful unfoldings. There were many trees there, much shrubbery, and many flowers; yet I knew every shoot; I had myself planted and watered it. Each in its turn came under my inspection, and when it put on its bright green, and blossomed beautifully, and grew thrifty, then found I a hearty friend in it. Thus it seems to me that may be the gardener in this heavenly garden. He moves hither and thither quietly, and in the mildest radiance; but one can see that every thing here is familiar to him. He casts around on all besides a satisfied and friendly glance, and appears to find joy in all creation here. My heart! till this moment I have felt within me only soft soothing emotions; but now a tempest is rising in my breast—I am dizzy—heaven with its glory vanishes from my sight—I see him alone. Now pain returns again to this heart; yet in this pain there lives a higher blessedness. My soul burns with longing to approach him. Yes, he is indeed one known to me, though never before seen face to

face. Now he turns hitherward, and looks upon us. He appears to rejoice over us. His eyes glisten with tears of joy. I can no longer restrain myself; I must say to him that I love him as I never loved aught before. He raises his hands—how? in those hands a mark, and from the mark rays darting forth? Yes, those are the pierced, the bleeding hands. He blesses us. Now know I that I am in heaven—know I that this is he.

Away then to him.

Vulgar Gentility.

Gentlemen may be divided into two classes—the true and the vulgar gentlemen. Three things united constitute the vulgar gentleman—money, manners and manhood. Money most, manners next, and manhood least of all. Money is the primary ingredient of vulgar gentility—the foundation on which it is built, and its supporting staff. The appearance of money sometimes answers the same purpose. The dissolute and brainless scion of a rich ancestor not unfrequently floats in the atmosphere of vulgar gentility, till the bubble is bursted by the presentation of a bill or a dun for a quarter's board. The miser, though not strictly even a vulgar gentleman, is able to lift his family, his sons and his daughters, into the respected circle of vulgar gentility. His sons carry not the hod, nor follow the plow; that is not vulgarly "*genteel*." Their hands must not be hardened by honest toil, nor their brows darkened by the sun's rays. They must stand behind the counter, sell cloth by the piece, tape by the yard, molasses by the quart, and whisky by the gallon; or, perhaps, they may freight vessels with rum, and barter their precious cargo on the coast of Africa for human flesh, which exceedingly marketable commodity they exchange for gold, and become the types of vulgar gentility. The vulgar gentleman, also, must have manners, but he must wear them as he does a garment, that he puts on and removes at pleasure. To a lady—the rich, vulgarly "*genteel*" lady—he is all suavity, *gentility* and graciousness. But to the girl who takes care of his room, and may be blacks his boots, and the boy who curries his horse, his language is *go, come, do*, and the like. Toward men in office, and to the rich vulgarly "*genteel*" men, he must wear a bland and courteous demeanor; but to the honest, industrious, and high-minded farmer or mechanic, he must not even deign to speak. Gentility is with him like the gas that lights his room—he can let it on and shut it off at pleasure.

The usages of society help to make vulgar "*genteel*" men. It would be interesting to trace the process by an example. A large-souled, courageous and noble youth starts from the mountains of New England to seek his fortune in distant cities. His cheek wears the ruddy hue of

youth and health. His large frame is clad in the homely garb of a farmer's son. He uses his own locomotives, and carries in his handkerchief the sum of his worldly goods. He has much health and courage, many thrifty precepts, and some principles. His course of life has given him his health. His thrifty precepts he has imbibed from his father's teachings, but his principles have been derived from the source from whence he had his being—from his own loved mother—save some few which he has received from the pulpit when a tall minister reached up into heaven and brought down the rays of light, and spread them in beauty around him. Thus armed, he reaches a distant commercial city, and boldly begins the battle of life. He commences at the bottom of the ladder, works early and late—at first as a clerk, then as a junior partner, being embraced in that mysterious appendage "& Co.," and finally becomes a senior member of some great mercantile firm. He looks around him, and sees that men are respected in proportion to their wealth. His first thousand dollars lifts him one degree in the estimation of the community. His ambition is fired, and he determines to become rich soon—he counts his dollars by tens of thousands. His principles are not improved, his wisdom is not increased, but his coffers are filled, and bankers cultivate his acquaintance. Rich merchants bow low and smile blandly as they meet him. He becomes now the worshiper of Mammon. The unfortunate man and the poor read no sympathy in the deep lines of his hard and brazen face. A little while and he becomes a merchant prince. His ships crowd the wharves, and pour into his lap the wealth of India. The humble cottage of his youth is changed for a magnificent palace, which is nightly thronged with the vulgar "genteel" He now rejoices in the universal regard of men; and may be he thinks himself honored and respected. But just in proportion as he has grown rich and great—just in proportion as his purse has increased in magnitude—his soul has become contracted and degraded; and his conscience is as shriveled, lank and empty, as was his purse on the morning of his departure from home. His riches are enormous, but in wealth of soul he is a bankrupt.

The vulgar "genteel" lady resembles her male counterpart. Tenderness, generosity of feeling and true gentility are wanting in her. With a smile of scorn she will pass by the honest, strong-minded and noble-hearted young man, to lavish her smiles upon the brainless dandy, the vulgar "genteel" fop.

The true gentleman is the exact opposite of the one we have sketched. His quality springs from inward principle. His manners, like the perfume of the flower, are the same to all. He regards the high or the low as his common brothers. Their feelings and their affections are sacred to him. His principles are correct and his morals pure. In a word, he is a perfect man."

An Essay.

A great poet once said that, "to him, the most beautiful thing in creation was a beautiful HUMAN SOUL." Singular idea! I said, as I read it, and rather hypothetical, I should think; but let me reflect upon it. What! this invisible something, essence, soul, spirit, or whatever it is—this impalpable being which dwells like a caged bird within a narrow house of clay, and which is subject, to a certain extent, to all the changes which are continually going on around that frail tenement—can this chained prisoner of mortality become "the most beautiful thing in creation?" Are there not a thousand things which tend to falsify such an assertion? Are there not in nature myriad forms which wear the outlines of a higher beauty? Who can look upon the fair creations around them and then say, "There is that within which is more perfect, more beautiful?" Surely not many. Not you, Oh! base deceiver, gloating over the ruin you have made; not you, ye miser hearts who wring from the orphan's pittance the last penny; not you, ye fretting, discontented mortals, whose souls look out of darkened windows, and see no good things on earth; not you, ye drones in the human hive, who gather no honey for the winter's store, but who scatter about your substance with all a prodigal's waste, while ye float on the still waters of apathy, like a lost soul on the sea of the infinite. Your souls are unlovely, undeveloped; light doth not envelop them as a mantle; wisdom hath not decked them with her jewels, ye are not beautiful.

But Nature is not thus deformed. Her landscapes are spread out before us. Here stands the majestic forest; tall oaks from whose shivering leaves dark oracles are borne, wild whispering pines and cedars rustling to the eddying gust. There is the graceful woodbine, the trailing ivy twining its tendrils about the lofty tree, the wild arbutus, the flowering myrtle, and sweet scented lime. Here are smooth pebbles which gleam and glitter in their sandy beds; the sparkling dew-drop nestling in the lily's urn, the drooping velvet-crested violet and the queenly rose—and all these are Nature's works.

Yet more, the earth hath more. There are minds where gold and silver through the darkness shine, and jewels glimmer in their rocky beds. Here a giant mountain lifts its rugged brow, receiving the first and last rays of the day-king. There a quiet valley sleeps bathed in the pure rays of twilight hour. On one hand a gentle stream flows, discoursing sweet music as its rippling current kisses its mossy bank; on the other hand a thundering cataract, leaping and dashing from its rocky heights, sends its spray on high to weave the iris o'er the waves below.

Yet brighter than all these, divinely bright,
The gems which glitter in the crown of night.

One by one, the silent orbs are gathering, and marshaled on the midnight plain, the glittering hosts move on, and throughout heaven's echoing dome resounds the harmony of far-off spheres. Countless worlds are there, system on system rolls, yet order, love, perfection, rules. Where can we look for greater beauty? Can the human mind, cultivated to its utmost capacity, possess it. The soul, hath it any jewels like those which light up the distant mine, or fountains as pure as those which spring from the bosom of earth? Hath it any thing which may rival the stars in glory or the sun in its meridian splendor? It hath thought for its jewels, affection for its fountains, immortality for its glory. Light, truth, wisdom, and love are its rightful inheritance, and reason, placed supreme o'er all, directs it in the paths of duty. Here then is a greater glory than that of all earthly things, for it is a glory which shall endure forever.

We see decay fasten on every thing in nature; the flowers of the field perish with the breath of the "Autumn Angel," towering pines are swept away by the march of civilization, and when we seek again the rippling streamlets on whose banks our infant feet have trod, we behold only the wasted fountains. Thus we pass on by shadows which, at every turn, assume new shapes, and every hour we become more deeply impressed with the instability of all earthly beauty, and in sadness of heart we inquire, hath not that Divine Spirit which formed the essence of the glowing stars, infused into the life of one object of his handy work a principle which shall make it as deathless as himself? The voice of all outward creation is silent, but a low murmur, a rushing as of wings, is borne upon the night wind, and the voice of revelation utters its prophecies, declaring that the stars themselves shall fall, but the soul of man endureth forever, and there is an inner consciousness which responds to the voice of the Almighty, and whispers, "it is true," while notes of joy echo the lofty strain, and live amid the chords of the spirit harp. In this, then, O, human soul! consists thy superiority, but it is not thy immortality alone, can make thee the most beautiful object in creation; for, were it so, then all mind being immortal, all would be alike beautiful; but as we can not reflect upon the qualities of a beautiful soul without having associated with our thoughts some notion of the qualities of a soul the reverse of beautiful, hence, we must conclude that some spirits are more perfect in beauty than others.

If this be so, and if it is only a "beautiful human soul" which can be the most beautiful of all created objects, then who would not strive to possess a quality which can make us rival the stars in glory! Surely it were worth more than the conqueror's crown, the rich man's gold, or the king's high throne, to gain such a treasure, for it shall outlive all these.

As one star surpasses another in brightness, so one soul may excel

another in beauty. Then does it not behoove us, as partakers in that great immortality, to consider well in what consists the beauty of the soul, and in what way we may come to surpass the most exquisite works of nature? And how may we attain that high position? Hath God, with the mysterious will, so created us as to have nothing for us to do? Hath he simply and unconditionally appointed one soul to honor, and another to dishonor? If so, then are we but the passive subjects of his power, and his ways would seem unjust. But since we can not associate injustice with the divine attributes of Jehovah, then we must infer that He hath bestowed similar principles upon all, some of which principles tend to elevate the soul to the highest degree of beauty, while others, if perverted, will sink it in degradation and misery. He has endowed us with the germs of good and noble faculties, requiring us to cultivate them, and promising to those who shall develop the higher beauties of their natures, an inheritance of joy and blessedness, in the realms of infinite beauty; but those who neglect or pervert these faculties, he will overwhelm with shame, and leave them to the confusion of darkness. With a choice thus left to us, who would not rather strive to beautify their souls than spend a lifetime in the acquisition of wealth, the love of which must soon perish?

A beautiful human soul! who is the happy possessor of such a treasure? Is it the man of towering intellect, whose genius, like the eagle, soars above all others of his kind? Is it the man of erudition, the poet, the philosopher?—alas! one hath said, and truly, “that with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool.” The crown of beauty may not be worn by intellect alone. Though mental acumen may excite the homage of the world, yet in the sight of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, this is not accounted to man as greatness, for God judges not as the world judges. To weave round the life within, the delicate tissues of beauty, requires the aid of a greater excellence than the highest intellects of earth can boast. We must seek at the source and fountains of *goodness* for the pearls and the light of beauty. We must ask of our Spirit Father not gold or jewels, not honor or fame, but that we may become as little children, and be taught of angels, striving to learn one letter of the heavenly language.

“A beautiful soul!” How expressive a term!—who can do justice to the shadow of its radiant substance? Clothed in the thick drapery of virtue, the arrows of vice pierce it not; righteousness forms its breastplate, truth its shield, benevolence, love and charity, are the jewels which shall grow brighter in its crown forever. Flowers of purity gemmed with the jewels of wisdom, bloom in the heart, and from its living altars goes up the incense of all holy thoughts. Well may the poet say of such a soul, “Surely it is the most beautiful object in creation.” Death may not de-

stroy it, nor the grave mar its brightness ; but its beauty remains untarnished forever.

Youth, wouldst thou possess a treasure like this? Cultivate then to the utmost all that is good, all that is lovely in thy nature. Let thy intellectual and moral being be alike developed. Neglect not to plant in the garden of thy heart the seeds of all lovely affections, and when they shall have sprung up, watch over them, suffer not a breath to blight the young flower, purity. But above all let thy spirit early learn to soar above the narrow bounds of the material universe. Let thy aspirations go up like grateful incense to the God of heaven, that the dew of his divine love may come down upon thee ; learn on earth the songs of the upper sanctuary, and seek communion with the pure spirits who continually wander through the realms of space. Be Christ-like, pure as he was pure, and good as he was good, and then shalt thou delight in the possession of a beautiful *human* soul, which in due time shall be transfigured into the magnificent likeness of the Father.

ARISTOTLE'S ELOQUENCE.—We possess a genuine fragment which Cicero has preserved to us from a lost work of Aristotle. It runs thus: "If there were beings who lived in the depths of the earth, in dwellings adorned with statues and paintings, and everything which is possessed in rich abundance by those whom we esteem fortunate, and if these beings could receive tidings of the power and might of the Gods, and could then emerge from their hidden dwellings through the open fissures of the earth, to the places which we inherit; if they could suddenly behold the earth, and the sea, and the vault of heaven; could recognize the expanse of the cloudy firmament and the might of the winds of heaven, and admire the sun in its majesty, beauty, and radiant effulgence; and lastly, when night veiled the earth in darkness, they could behold the starry heavens, the changing moon, and the stars rising and setting in the unvarying course ordained from eternity; they would surely exclaim there are Gods, and such great things must be the work of their hands." It has been justly observed, that this passage is alone sufficient to corroborate Cicero's opinion of "the golden flow of Aristotle's eloquence," and that his works are pervaded by something of the inspired force of Plato's genius. Such a testimony to the existence of the heavenly powers, drawn from the beauty and stupendous greatness of the works of creation, is rarely to be met with in the works of antiquity.

He alone is truly great who is so by virtue of intrinsic qualities. The adroit employment of artifice and falsehood may for a time deceive, but that fine intuition which tests character and worth with infallible sagacity, will reverse the decision of mere opinion, and estimate the man as he is.

The Indian Chieftain and his Bride.

On a certain day there came to the mission station at Upper Sandusky, accompanied by his bride, a chief from some unknown tribe. His appearance and manners were such as to create quite a stir among the Indians of the village. The question in every mouth was, "Have you seen the strangers?" and many were the conjectures about their nativity, and the place of their residence. They were affable and communicative, at least as much so as any civilized Indians, but to all queries put to them by chiefs and others, in regard to these points, they observed an unyielding silence. They were evidently in cultivation and refinement far above the ordinary standard of Indian character in general.

They were invited not only to all the hospitalities of the village, but to the festivities where young chiefs and dark-eyed maidens vied with each other in imitating their dress and manners. The arrival of a Kossuth and a Jenny Lind among the whites in one of our cities did not produce a greater excitement among the inhabitants in proportion to their numbers than did the appearance of these mysterious strangers in that quiet and peaceful Indian village. To all the entreaties which were made to get them to partake of the festive cup, they offered a respectful but firm declination. Indeed, in this respect, they presented an anomaly in the Indian character rarely to be found, especially where they are associated with the whites. This, so far from lessening, only increased the interest which they had created in the minds of all. They were looked up to as superior beings, and such, in fact, they were, in more respects than one.

The chief was a perfect model of manly beauty, and decidedly a handsome man. His form was erect, tall, and slender, but well-proportioned. So graceful was his walk, and so dignified his mien, that the Indians called him "the proud chief." His features, though of the Indian cast, were remarkably regular and expressive. His eyes were not large, but dark and penetrating, and when a smile would play over his countenance he was perfectly fascinating.

He was dressed in Indian costume, and the style of it indicated taste. The Indians usually dress fantastically, and hang about their person a profusion of ornaments. Not to have some of them would be to renounce the Indian style, and be, so to speak, entirely out of the fashion. The dress of the stranger chief would therefore, from the necessity of the case, not be devoid of ornaments. His outer garments were made of the finest broadcloth; his cloak, or mantle, was ornamented with thirty silver crescents, half of which hung on his breast, and the remainder ornamented the back part of his dress; his head-band, which was richly and curiously wrought, was hung all round with beautiful silver pendants

or drops; his belt was of the richest wampum, interwoven with beads and porcupine quills; his leggins were decorated with horse-hair dyed red, most beautifully fringed, and filled with silver pendants; his rifle-barrel and stock were inlaid with silver, wrought into many curious devices. The blade, handle, and pipe of his tomahawk were also inlaid with silver. The very trappings of their horses, which were high-spirited, noble animals, were also in keeping with their costume. In fact, all their equipage, saddles, bridles, buffalo robes, and blankets were highly and elaborately ornamented.

Notwithstanding all this exterior ornament, a close observer could discover in the thoughtful countenance of the chief that his mind was not engrossed by his dress and ornaments. He was evidently above them, as he was above his red brethren in cultivation and refinement; and could all the facts be known in regard to his mysterious history, it would doubtless be seen that he was under the influence of a purer spirit than that which pervaded the nation in general. His total abstinence from the inebriating cup, and his unwillingness to engage in the wild and boisterous sports and festivities of the Indians, together with his studied silence in regard to every thing belonging to his kindred and locality—all these, while they excited a world of curiosity and conjecture, also would lead one to the conclusion that he had become a Christian. This, however, is reserved for that great day when all mysteries shall be revealed; when what is now unknown and deeply buried in the human heart, beyond the penetrating ken of mortals, or what the waters of oblivion have washed away from the records of the world and the memory of man, shall be revealed and restored.

The young and beautiful bride of "the proud" chieftain was perhaps, if possible, still more an object of attraction and wonder. She was courted and caressed by the village maidens, and many a young chief culled wild-flowers from the banks of the Sandusky, with which he made garlands to decorate her hair. As her chief was a model of manly beauty, so was she no less a specimen of beauty to the fairer sex.

Her skin was not dark like the Indian, but she was, perhaps, what might be called a brunette. No; this does not describe her color, if, indeed, it can be described. It was clear and transparent, though tinged with brown. Her hair was dark and glossy as the raven, and, when not incased in her silver band, fell in rich and massy ringlets over her beautifully rounded shoulders. Her eyes were soft and blue, with dark arches and lids, which gave her great beauty of expression. Her teeth were white and regular, and there was a bewitching sweetness about her looks that caused all the maidens to love her. Her person was tall, a little above medium height, and perfectly symmetrical. She wore a dress richly embroidered and decorated with jewels, which gave her a magnifi-

cent appearance. Her morning dress, or *dishabille*, consisted of a robe of red silk, profusely ornamented with silver, and inclosed at the neck with a large silver clasp, while the waist was encircled with a zone of the same material. Few ladies in the most refined circles of society, in our large cities, could be found who dressed more richly, or, perhaps, with better taste, than did the chieftain's bride. In her person she was a model of neatness, and there was an air of freshness and buoyancy about her that ladies pent up within the walls, and dust, and smoke of the city could scarcely hope to acquire.

This mysterious couple did not pitch their tent with the other Indians, but selected a spot a short distance from the village. Their tent was composed of the finest materials, and furnished in a style perfectly in keeping with every thing else that belonged to them. None knew where they came from, or to what nation they belonged, though it was generally believed that the tribe to which they belonged had become extinct, and that they were the last of a nation which had been numbered with the forgotten dead. Rumor, also, with her attentive ear and ready tongue, said that the proud chieftain's wife was a daughter of General Butler; that she had been reared in affluence, and enjoyed all the advantages of a polite education and the refinements of a fashionable life; but that, like a caged bird, when opportunity presented itself, she flew to her beloved wildwood, and, uniting herself with her early love, they sought together a home among the peaceful and semi-Christian Wyandotts.

In matters connected with the interests of the mission they both took a lively interest, though they never united with the Church. There may have been reasons for this course, which, to a highly cultivated Indian who nevertheless retained his Indian prejudices, were quite satisfactory. Certain it is that they were governed, in all their deportment and intercourse with the villagers, by the strictest integrity and kindness.

The same mystery which hung so impenetrable a veil over their history, as deeply and darkly shrouded their fate. Whither they went, none knew—what became of them, none could tell. Many were the Indian surmises regarding them. Some of the more superstitious thought they were spirits sent back from the great spirit land, and that their dress and equipage, their horses and dogs were such as the Great Spirit would bestow upon the good Indian when he died.

Another conjecture, however, was perhaps the more plausible. We have before remarked that they associated but little with their Indian neighbors, and many were heard to say of the chief, "He too proud to be with Indian." The conjecture to which we allude was, that a party of them, filled with envy, as were the brethren of Joseph in olden time, conceived the horrid idea of putting them to death. If this supposition be correct, so skillfully did they plan and carry into execution the deed

of darkness, that no one knows to this day the place of their graves. The Indians were as careful to conceal the graves of those they hated in life, as they were solicitous of their death. There is among them a tradition that messenger birds can be sent with the blessings of friends to the spirit land. Their mode was to take unfledged birds and cage them till they were able to fly; and then, taking them to the grave, after kissing, caressing, and loading them with blessings, they set them at liberty, that they might fly away with their messages to the spirit land. Knowing that the young chief and his blue-eyed, beautiful companion were beloved by many of the nation, and that their graves would be dear to them, they, perhaps, resolved that some deep glen or water-filled cavern in the dark river should forever seclude them from human vision.

National Recollections.

How is the spirit of a free people to be formed, and animated, and cheered, but out of the store-house of its historic recollections? Are we to be eternally ringing the changes upon Marathon and Thermopylæ; and going back to read in obscure texts of Greek and Latin of the exemplars of patriotic virtue? I thank God that we can find them nearer home, in our own country, on our own soil; that strains of the noblest sentiment that ever swelled in the breast of man, are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue; that the colonial and provincial councils of America exhibit to us models of the spirit and character, which gave Greece and Rome their name and their praise among the nations. Here we ought to go for our instruction: the lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable. When we go to ancient history, we are bewildered with the difference of manners and institutions. We are willing to pay our tribute of applause to the memory of Leonidas, who fell nobly for his country in the face of his foe. But when we trace him to his home, we are confounded at the reflection, that the same Spartan heroism, to which he sacrificed himself at Thermopylæ, would have led him to tear his own child, if it had happened to be a sickly babe—the very object for which all that is kind and good in man rises up to plead—from the bosom of its mother, and carry it out to be eaten by the wolves of Taygetus. We feel a glow of admiration at the heroism displayed at Marathon, by the ten thousand champions of invaded Greece; but we cannot forget that the tenth part of the number were slaves, unchained from work-shops and door-posts of their masters to go and fight the battles of freedom. I do not mean that these examples are to destroy the interest with which we read the history of ancient times; they possibly increase that interest by the very contrast

they exhibit. But they do warn us, if we need the warning, to seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home; out of the exploits and sacrifices of which our own country is the theater; out of the characters of our own fathers. Them we know—the high-souled, natural, unaffected, citizen heroes. We know what happy fire-sides they left for the cheerless camp. We know with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field. There is no mystery, no romance, no madness, under the name of chivalry, about them. It is all resolute, manly resistance for conscience and liberty's sake, not merely of an overwhelming power, but of all the force of long-rooted habits and native love of order and peace.

Above all, their blood calls to us from the soil which we tread; it beats in our veins; it cries to us not merely in the thrilling words of one of the first victims in this cause—"My sons, scorn to be slaves!"—but it cries with a still more moving eloquence—"My sons, forget not your fathers!" Fast, oh! too fast, with all our efforts to prevent it, their precious memories are dying away. Notwithstanding our numerous written memorials, much of what is known of those eventful times dwells but in the recollections of a few revered survivors, and with them is rapidly perishing, unrecorded and irretrievable. How many prudent counsels, conceived in perplexed times; how many heart-stirring words, uttered when liberty was treason; how many brave and heroic deeds, performed when the halter, not the laurel, was the promised meed of patriotic daring—are already lost and forgotten in the graves of their authors! How little do we—although we have been permitted to hold converse with the venerable remnants of that day—how little do we know of their dark and anxious hours; of their secret meditations; of the hurried and perilous events of the momentous struggle! And while they are dropping around us like the leaves of autumn, while scarce a week passes that does not call away some member of the veteran ranks, already so sadly thinned, shall we make no effort to hand down the traditions of their day to our children; to pass the torch of liberty, which we received in all the splendor of its first enkindling, bright and flaming, to those who stand next us on the line; so that, when we shall come to be gathered to the dust where our fathers are laid, we may say to our sons and our grandsons, "If we did not amass, we have not squandered your inheritance of glory?"

Nothing can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any subject; and even if excessive skepticism could be maintained it would be more destructive to all just reasoning and inquiry. Where men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have their reins given to passion, without the proper deliberation and suspense, which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.

The Land of Dreams.

A mighty realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steepes that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living, hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the specters of guilty fear,
And soft, low voices that float through the night
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce weaned from the love of childish play!
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the early bloom of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know by the moving lips, that now
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!
Oh keep where that beam of Paradise falls;
And only wander where thou may'st meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
With love and peace to this world of strife;
And the light that over that border streams
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

The Admission of New Members.

No duties connected with the working of a Lodge are more important than the careful investigation of the character of candidates for initiation. In consequence of superficial investigation, or the great dislike on the part of members to reporting unfavorably, and the liberal construction too often put upon reprehensible or doubtful conduct, unworthy persons are sometimes admitted, who, not carrying out the principles of Odd-Fellowship in their lives, cast a stigma upon the entire Order, and thereby produce a prejudice against the institution, which is seriously detrimental to the progress and advancement of the cause. When a brother is appointed upon an investigating committee, he should conscientiously and faithfully discharge the duties entrusted to him, remembering that the Lodge must frequently rely wholly on the report, and never, unless he is convinced, after a careful and thorough examination, that the candidate is worthy of being received into the Order, should he report favorably. The investigation should be conducted, if possible, without the knowledge of the candidate. We have frequently known of brothers going to the candidate himself for references, etc.—a practice which can not be too severely censured, as the report of the Committee generally decides the question of admission, and the candidate, if rejected, knowing the Committee, reflects upon them, and attributes his defeat to personal prejudice or private malice.

If this Committee, says Bro. Grosh, in the *Odd Fellows' Manual*, is careless in the performance of its duty, or lax in its standard of social and moral qualifications, in but a single instance, a grievous if not irreparable injury may be inflicted on many brethren, on the Lodge, and on the Order. Years may elapse before the evil can be arrested; certainly before its consequences can be repaired.

Even a man esteemed to sustain a good moral character, may be *socially* such that his admission will be worse than that of an outright bad man. The latter would be ejected at once, easily and lawfully; but the former may foment disturbances and strifes, and get up factions and divisions, and introduce annoyances in the shape of unpleasant words and looks, so cunningly, that charges and specifications cannot easily be preferred, or conviction procured; and yet a nest of wasps would be scarcely a less evil in the Lodge each night, than all would at last acknowledge him to be. But before such unanimity can be produced, the injured, the peaceably disposed and the honorable will have left, disgusted and grieved, and the Lodge is not only weakened, but its character almost ruined in public estimation. And all this, merely because an investigating Committee was in an easy humor, or too indolent or careless to make

the necessary inquiry. Therefore we say, let no man be placed on that Committee, as a mere compliment. Select active, resolute men, who understand the duty, and will perform it faithfully; men of good moral and social character, and who will require the same in others.

And let every member of such a Committee feel responsible, as if *he* were *the* Committee; as if the entire character, funds and welfare of the Lodge rested on his decision. Let him, in making inquiry, insist on having sufficient time to write abroad, if the candidate is not an old resident. Demand at least as careful inquiry as you would concerning an individual to whom you are about to lend a large sum of money. Reflect that our Lodge is our family, and that admission into it frequently, almost necessarily, admits into our domestic circles also.

Now, *what characters* are we willing to receive into the intimacy of a fraternal intercourse with ourselves, our wives, brothers, sisters, sons or daughters? Does this question go too far? Consider a few consequences of admission into our Order.

1. If laid on the bed of sickness, the candidate (if become a member) may be the visitor to call on you freely, mingle in your family, and impart to them the benefits allowed by your Lodge. Is he such a one as you would allow in this intimacy when you are, perhaps, unconscious of his doings, and at all events unable closely to observe his conduct? Is he a man of principle, of honor, of goodness of heart? If not, why report in his favor?

2. When you are sick or dying, he, if a member, may be detailed to sit at your bedside during the silent watches of the night. He will mingle with your loved ones when they most need sympathy and support, and when this want will render them most open and confiding. He will administer the medicines on which your life depends, when your family sleep under the double influence of deep grief and great weariness, and he is required to attend you with all a nurse's prudence and a brother's tenderness. And should death invade the citadel of life, he will be amid your mourning family—perhaps at midnight—their aider, consoler, and friend. Is he the man of kindly feelings and purity of life to be thus deeply, confidently trusted in the craving want of sympathy, in the unguarded hours of mourning agony? If not, how can you, in justice to your own and your brethren's families, refrain from doing your utmost to keep him out of your Lodge?

3. When your mortal life has been dissolved by the chemistry of death, your widow and orphans may become the charge of your "brethren of the mystic tie." Then the proposed candidate, if a member, may be brought into a peculiar nearness to them as an official guardian and adviser. These duties may pave the way to many opportunities to pervert the tender principles of youthful gratitude and confidence, and abuse the

trust of the widow and her orphans. Though a majority of the Lodge guard carefully their interest in its funds, his injuries may reach deeper, far deeper than they can guard against. Has he, then, that humanity which will make him truly fraternal in watching over their interests and welfare? Will he often "visit the widow and the fatherless in their afflictions," and yet prevent his visits from being a blighting curse, by keeping "himself unspotted from the world?" Can you answer positively in the affirmative? If not, how can you report favorably?

The man of lax morals or loose principles; the despiser of public opinion in matters of reputation; the slanderer and contemner of female virtue; the man who readily infers evil of others, and is free to insinuate his surmises against reputation; the unfeeling, the selfish, the vindictive, the jealous, the avaricious, the mean in conduct, are unfit to be members in our living Temple, sacred to Friendship, Love and Truth. That some such are already within its walls but adds to the earnestness of our entreaty to bring in no more such to fill up the vacancies we are making among their number by suspensions and expulsions.

But if satisfied, from an examination of the candidate's life, and especially his conduct in his family or among his intimate associates, that, notwithstanding the frailties common to our nature, he is still a man of humanity and sound principle, and worthy a seat in "our family," report in his favor at once. The influences of Odd-Fellowship cannot render such a one worse, but will certainly make him a better man. But if doubtful, merely *doubtful*, report it, and give the Lodge the benefit of your doubt. Rejection is but for a few months, not for all time. It does not decide that he is *positively unworthy*, but only that he is *not known to be worthy*.

Stanzas.

Oh, for the bright and gladsome hours, when, like a wandering stream,
My spirit caught from earth and sky the light of every beam:
When if into my laughing eye a tear-drop chanced to start,
'Twas banished in a moment by the sunshine of the heart.

I'm musing on the happy past, the first spring time of life,
When every tone of wind and wave with melody was rife;
When all youth's hopes and promises, those rainbows of my sky,
Danced forth in fairy vision before my wondering eye.

My thoughts are all as pure and sweet as when I was a child,
And all my bright imaginings are just as free and wild;
And were it not for one bright link within affection's chain,
I'd wish to wander to that spot, and be a child again.

The Huguenot's Grave.

It was on one of the brightest of the bright southern days that I took my way through a long alley of shadowy palms, which led from the estate of Orange Grove, and which I now perceived led to a lonely little church-yard. Oh! dear native isle of Jamaica, that I may perhaps visit no more, many and varied are thy scenes through which I have lingered there, but none were then fairer than that sweet spot which though far away, "in dreams I oft revisit."

None but a poetic mind could have selected this spot for its purpose, for if any thing could charm the terrors of the dark shadow of death, it would be the prospect of resting forever in such a heavenly spot. On the north rose an impassible barrier against the high winds, in the form of a high cliff, covered and festooned with a wild luxuriance of the odoriferous and ever blooming native clinging plants that forced themselves through the crevices of the rocks. The other sides were enclosed by a hedge formed of every variety of the orange and lime species, mingling profusely their wealth of unplucked golden fruits with the bright blossoms of the scarlet cordia and syrian thorn, inlaced with long wreaths of the prickly cactus, the Florence creeper and olio fragrance, with their snow white and highly perfumed blossoms. Myriads of bright hued birds, secure from molestation, had chosen this for their home. The numerous varieties of humming birds, the sweet toned nightingale, and brilliant goldfinch, all mingled their tuneful voices in harmonious concert with the distant murmur of the ocean that floated up on the soft breeze, all seeming to lull the eternal repose of the sleepers of the valley. As I wandered slowly through the maze of green mounds, my eyes rested on a fair white monument which arose above the rest. I approached, and deciphered the following inscription:

"Cigit Gaultier Emile De Laroche-Lambert. Ne a Rochelle A. D.—
Bienheureux ceux qui sont misericordieux, parce qu'ils obtiendront eux-mêmes miséricorde. Mat. v, 7."

As I was thus engaged, I perceived for the first time a lady and gentleman who were slowly advancing up the opposite path. The gentleman was above the middle height and finely formed. On his broad and open brow, as well as his graceful carriage, were stamped the unmistakable signs of nobility of birth and soul. The lady who leaned upon his arm appeared some years younger than her companion, and never was there

"A nymph or Naiad, or a grace
Of fairer form, or lovelier face."

Her simple robe of white, flowed over a form of perfect grace, and her dark curls shaded a fair brow and eyes that beamed with the softest

light of the South, while the bright expression of *espieglerie* that danced around her pretty little mouth, proclaimed at least her affinity, if she was not a daughter of *la belle France*. I remained a silent witness while they proceeded to decorate the tomb with flowers, which they had woven into tasteful chaplets. This pious duty ended, they accosted me with the frank freedom of the South :

"Mademoiselle appears to be a stranger?"

"Yes," I answered, "from Savanah la Mar, and on a visit to my cousins at Orange Grove."

"Ah, they are our good friends and neighbors," answered the gentleman and lady simultaneously.

Some remarks passed on the scenery, etc., when I once more reverted with some curiosity to the tomb which had caused our meeting.

"Perhaps, if you have leisure, our short story might be interesting ; this shade is pleasant, the air delightful, and here is a soft grassy bank." I accepted this cordial offer with many thanks, and disposed myself as an attentive listener.

"Marie," said the husband, for such he was, "will you be the historian?" but she timidly declined, and urged him to fulfil his promise himself.

"Well, be it so," said he, smilingly, "since you will not be persuaded."

On the evening of the twenty-fourth of August, the eventful eve of that day which forms the darkest page in the history of France—the massacre of St. Bartholomew—a company of light horsemen entered Paris. The boots and dresses of the cavaliers, covered with dust, announced that they had come from a long distance. On the countenance of each was painted a look of vague expectation of some terrible event. They were commanded by Captain De Laroche-Lambert. He halted his troop in an undecided manner, while a low murmur of dissatisfaction arose among the wearied soldiers.

"Patience," said the officer, "here come two cavaliers, with orders, doubtless."

One was superbly dressed in a military suit, and mounted on a splendid war horse ; the other wore a robe of black, and carried a crucifix of wood in his hand. The cavaliers drew up, and the military one addressed Captain De Laroche-Lambert.

"I kiss your hands, Monsieur ; do you recognize your humble servant De Mauravel?" The captain, who knew him but as the assassin of the brave Menoy replied dryly :

"I am not acquainted with Monsieur. I suppose you are come to tell us why we are here."

"In order to save our good king and sacred religion from the peril which menaces them."

"What peril?" asked the captain, contemptuously.

"The Huguenots have conspired against his majesty, but their guilty plots have been discovered in time, thanks to God, and here is an order for their extermination this night, during their sleep."

"Even as the Midianites were smitten," said the man in the black robe.

"Miserable assassin!" cried De Laroche-Lambert. "Do you think I would lend my hand to assist in the murder of sleeping men?"

"Can you, a Catholic and subject of King Charles, refuse? Do you recognize the signature of the marshal of Retz, to whom you owe obedience?" was the answer, as he handed him the document.

The captain took it, and read by light of a torch an order to obey implicitly the commands of Mauravel. To the order was joined a "List of heretics to be put to death in the quarter Saint Antoine."

"Never," he cried, "shall my brave soldiers perform the part of assassins."

"Brave men!" cried Mauravel, addressing the soldiers, "the Huguenots wish to murder the King and the Catholics. His majesty's command is that they be exterminated, and he grants you the pillage of their houses. Well, captain, do you intend to obey?"

"I am no longer captain," cried he, tearing off his gorget and scarf, the insignia of his rank in the service.

"Seize the traitor," ordered Mauravel; "kill the rebel!" But not one of the soldiers attempted to molest their commander. "Adieu, cowards!" said he; "I thought you were soldiers; I find you are but assassins." With these words he put spurs to his horse, and was soon out of sight.

During the massacre which followed, the *ci devant* captain rescued from one of his own former soldiers an infant girl whose mother or nurse had been ruthlessly murdered, and with his characteristic humanity, carried it with care through all the dangers to which he was subsequently subject from his refusal to participate in the massacre. He finally escaped to the West Indies, and there settled with the infant, whom he brought up as his own daughter, and tried to fill with her love the void in his affections, occasioned by the loss of his son, a noble boy, of whom he had lost all trace during the horrors of civil war. Every effort that a banished man could make was attempted without success, until five years afterwards, when a vessel arrived with some French settlers. M. De Laroche-Lambert hastened to the port to offer the hospitality of his house to his countrymen. While politely welcoming them, a weather-beaten, soldierly looking man, after looking at him earnestly, sprang forward, and with tears of joy in his eyes, embracing him, cried, "Ah! mon Capitaine, T' ai je trouve?"—Oh! my Captain, have I found you at last?

"Is it indeed thou, Alphonse?" cried De Laroche-Lambert, surveying his former sergeant, for such he was.

"Yes, my Captain; and here is some one whom you will be more rejoiced to see;" and he led forward a youth of twelve years of age, who was gazing wonderingly on the scene which was passing. In a moment, the son was locked in his father's arms; it was indeed the long-lost Eugene. Distinctions of rank were now all forgotten. M. De Laroche-Lambert took his old soldier to his home, and mourned him as a brother when he died, which event happened shortly after; but his last days of sickness were cheered by a discovery—one of those coincidences which show us plainly the finger of Providence in earthly matters. The dying soldier would often gaze intently on the little girl, who now played around the garden and sported over the terraces, and mutter to himself, "so like, so like my poor Marie." Tripping by him one fine day, as he sat in the warm sunlight, she let fall a medallion which she wore around her neck when she was rescued. "Oh! my daughter, my daughter!" cried the invalid, as he hastily examined it, and discovered the initials "M. D'H." on the reverse of a braid of golden hair.

Alphonse D'Herbeau had left his motherless infant daughter in the care of her Huguenot aunt, and, like his captain, had failed to discover any trace of her. Believing that she had been murdered with the family of his sister, he had devoted all his energies to the task of sheltering the son of his captain, whom he had rescued from his father's house before it was pillaged.

There remains little more to be said. The old soldier died and was buried in this church-yard. You behold in my wife the little Marie, and I am Eugene De Laroche-Lambert.

LEISURE HOURS.—It was a beautiful observation of the late William Hazlitt, that, "There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science in it. If we pass no day without a line—visit no place without the company of a book—we may with ease fill libraries, or empty them of their contents. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have." We should be careful to instill early teaching. Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked oak will tell of the act for centuries to come.

The Rev. Sidney Smith observes that, "The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible."

Audubon, the Naturalist.

Audubon was born the same year the Declaration of Independence was made (1776), on a plantation in Louisiana, then a French possession, where his father, a retired and cultivated French naval officer, had settled, and where, under the instruction of that excellent parent, he acquired his love for natural objects. As early as he could remember, he says, he took an interest in the animal creation, and because he could not be always with the birds, he brought the birds to him, as well as he could, by taking their portraits in a rude and uninstructed way.

The young naturalist was sent to France to perfect his skill. In Paris he took lessons of David, but soon grew weary of the task, and longed to return once more to his native woods. "What had I to do," he asked "with monstrous torsos, and the heads of heathen gods, when my business lay among the birds?" Sure enough; and accordingly the student made his way back to the fields. He took possession of a farm on the banks of the Schuylkill, in Pennsylvania, which had been given to him by his father, and here the taste thus early developed became the master passion of his life.

It was not long after that he was married to a woman in every way adapted to his elevated taste—one who appreciated his genius and sympathized in his pursuits; and with her, the better to pursue his studies, he removed to a residence he had purchased at Henderson, Kentucky. He gives a graphic account of his first journey to that new home, which was then distant and desolate. Steam boats had not yet vexed the placid waters of the Ohio, to drive away the flat boat and the canoe, and the shores were still covered with a luxuriant virgin vegetation. Unbroken thickets, enormous trees, endless reaches of forests, arose on all sides, and where populous cities now send up their noise and smoke, the vultures screamed from the hill-tops, and savage animals came down to the openings to drink. But all this only made the region more inviting to the young voyager, and he penetrated the vast solitudes with a sprightly, eager joy. It was precisely amid the rich and varied magnificence of nature that he hoped to find those winged treasures for which his soul yearned.

Once settled in his rustic western dwelling, Audubon made wide and frequent excursions, not merely into all parts of the neighboring country, but over much of our whole broad inland. Provided with a rough leathern dress, with a knapsack that contained his pencils and his colors, and with a good trusty gun at his side, he wandered for days, and even months, in search of animals to describe and paint. At one time, we find him watching for hours in the tangled cane-brakes of Kentucky,

where some shy songster is silently rearing her brood; at another, he is seen scaling the almost inaccessible mountains, where the eagle hovers over its rocky nest; and now he is floating in a frail skiff down the rushing tide of the Mississippi, and is carried on, he knows not whither, by the flood; then the jealous Indian prowls about his lonely path, or lurks beneath the trees on which he sleeps, waiting for an opportunity to put an end to his life and his uncomprehended labors together; here he begs food and shelter in some lonely log cabin of the frontiers; and there he wanders hopelessly through the interminable pine-barrens of Florida, while hunger, heat, thirst, insects, and wild beasts, beleaguer his steps like so many persecuting spirits. But wherever he is, whatever lot betides—in difficulty and danger, as well as in the glow of discovery and success—the same high genial enthusiasm warms him, the same unfaltering purpose sustains and fortifies his soul. The hero on the battle-field never marched to victory more firmly than he marched to the conquests of science and art.

After years of labor, some of his drawings were shown by him to Lawson, who engraved designs for the works of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Musignano, but they were rejected by Lawson as quite impossible to be engraved!

Nothing daunted by this repulse, Audubon at length proceeded to England. He relates with the utmost simplicity that on going to Europe, he trod its busy cities more desolate of heart amid their throngs than he had ever been in the woods, and fancied that no one of the driving multitudes there would know or care about the unfriended back-woodsman, who came, without acquaintance and without introduction, to solicit their hospitality and aid. But what was his surprise and delight to find that at Edinburgh he was generously welcomed by Jeffrey, Wilson, and Sir Walter Scott; while at Paris, Cuvier, St. Hilaire, and Humboldt (whom, by the way, he had once casually met in America), were proud to call him friend. The learned societies hastened to greet him with their first academical honors, and he was introduced as a companion and peer among men eminent in all works of literature and art, whose names are illustrious and venerable in both hemispheres. No painful quarantine of hope deferred, as too often falls to the lot of genius, was appointed to his share; no protracted poverty withered and cut short his labors. The result was a work on Ornithology, with splendid volumes of paintings, illustrated in the letter-press with animated descriptions and lively incidents of personal adventure. When it was published, it at once established his fame abroad, and, though he knew it not, gave him a high reputation at home. But besides the willing and instant applause he received, it should be said that of the one hundred and seventy subscribers to his book, at two hundred guineas each, nearly half came from

England and France. This testimony to his merit was as honorable to those who gave it as it was to those who received it, and must have largely compensated him—not for the expense, which we will not mention here—but for the trouble and pain of his marvelous exertions.

This was not, however, a success that in any degree intoxicated his mind, for no sooner had he returned home, crowned with fame and easy in fortune, than he resumed his arduous tasks. His was not a nature that could be content with reposing upon laurels. On the contrary, an incessant activity was the law of his life. If anything could have tempted him into the indolence of a comfortable retirement it was the charm of his happy family, where, surrounded by his accomplished wife and sons, blessed with competence, and enjoying general respect, he could have whiled away the evening of his days in security, peace, and affection. But stronger than these to him were the seductions of the fields, and that nameless, restless impulse which ever forces men of genius along their peculiar paths. He was soon again immersed in preparations for his perilous journeys, and set out upon them with as much hopefulness and joy as ever marked his earlier days.

When Audubon had completed his various Ornithologies, he projected, with the aid of the Rev. Dr. Bachman, his firm friend, the well known geologist, a similar work in respect to the quadrupeds. Indeed he had already, in his previous wanderings, accumulated a large mass of materials, and was only anxious to complete his design. But the approach of age—he being then nearly seventy—induced his friends to dissuade him from some of the more toilsome and hazardous expeditions necessary to complete his undertaking. He therefore left a portion of it to Dr. Bachman and to his sons, who inherit much of his talent.

Before this second great undertaking was accomplished, the over wrought constitution had begun to fail, the powers of both mind and body were exhausted; the once brilliant eyes could no longer keenly inspect the minute and delicate organs of the smaller quadrupeds or birds; nor could the once firm hand trace aught but trembling lines. We have heard that the last gleam of light stole across his features a few days before his death, which took place on the 27th of January, 1851, when one of his sons held before him, as he sat in his chair, some of his most cherished drawings.

In all our lessons as Odd Fellows the duties of honesty, morality, and temperance are inculcated under circumstances the best calculated to impress them on the mind, and to ensure their observance. There is no law, lesson, nor obligation known to our Order which conflicts with any duty we owe to God, our country, or ourselves; but on the contrary, all of them most emphatically sustain and enforce those duties.

Eloquent Extract.

A Methodist clergyman in Texas advertised a barbacue, with better liquor than was usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd charged him with telling them a falsehood, when the speaker, exultingly pointing his finger at the matchless spring, gushing up in two strong columns from the bosom of the earth, replied in the following eloquent language :

“There! there is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over the smoky fires, choked with poisonous gasses, and surrounded with the stench and sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs; and upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storms crash, and away far out, on the wild, wild sea, where the hurricane blows music, and the big waves roar the chorus sweeping the march of God; there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water.

“And every where it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drops, singing in the summer’s rain; shining in the ice gem, till the trees seem turning to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight’s moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many colored iris; the seraph’s zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose wool is the sun-beam of heaven, all chequered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still, always, it is beautiful—that blessed blue water! no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; pale widows and starving orphans weep not in burning tears in its depths; no drunkard’s shrieking ghost, from the grave, curses it in words of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon’s drink, Alcohol?”

A shout, like the roaring of a tempest, answered—“No!”

How to LIVE.—If a man cheats you, stop dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the best way is to let him alone; for nothing is better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with. When it is discovered that you will not quarrel you will be let alone.

Infidelity of Secret Societies.

Infidelity means one thing to one person, and another thing to another person. There is the "infidel" of common parlance; he is a disbeliever in God and in religion. There are the Protestants who are infidels as to the Roman Catholic church, and there are the Mohammedans who are branded infidels by the rest of Christendom. But we have not to deal with these; it is simply with the infidels of common parlance. We know of no secret society which ignores the Deity—which does not acknowledge his power, his majesty and glory—which does not teach, at least, the practice of those duties which, if observed, would make men like their Creator. Neither are the secret benevolent societies of the day of immoral or infidelic tendency—on the contrary, we insist that they are founded upon Faith in God, and continue by requiring obedience to his laws.

With regard to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, no man's claim to admission may even be considered if he disbelieves in the existence of an Almighty Creator and Ruler of the universe; and the duties which the Order inculcates are consonant with those taught by Christ. "Pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow, and to keep yourself unspotted from the world." There is no infidelity in such a religion as that. Every nominal Odd Fellow is required to practice those pure preachings, and every *real* Odd Fellow does practice them. To our mind, the vitality of Odd-Fellowship consists in its heaven-born principles, and not in signs, degrees and grips. Odd-Fellowship without friendship, love and truth, and its faith, hope and charity, is a body without a soul—a thing which if we attempt to preserve, it will offend us by its odor. Its principles are its life, its strength, its beauty. Those principles require faith in God, purity in ourselves, and charity towards our neighbors. In the practice of these duties, how painful it must be to the true Odd Fellow to meet with opposition at every step from the holy and religious; and yet their greatest opposers, as well as supporters, are to be found there. We have no hard words to reply to these criticisms. The charitable teachings of our fraternity requires us to "give charitable judgment." The reason our Order is stamped as "infidel," undoubtedly arises from the secrecy of its good deeds, and the unworthiness of some of its members. Its good deeds are felt—not seen—hence many suppose that they do not exist. In the stillness of night, in darkness, and in secrecy, the true Odd Fellow acts the true man, and goes to the side of the sick, the poor, and the forgotten; he ministers to his necessities, he relieves his sufferings, he weeps over his sorrows. The gaze of the world is shut out, but the eye of God seeth; the world cheers not with its tumultuous applause, but the

approving conscience nerves the arm and induces him to go on and brave all opposition. This practice certainly is not infidelic. It is obedience to God to look after His children, to acknowledge them as brethren.

Here we are met, however, by some who cheerfully admit all this, but urge the necessity of a "change of heart," or a union with the church. We admit that Odd-Fellowship does not teach these doctrines; at the same time it does not, either in word or deed, deny them. It is not a religious organization; it is benevolent, and so far practices what every pure religion teaches. The religious opinions of its members are not interfered with. It teaches simply faith in God, purity in ourselves, and charity toward all men; its organization is only to give force and effect to their charities. Against the church, the head and front of its offense hath this extent—no more.

True Benevolence.

"How shrilly the storm whistles around the corners of the streets, or howls down the chimney; and hark to the sleet pattering furiously against the casement! Oh! the poor—what sufferings must be theirs on such a night as this."

The speaker was one in whom such language would have seemed, to common ears, strange. He was attired with great nicety, almost amounting to foppishness, and his broad forehead and handsome face betrayed none of the furrows of care. Rich, courted, and as yet a stranger to sorrow, Judson Layton had still a heart open to the miseries of his less favored fellow beings, and now, as he sat before the cheery fire in that luxurious parlor, his thoughts turned involuntarily to the houseless outcasts who might be wandering in the streets. His words were partly to a lady, who sat opposite to him on the sofa. She was dressed fashionably and with exquisite taste. Her face was lovely, surpassingly lovely, with regular features, and eyes, eyebrows and forehead, of unrivaled beauty. It was evident from the look with which Layton turned toward her, that his heart had been touched, if not overcome, by her beauty. She returned his fond look, and replied:

"Yes; poor wretches! I fear enough has not been done for them this winter. You don't know, Mr. Layton, how my heart has bled, during the explorations I have lately been making among the lanes and alleys of the suburbs. Such scenes of destitution and sickness. Oh! I shudder even to recur to them;" and she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out some disagreeable object. Layton's fine eyes expressed deeper admiration at this evidence of her sympathy; and had they been alone, perhaps his feelings would have hurried him into the declaration

he had been long meditating. But there was a third person in the room, whom we have hitherto forgotten, though to be thus postponed to her cousin was the usual fate of Ellen Clifford. And yet, when one came to look at her, the causes of this neglect seemed doubtful. True, she was not as splendidly beautiful as Lucy, but her soft, dove-like eyes shone with an expression which seemed more angelic than earthly; and her whole countenance impressed the beholder with feelings of purity and awe. She was sitting at a table, a little apart, busily plying her needle, and seemed to take no part in the conversation, though when her cousin answered Layton, she started and looked up, first at her and then at him, and catching the expression on his face, she turned deadly pale. Bending over her work to hide her feelings, she remained silent and almost unconscious of what was going on, until Layton rose to take his leave.

"You have been quite still to-night, Ellen," he said; "but I attribute it all to that beautiful pair of slippers you are working. I never knew before that you loved embroidery."

Ellen blushed, and without raising her eyes, replied quietly, "They are not for myself."

Layton colored, and it was evident from his manner, that what he heard was, from some cause, disagreeable to him. He looked inquiringly at Lucy, and then answered:

"Whoever the person is, Miss Ellen, he has great reason to be proud, and would be even more so if he knew how devoted you have been to your work;" and without waiting for a reply, he bowed to both ladies and left the room, without noticing the flash of triumph in Lucy's eyes.

The instant the door closed on him Ellen sprang from her seat, and left the parlor by the opposite entrance, while Lucy flung herself again on the sofa, and following her cousin with her looks, burst, when she had departed, into a clear, ringing, exulting laugh. Ellen, the instant she left the parlor, burst into tears, and hurrying up stairs, locked herself in her room. Then flinging herself passionately on her bed, she wept as if her heart would break.

"Oh! cruel, cruel," she added, "to tell me I am working the slippers for another, when only he is in my heart. He little knows that I am embroidering them to raise a few dollars to assist nurse in her poverty. And Lucy, heartless Lucy! to talk about her sympathy for the destitute, when she will do nothing for our almost second mother, who is now sick and in poverty. Could Judson only know the truth!" and she wept afresh.

Ellen, unlike her cousin, was not an heiress; for the little pittance left her by her deceased parent barely sufficed for her most necessary wants; and had not her uncle offered her a home, her scanty annuity would have been insufficient even for these. Thus, though her heart was open as day to charity, she had no means of relieving the necessitous, unless by

the manufacture and sale of such articles as the embroidered slippers, on which she had been working that evening. These were intended, as her words implied, to relieve the wants of a sick, and perhaps dying old servant, who had formerly been a nurse in her father's family, and who was now in the lowest depth of poverty. She had applied to her young friends for assistance, and Ellen was anxious to supply her with every comfort that her limited means could purchase.

Our readers have already suspected the state of Ellen's heart. Her love for Layton had grown up insensibly to herself. He had long been in the habit of visiting at her uncle's, and for some time his attentions had been equally divided between Lucy and herself; and his warm heart, high intellect, and extensive acquirements, rendered him just the person to win the heart of such a girl as Ellen. She would sit whole evenings listening to his eloquent conversation, never speaking unless spoken to, but busily plying her needle. Nor did she become aware of the nature of her feelings for Layton until the increased particularity of his attentions to Lucy awakened her to the fact that she loved him. Then she strove against her passion, but alas! it had become so interwoven with her gentle heart that only death could remove it.

Lucy had long desired to become the wife of Judson Layton, for his standing in society was high, and his fortune almost that of the millionaire. She had early seen that he had wavered between her cousin and herself, and all her arts had been exerted to win the prize. She, therefore, assumed feelings she did not entertain, as in the conversation we have just recorded; and at length, by such duplicity, united to her extraordinary and striking beauty, she succeeded so far as to regard her ultimate triumph certain. The consciousness of this caused the exulting laugh with which she saw Ellen depart from the parlor.

The next day, Mr. Layton called, and invited the cousins to go with him to a beneficial concert that evening. Ellen would have declined, but had not sufficient plea; besides, her uncle, who was present, insisted on it. After the concert there was an address for the poor, to be followed by a collection. The speaker was one of the most eloquent men in the city, and on this occasion he surpassed himself. The enthusiasm he awoke was perceptible when the plates were passed through the assembly. Many who had left their purses at home, took off their rings and threw them down for alms. Among these persons was Lucy, who drew a valuable diamond from her finger, and thus gave it away. Layton saw the action, and mentally resolved to wait on the committee in the morning and redeem the ring, and with this determination, glanced at Ellen to see what would be her offering. Ignorant of her pecuniary situation, he saw with disgust that she merely bowed and suffered the plate to pass on, though a deep blush mantled her cheek.

"How mean!" was the inward ejaculation of Layton. "Well have I chosen between the two; but, selfish as she is, she has yet the feeling of shame."

Ellen caught his look, and understood it; and when she returned home she spent the night in tears.

The next morning Ellen entered the parlor with a note in her hand.

"It is from nurse," she said; "she has got the poor woman who waits on her to write it. She is failing fast, and wishes, dear Lucy, to see you, for she has not forgotten when we both were in her arms together."

"I can not go," said Lucy peevishly; "the carriage is in use this morning, and the snow is a foot deep on the ground. I would'nt walk out in the suburbs, to the dirty den where she lives, for any thing. Besides, how unreasonable she is! Did I not send her five dollars when she was first taken sick?"

"But that was a month ago."

"And what if it was?" said Lucy, sharply; "one isn't made of money."

"But for our old nurse."

"For our old nurse," said she, mimicking Ellen, "why I can't see what *peculiar* claims she has on one. I shan't go to see her, that's certain; and as for giving her any more money, I can't afford it. I gave away a ring last night worth a hundred dollars, and shan't give a cent again for years. The county takes care of the poor, and we all pay taxes for them. Let aunt Betty go to the poor-house."

Ellen sighed, but said nothing. She took up from the table the embroidered slippers, and, wrapping them in paper, was about to leave the room; but, with her hand on the door, she turned and said hesitatingly,

"Aunt Betty does n't ask you, dear Lucy, for money—she only asks to see you; it would be such a comfort to her, she says, before she dies."

Lucy turned around, for she was looking at the fire, and with an angry tone answered:

"Do shut the door—the chill air of the entry makes me shiver. If you are fool enough to go out on such a bitter day as this, go; but assuredly I shan't go with you."

With a sad heart Ellen departed, and arraying herself warmly and in a partial disguise, left the house. She first went to the rooms of a society which purchased fancy articles from indigent females, and resold them to those wealthy persons who preferred patronizing a benevolent institution to buying elsewhere. This society was the one whose concert she and Lucy had attended the night before, and when she entered the sale-room, Layton was, by chance, in an inner apartment, where he had been shown while the ring which he came to buy was sent out to be valued

by a jeweler. He was listlessly reading a newspaper, when his attention was arrested by a voice in the outer shop.

"Can you buy these slippers?" said the voice to the shop woman. A pause ensued, as if the woman was examining them, and then came the reply:

"Why, Miss, they are not finished."

"I know that, I know that," quickly said the other, in emotion; "but I am in want of money for purposes of charity. The comfort, perhaps the life of an aged person is at stake. If you will advance me the money now, I will finish the slippers."

"This is a strange request," said the matron, "but, as you seem honest, and wish the money for charity, I will accede to your terms if you give me your name and residence."

There was a pause, as if a struggle were going on in the other's breast; then she asked for a piece of paper to write her address.

"Miss Ellen Clifford!" said the matron in some surprise; "I have often heard of her, though I do not know her personally. Surely, Miss, there is some mistake here. That lady is, if I mistake not, the niece of Mr. Fletcher."

But Layton had risen from his seat, for now recognizing the voice of Ellen, he was about to enter the shop. He checked himself, however, but the matron, hearing him rise, fortunately left the shop to see if he wished her. In a few hurried words he told her to buy the slippers, placing his purse in her hand. He then waited until Ellen had left the shop, when he followed her at a safe distance, until she entered a narrow lane, and passed into a dirty, rickety house. He could not resist going in after her, and cautiously opening the door, saw her approach the bedside of an invalid old woman.

"God bless you, Miss Ellen," she fondly said; "your visits are the only comfort I now have. But where is Miss Lucy? won't she come once to see her old nurse? I thought I heard a second step on the stairs."

"No, it was only the echo of mine. Lucy can't come to-day, but I have brought you my little purse to buy a few comforts for you. You know it is a scanty one, but all I have you are welcome to."

"I know it, I know it. God bless you, for an angel as you are. And so Lucy is not well, else surely she would have come to see me, after my dying request."

Ellen avoided an answer, which Layton noticed, though the invalid did not. He had seen enough, and gently withdrawing from the door, was soon in the street.

"How have I misjudged this angel! And Lucy—Oh! how I loathe her hypocrisy. I cannot believe she is sick, but I will go at once and see."

Layton found Lucy at home, and to an inquiry about her health, she

replied she had never been better in her life. Convinced of her duplicity he departed, grateful for his escape, and resolving to give his hand and fortune to Ellen, if she would accept them. What her answer was, our readers, who know her feelings, can imagine.

"How I wronged you, dearest," said Layton to his young bride, a day or two after their marriage, "at that concert, when you gave nothing while Lucy threw in her ring. I little thought what sacrifices you were making at that very moment."

Sabbath Morning.

SEE ENGRAVING.

How calm comes on this holy day!
 Morning unfolds the eastern sky,
 And upward takes her lofty way
 Triumphant to her throne on high.
 Earth glorious wakes, as o'er her breast
 The morning flings her rosy ray,
 And blushing from her dreamless rest,
 Unveils her to the gaze of day;
 So still the scene, each wakeful sound
 Seems hallowed music breathing round.

The night-winds to their mountain caves,
 The morning mists to heaven's blue steep,
 And to their ocean depths the waves
 Are gone, their holy rest to keep.
 'Tis tranquil all, around, above,
 The forests far which bound the scene
 Are peaceful as their Maker's love,
 Like hills of everlasting green.
 And clouds like earthly barriers stand,
 As bulwarks of some viewless land.

Each tree that lifts its arms in air,
 Or hangs its pensive head from high,
 Seems bending at its morning prayer,
 Or whispering with the hours gone by.
 This holy morning, Lord, is thine!
 Let silence sanctify thy praise;
 Let heaven and earth in love combine,
 And morning stars their music raise!
 While happy creatures wend their way
 To worship in thy house to-day.

FOR LADIES.—A golden rule for a young lady is, to converse always with your female friends as if a gentleman were of the party; and with young men, as if your female companions were present.

Semiramis.

The mention of Semiramis carries us far back into the past, and pleasing associations at once hover around that name. We see rising before us in all their magnificence, the famous cities of Babylon and Nineveh; we remember the noble structures which once towered so majestically in those proud cities; the lofty columns and the glittering domes—but the remembrance is as a shadow, for the glory of the Past has vanished.

Yet so enchanting is the cloud which envelops the scenes of former times, that we are tempted to pierce through all which hides from us those illustrious characters which adorned so beautifully the ages of the past.

The builders of those mighty fabrics—where are they? They who so zealously toiled in the rearing of the proudest monuments of antiquity; who caused the enemy to lay aside their arms and unite under the banner of the conqueror; who rifled the subdued cities, and with all that possessed aught of beauty, decorated the edifices wrought by their own hands. Where are they? They are found buried amid the ruins of their own mighty works, with the fragments of monumental grandeur and costly palaces strewn around their graves in rich profusion.

Semiramis ranks first among the heroines of earlier ages; combined in her was all that charms even the most critical observer. Graceful majesty, blended with a quiet condescension which rendered her beloved by all; possessing a beauty of feature and form, a mind richly endowed, with ambition burning wildly in her breast—she surely was fitted to govern a people used to hardships, but ever willing to enable her to extend her conquests. The Assyrians were not indifferent to her charms. She was the wife of an officer in the army, and by her valor she rendered Ninus victorious, at the siege of Bactaria. Attracted by her beauty and courage, he married her. 'Tis said that afterwards being exceedingly anxious to rule, Ninus consented that for five days she should exercise absolute power throughout the empire. That being obeyed, she imprisoned her husband, and afterwards caused him to be put to death. While this incident does not excite our admiration, yet we cannot strongly condemn Semiramis, when we remember that her first husband committed suicide to escape the threats of Ninus, who, seeing Semiramis was so staunch with her charms, determined she should grace his throne.

After the death of Ninus, she extended her conquests into Ethiopia. Not content with these possessions, she endeavored to subdue a portion of India, but the power of her arms were insufficient, and defeated she returned to her own kingdom. She now discovered that her son had conspired against her, which fate had been foretold her by an oracle

sometime previously. Upon this she retired from the throne, and spent the remainder of her life in quietude and peace.

Retired as she was, she was not forgotten, for the eye could not rest on the great metropolis, so stupendous in its might, without bestowing a glance at the moving spirit of its greatness. Could we but see the famous cities of old, as they really existed, we would find that they needed not the busy wing of Fancy first to flit o'er them, to render them dazzling in their splendor. Could we but mount the high walls of Babylon; then wander through the streets and gaze on the works of art; view the hanging gardens and the high arches which supported them, and the gorgeous temples so renowned—we would almost sigh that our life was not spent in the cities whose massive elegance surpassed all others. Yet we envy not thy position, Semiramis, nor thy companions; for of all most wretched are they whose brow is honored with a crown.

To thy name, Semiramis, a tribute is due; thou hast acted thy part nobly. With regret at the conduct of the prince of thy realm, we see maternal love and pride rising to shield his base design. With the condescension of a true woman, thou didst resign thy seat of honor and power to him who sought to overthrow thee. The emblem of innocence was made to adorn the monument which marked thy last resting place, and, lured by it, the weary dove has oft sought refuge, and sung its evening anthem o'er thy grave.

The Two Philosophers.

The Rev. J. Craig makes the following statement in a late article headed, "Sir Isaac Newton and Voltaire on Railway Traveling."

Sir Isaac Newton wrote a work upon the prophet Daniel, and another upon the book of Revelation; in one of which he said, that in order to fulfil certain prophecies before a certain date was terminated, namely, 1,260 years, there would be a mode of traveling of which the men of his time had no conception; nay, that the knowledge of mankind would be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Voltaire, who did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, got hold of this, and said: "Now look at that mind of Newton, who discovered gravity, and told us such marvels for us all to admire. When he became an old man, and got into his dotage, he began to study that book called the Bible; and it seems that in order to credit its fabulous nonsense, we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we shall be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard!" exclaimed the philosophic infidel, Voltaire, in the self complacency of his pity. But who is the dotard now?

The Angel.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH.

Whenever a good child dies, there comes one of God's angels down to the earth, who takes the dead child in his arms, spreads out his broad, white wings, and flies with him over all the places where the child has lived, and gathers a whole handful of flowers, which he carries up to God, where they bloom much more beautifully than on earth.

See! all that was said by an angel of God, as he carried a dead child to heaven, and the child heard as in a dream; and then went over to home places, where the little child had played, and they came through gardens with beautiful flowers.

"Which will we now take with us and plant in heaven?" asked the angel.

And there stood a tall but beautiful rose-bush; but an evil hand had broken the stem, so that all the branches, full of large, half-blown buds, were dried up.

"The poor rose-bush!" said the child: "take it, and let it come and bear blossoms near God."

And the angel took it, and embraced the child for it, and then the little one half opened his eyes. He plucked the rich blooming flowers, and also the unnoticed buttercups, and also the wild daisies.

"Now we have flowers," said the child, and the angel approved, but did not go immediately to God. It was night, it was entirely still; they remained in the great city. And they flew over one of the small streets, where there were great heaps of straw, ashes and sweepings, for the day had been a great time of moving. There lay broken pieces of plates, plasterings, rags, and old hats, which were worthless. And the angel saw in all this worthless matter, some pieces of a broken pot, and in a lump of earth which was fallen, some roots of a field flower, which were regarded as worthless, and cast out with the rest.

"Take that with us," said the angel; "I will tell thee why during our flight." And they flew, and the angel said:

"Down in that little street, in that low cellar, lived a poor sick boy; from his infancy he was always bed-ridden. When he was strongest he could only walk across his poor little room once or twice on crutches—that was all. A few days in summer the sunbeams penetrated for half an hour on the floor of the cellar; and then, when the poor boy saw the warm sun shining, and the red blood in his little finger which he held before his face, he said, 'Yes, to-day he is out.' He only knew the glorious green of the spring woods, by the beechen buds brought him by a neighbor's son, and he placed them over his head and dreamed that he

was among the beeches, where the sun shone and the birds sang. One spring day, the neighbor's boy brought some field flowers, and one of them had a root which the little boy planted at the window by his bedroom. And the flower was well planted, for it put forth new twigs, and each year bore flowers. So the sick boy had a fine garden, his only treasure here on earth; he took care of it, tended it, and thought of it until the last sunbeams shone through the window, and the flower grew in his dreams, for it grew for him, shedding its fragrance and rejoicing his eye, until God called him to die. One year he has been with God; one year has the flower been forgotten in the window, and it has withered and been cast out into the dirt of the street. And this is the flower, the poor withered flower, which we have taken into our bouquet, for this flower has caused more joy than the finest in the garden of a queen."

"But how know you all this?" asked the child whom the angel was carrying to heaven.

"I know it," said the angel, "for I was myself the little sick child that went on crutches. I know my own dear flower."

And the child opened his eyes, and looked into the angel's glorious, beautiful face, and at the same moment he found himself in God's heaven where joy and happiness are. And God pressed the dead child to his heart, and he received wings like the other angels, and flew hand in hand with them. And God pressed all the flowers to his heart, but he kissed the poor, forsaken field flower, and it received a voice, and sang with all the angels which surrounded God—some very near, and others farther off, and so farther and farther in the infinite distance, but all alike happy. And they all sang, small and great, about the good, blessed child, and the poor field-flower, which had lain withering and unnoticed in the gutter, among the dirt of the small, dark lane.

CONSCIENCE.—Wherever you go, conscience accompanies you; whatever you say, do, or but think, it registers and records in order to the day of account. When all friends forsake you—when even your soul forsakes your body, conscience will not, cannot forsake you; when your body is weakest and dullest, your conscience is then most vigorous and active. Never is there more life in the conscience than when death makes its nearest approach to the body. When it smiles, cheers, acquits, and comforts—oh! what a heaven doth it create within; and when it frowns, condemns, and terrifies, how are our pleasures, joys, and delights of this world clouded, and even benighted! 'Tis certainly the best of friends, or the worst of enemies in the whole creation. A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body. It preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions that can befall us.

GATHERINGS.

LIFE IS REAL.—The following beautiful lines, from the pen of H. W. Longfellow, are familiar to many, yet they are as sparkling, as impressive and interesting, as when they first contributed to the fame of their distinguished author.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal—
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not written of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, tho' stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust not future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act! act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the shores of time.

Footsteps that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

BEAUTIFUL is an infant whatever we may picture it to ourselves. Beautiful in the cradle, beautiful on a parents knee; beautiful awake or asleep; beautiful at play in the corner of the room, or under the shade tree before the door; beautiful as a lamb in the Savior's arms; beautiful at the font of baptism; beautiful beneath the coffin lid! yes, beautiful even there in the loveliness of death, with hands folded peacefully, with brow like molded wax, with eyes closed in sleep, "perchance to dream!" with lips so gracefully composed, as if to say, "I murmur not," and with its entire face radiant with a smile, which is the imprint of its dying vision.

As **FROST** to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship; for confidence can not dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate.

"**MOTHER**," said a Spartan boy, going to battle, "my sword is too short." "Add a step to it," was the reply of the heroic mother. So should it be with all our duties of life. When we cannot reach the high we aim at, add a step, and keep on adding until we reach it.

SWISS CUSTOM.—Ricard describes a custom which, amid the sublime scenery of that country, must be peculiarly impressive. The horn of the Alps is employed in the mountainous districts of Switzerland, not solely to sound the cow-call (*Kubreihn*, *Ranz des Nachee*), but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the sunny summits of the mountains, then the herdsman who dwells on the loftiest, takes his horn and trumpets forth, "*Ruft durch diess Sprachorohr!*"—"Praise God, the Lord!" All the herdsmen in the neighborhood, on hearing this, come out of their huts, take their horns, and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, while on all sides the mountains echo the name of God. A profound and solemn silence follows; every individual offers his secret prayers on bended knees, and with uncovered head. At this time it is quite dark. "Good night!" trumpets forth the herdsman on the loftiest summit; "Good night!" is repeated on all the mountains, from the horns of the herdsmen, and cliffs of the rocks. Then each one lays himself down to rest.

A GEM.—Who wrote the following beautiful epitaph on an infant? It speaks to the heart.

Beneath this stone, in sweet repose,	God in his wisdom has recalled
Is laid a mother's dearest pride;	The precious boon his love had given;
A flower that scarce had waked to life,	And though the casket molders here,
And light, and beauty, ere it died.	The gem is sparkling now in heaven.

Of all felicities, how charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship—it sweetens our cares and softens our sorrows, and assists us in extremities. It is a sovereign antidote against calamities.

When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it afar off, in the dear breast of some mother who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair, sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets.

FANNY FERN, in enumerating the misfortunes of bachelors, says, "Even their stockings get mis-mated; if you pulled off their boots you would find they were 'Odd Fellows.'"

A GOOD ANSWER.—A lady the other day asked a young gentleman of our acquaintance, "Sir, is your wife as pretty as you are?" He did not care to be complimented at the expense of his wife, and so by way of gentle reproof, he blushing replied—"No, Miss, but she has very pretty manners."

What is time? The shadow on the dial? The striking of the clock? The running of the sand? These are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of time, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul.

A LEARNED Irish Judge, among other strange peculiarities, had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. Once his favorite expression was employed in rather a singular manner. At the close of the assizes, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship, "*I beg his pardon*—bring him up."

FIDELITY, Good Humor, and Complacency of Temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

LEARNING will accumulate wonderfully if you add a little every day. Pick up the book and gain one new idea, if no more. Save that one, add another as soon as you can.

A PERSON who wished to borrow a small sum, being asked by Dean Swift whom he proposed as security, "I have none to offer," said the poor man, "excepting my faith in my Redeemer." Swift accepted the security, made the entry in his book accordingly with all formality, and declared that none of his debtors were more punctual than this man.

NEGRO ANECDOTE.—At a recent celebration, on breaking ground upon a Railroad, in Tennessee, it was thought proper to commence the exercises by prayer. An Episcopal clergyman officiated and read a very appropriate prayer from a written manuscript. An old Methodist negro present remarked at the close as follows: "Dat is the first time I eber knew the Lord *written* to on de subject of Railroad."

DIPLOMACY.—The art of saying something when you have nothing to say—as much as the art of saying nothing when you have really got something to say.

A RARE OCCURRENCE.—A learned clergyman in Vermont was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?" "Yes sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning." "A similar event," replied the latter, "occurred in Balaam's time; but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

THE LETTER H.—Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath—Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaketh, who would exchange the happiness of home for any thing less than heaven.

I MUST LIVE.—A man whom Dr. Johnson reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said in excuse, "You know, doctor, that I must live." To this the brave old hater of everything mean and hateful, coolly replied, that "he did not see the least necessity of that."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

BRO. GEORGE LIPPARD.—The newspapers have chronicled the death of this remarkable man ! From Maine to Georgia the announcement has caused a deep sensation—a sensation heightened by the statement that preceded the news of his death, by which we were told that after a lifetime of toil, vexation, pain, hope and earnestness of purpose, this gifted man of genius had fallen into the withering embrace of poverty—that in a lonely room, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, he was dying unattended and uncared for, save by a female friend, an aunt. What a curious lesson is furnished by the history of Lippard's career. We had known him long and well, and we believe had not only appreciated his labors, but had comprehended the motives by which he was impelled to action. That he mistook the road to success, in following the guiding star of his wild erratic genius, is a fact too well known to admit of question. He commenced life with a heart full of love, pure and guileless as a child ; but a little contact with the world soon revealed the fact, which too many realize, that love does not govern a fallen humanity to the extent that his romantic nature had indicated. He saw wide departures from his *ideal* humanity—oppression, deception and sin—and in his enthusiasm believed that, single handed, he could successfully combat the evils of life. With a warm and generous heart, a vigorous, susceptible brain, a determined will and pure patriotism, he bared his arms, seized his claymore, and rushed into the battle of life, striking with great power upon mankind here, there, and every where. He exposed one party, defended another, excited the ire of a third, and amused a fourth, with some of the richest gems of thought that have been uttered for ages. He could not, or rather would not, cater to the vices and caprices of society, and thus failed to elicit its plaudits. He made war on the churches, and the churches turned the cold shoulder to him. He denounced political parties, and was in turn denounced by politicians. He was an Ishmaelite—his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. His writings were eagerly read, because what he said could be heard no where else.

Lippard, notwithstanding his hostility to the churches, was a firm believer in Christianity. No man had a more intense faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ than George Lippard, and he worshiped the "Carpenter's Son" with a zeal truly commendable. His idea of Christian duties was embodied in the history of Christ, and some of the clearest conceptions of his character are to be found in the writings of Lippard. He wrote many things in his earlier days that he would gladly have blotted out of

existence in later years. What we say of him is without reference to any of his published writings. We knew him intimately, and knew the secret impulses of his nature from actual conversation.

Lippard's day of popular commendation has not yet arrived; he was in advance of his age. He was modeled for an age just dawning, and we regret that in the providence of God he was not permitted to reach it. Though he lived and died amid pecuniary embarrassment, others reaped largely from the labors of his midnight hours. Men of letters have profited by his fluent pen, and embodied his ideas in their works, for which credit was not given. He was loved, feared, sought, shunned, praised, condemned, blessed and cursed, in all sections of this country. He lived a soldier of humanity; he died a martyr to independence. All must admit that, had he been governed by pecuniary considerations alone, he could have reaped a rich harvest from the products of his pen. But he is gone, smitten ere yet he had reached life's prime: he has passed away to that world where men's actions will be judged by the motives which produced them.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS.—The regular Semi-Annual Session of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts, was held at Odd Fellows' Hall, Boston, on Wednesday, February 1st. Several new members were admitted and instructed in the Grand Encampment degree. An amendment to the Constitution was offered, reducing the fee for initiation into Subordinate Encampments from twelve dollars to six. The Grand Scribe was directed to notify the Subordinates, and request them to take action upon this amendment, and report through their representatives at the August session. A resolution was adopted requiring each Subordinate Encampment to make returns of the number of meetings held with and without a quorum, number of members in arrears over one year, the total amount of arrears, and total amount of funds on hand, at the August session.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL AT PITTSBURGH.—We learn from the "Token" that an Association has been recently formed by the Odd Fellows in Pittsburgh, for the purpose of immediately erecting a Hall. At a meeting of the members held on the 15th ult., the attendance was very large, and a spirit of enthusiasm was manifested which gives bright augury of complete success. A large amount of stock has been subscribed. The ladies have taken a warm interest in the enterprise, and even the boys have become stockholders. One lad of fifteen has subscribed for two shares, and paid the first installment out of his own money; another boy subscribed for one share, and several prominent business men not connected with the Order have taken largely of the stock.

GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.—The Semi-Annual Session was held in the city of Boston, on Thursday, February 2d. The Grand Officers and a large representation from the several Subordinates under its jurisdiction were in attendance. From the Grand Master's Report, we learn that the Order is not prospering as well in Massachusetts as formerly. It appears, from the returns of the Subordinate Lodges, that for the term ending January, 1854, there were but 122 initiations. The receipts for the same period were \$16,195; amount paid for benefits, \$10,672. The Grand Master energetically appeals to the Order throughout the State to arouse their drooping energies, and make a united effort to regain their former position. He attributes this apathy for the cause to the change in the work of the Order, and recommends that their representatives to the Grand Lodge of the United States be instructed to use all honorable means to effect a restoration of the old work.

"BE OF GOOD CHEER, WE WILL HAVE YOU ALL SAFE."—This hope-inspiring promise from the noble-hearted captain of the "Three Bells," who hovered around the deck of the San Francisco, in a gale for four days, were the most precious sounds that ever reached the ears of five hundred despairing voyagers. The deep sea had swallowed up nearly two hundred of their companions, and was yawning for more victims. Two vessels, the brigs Maria and Napoleon, had seen their distress, but cruelly passed along on the other side. At length, after dark and dismal nights, succeeded by days that brought no relief, came the "good Samaritan," exclaiming, "Be of good cheer, we will lay by you, you shall all be saved."

Since this occurrence, Captain Creighton has become a member of our Order, in the city of New York. Such manly and noble conduct towards the distressed and suffering, is characteristic of one who possesses the spirit of a genuine Odd Fellow.

Three hundred and thirty-two ladies have taken the "Degree of Rebekah," in Indiana, during the last twelve months. It is cheering to find the ladies so ready to co-operate with us in the spread of the principles of our noble Order.

MEETING OF THE GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.—This body has just held its annual session at Zanesville. Much interest has been manifested in its proceedings, which secured a large and general attendance. The Casket goes to press too early to admit of the publication of its proceedings in this number; but our readers may rely on a full report in our next.

An extra session of the Grand Encampment was also held at the same time and place.

THE ORDER IN HAMILTON.—We recently visited Hamilton Lodge, No. 17, and find it in a very flourishing condition. They number over one hundred members, are entirely out of debt, and have several hundred dollars in the treasury. We were gratified to see so many brothers present; the attendance was so large that extra seats were brought in. This fact is significant. Whenever we see the weekly meetings of a Lodge so well attended, we may rest assured the right spirit is abroad there, and will ensure a steady prosperity.

The brethren have caught the spirit of improvement which is so generally manifested in the Order throughout the West, and are negotiating for a lot upon which to erect a new hall. The present hall, although large, and centrally located, does not give satisfaction, and as they merely have a lease on it, they wish to secure a permanent Lodge room.

A festival was given by the members on the evening of the 22d of February, for the purpose of raising funds for the Lodge, which realized a handsome sum for the treasury.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—Our correspondents in every direction represent their various Lodges as very flourishing and prosperous; meetings are well attended, and brethren appear to take deep interest in the working of the Order. We have not heretofore published extracts from the letters of our correspondents, but intend hereafter to furnish our readers with items of interest from various quarters, showing the progress of the Order and the advancement of the cause. We hope brethren will advise us of every thing "for the good of the Order" transpiring in their various Lodges.

LONDON, MADISON Co., O.—Our city was visited by a destructive conflagration on the 2d of February. The fire broke out about two o'clock in the morning, in a frame building occupied as a grocery, and soon communicated to adjacent houses, until about twenty buildings were enveloped in flames, all of which were destroyed, together with their contents. The Odd Fellows' Hall was among those consumed. Every thing was lost except the books of the Lodge. It will be a long time before we recover our former prosperity, but the brethren are energetic, and will not suffer the cause to languish for want of means.

RUSHVILLE, IA.—Our city is fast becoming one of the most business places in this section of the State, and as we are a reading community, please send me a specimen copy of your magazine, which I saw very flatteringly noticed in one of the papers. I think I can get up a club, and will send the names as soon as possible. We are erecting a new Odd Fellows' Hall, and when finished it will be one of the most beautiful edifices in Eastern Indiana. The building will be completed in the Spring, and will reflect credit on our noble Order.

HAVANA, MASON Co., ILL.—I have received one copy of the Odd Fellows' Literary Casket, and have shown it to some of the brethren; they are well pleased with it. We are about organizing a Lodge in this place. I send you six subscribers, and feel confident that I can procure you quite a number more. The Casket is the very thing we need in this part of the country.

Literary Notices.

THE ODD FELLOWS' TEXT BOOK—An elucidation of the theory of Odd-Fellowship.

Embracing a detail of the system in all its branches, with forms and ceremonies.

By P. DONALDSON. Philadelphia: Moss & Brother.

The above work is on sale at J. Ernst's, 112 Main street. It has numerous commendations and has had an extensive sale. It is illustrated by numerous engravings, and contains a finely executed steel portrait of Schuyler Colfax, Esq., of South Bend, Indiana, with whom originated the degree of Rebekah, instituted for the benefit of the ladies. The Order is well supplied now with Text Books and Manuals, so that no one need plead ignorance of the principles and workings of Odd-Fellowship.

Bro. Ernst is an enterprising publisher of school and other books, embracing many works on Masonry and general literature.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati.

The report of the Board of Directors of this flourishing Association has been received. The number of volumes added to the Library the past year, by purchase, donation, etc., amounts to 1198, and the total catalogued is 13,839. The number of books withdrawn from the library the past year was 23,892, making a monthly circulation of nearly 2,000 volumes. Large additions have been made to the reading room files of newspapers, magazines, and periodicals. The library has an unbroken set of newspaper files amounting to one hundred and thirty, and of magazines and periodicals amounting to sixty-one.

The increase of membership during the past year is as follows: Life members, 13; active members, 493; honorary members, 166; Ex-Officio members, 17; making in all 689. The whole number of members is 2,400. No institution in the city shares more largely in the public favor than this, and we ardently hope it may continue its glorious career.

TESTIMONY TO THE VALUE OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

We have received from Dr. Holdich, Corresponding Secretary of the American Bible Society, N. Y., a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, from the bible press, entitled "Testimony of Distinguished Laymen to the Value of the Sacred Scriptures, particularly in their bearing on Civil and Social Life." The work is not accompanied with the name of the author, though, from the conception and the admirable judgment displayed in the selection of testimony, we are almost convinced we can discover the hand of the learned Doctor.

ODD FELLOWS' MANUAL, by Rev. A. B. GROSH. Philadelphia: H. C. Peck & Theo. Bliss.

This is a most valuable contribution to Odd-Fellowship. The first part of the work contains a succinct history of the origin and progress of the Order, which is highly interesting. The remainder, and main part of the work, is an elucidation of the principles, objects, and workings of Odd-Fellowship, explaining the emblems of the several degrees, and their distinctive character. It is the most complete work of the kind published, and should be in the hands of every one who desires to be an intelligent Odd Fellow. As the publishers of the "Casket" have offered this work as a premium, a rare opportunity is offered to all who may get up clubs.



ENGRAVED BY F. TONDS

THE ORIGINAL BY M. CALISCHE.

Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH."

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1854.

NO. 2.

301.

"Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss,
Since every other joy, how dear soever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for Love." *Shakspeare.*

The second term in the triad motto of Odd-Fellows is Love. This, like the word Friendship, is descriptive of a cardinal virtue, and may be said to be the source of all the goodness that adorns the human character. It cannot therefore, and with strict propriety, be called a single isolated virtue, but is rather a disposition rising in the heart from which all the virtues of benignity, generosity, compassion and liberality flow as in many pure and native streams. And hence it is, that love is never to be considered as a general or speculative idea of benevolence, which flows merely through the brain without touching and warming the heart with a life which is peculiar to itself. Its native home is deep down in the soul, whence originates its generous desires, and benevolent impulses, and the head is but the machine to devise means and ways for its kind beneficence, and to execute its noble purposes. Love is not content with the mere indulgence of indolent good-nature which would make mankind rest satisfied with being free from malice and invective, without generously prompting us to be of service to any.

It is an active principle; and from general good-will to all men, it extends its benign and cheering influences, more particularly, to those who are directly within the limits of its good offices. From the love of God, and the love of religion, and the love of country, it descends to the love of family relations, and to those smaller associations of men whose object is the relief of the suffering, and to individuals. But at the same time it was never intended to be so liberal and undistinguishing as to give every one an equal title to its benefactions; nor does it attempt to close our eyes against the marked distinction between good and bad men.

vol. 1—13



Printed by E.C. Middleton

Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

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"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH"  
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VOL. I.

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NO. 4.

Love.

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Love is just in itself, as well as kind, and forbids the kind offices of charity to the vicious and profane spendthrift, while the virtuous and chaste are in similar circumstances of want. When rightly educated and governed by reason, it breathes universal candor and liberality of sentiment, and never fails to form gentleness of temper, and to dictate sweetness and affability of manners. Not indeed that politeness and civility which is but the counterfeit of pure love, but that noble, that dignified, that consistent demeanor which is the true index to the heart and the head of every good and true man. "Be courteous," is a command of Heaven, and it were well if much more attention were given to this precept; but the courtesy here enjoined is not the heartless bow of the head, the hypocritical smile of the lip, the affected blandness of the word, or cold and formal grip of the hand, but the honest and warm gush of the stream of pure love. This glorious and adorning virtue knows no dissimulation. Described by a wise Christian philosopher, and as summarily described by the meek Nazarene, it is the faithful exercise of kind affection toward all men, as we would desire them to be affected and to act toward us. The answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" is furnished, and love to our fellow being in distress is illustrated, in the touching case of the good Samaritan, and the man who fell among thieves. Love prompts the act of kindness wherever there is need; if any are afflicted, it suggests the visit as a messenger of comfort; if any are in distress, it warms the heart with the desire for their relief, and prompts the head to devise the best plan for their happiness and comfort. If nothing more can be done, it will delight in the simple prison visit, or the cup of cold water; and when even this demonstration of love is denied, it will resort to the arm of prayer, or to the eloquence and indulgence of private tears.

This is love, "not in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth," such as was exemplified by the friends of the old Oriental patriarch. Job's friends did not feel indifferent about him, or run from him as those did whose hearts were destitute of love. But they met together for the express purpose of joining together to alleviate his sorrows. And this they did unsolicited, and unsought; it was the voluntary expression of their own affectionate regards. When it is said that "love beareth all things," we think of the sublime conduct of love in the "Man of sorrows," and running deeper into the history of olden times, there is Joseph, virtuous and chaste, retaining no anger against his jealous and murderous brethren, but, falling on their necks, he kissed them. Not content with this, and gushing from his heart the intense emotion of love for his father—that name so dear—he said to his brethren, "Haste you, and go to my father, and say to him, thus saith thy son Joseph: Come down to me, tarry not, and thou shalt dwell in the land of

Goshen;" that land of plenty, that best place in all Egypt, was too little a present to the good old patriarch. How animated were his hope and love; Nor was Jacob's affection less ardent, nor were his joy and his hopes less intense, when he could say, my son Joseph is still alive. His soul was wrapt in love. The thought of escaping from famine to Goshen seems not to have entered his mind; all he cared for was one more sight of Joseph, and beyond that he had no other wish. Distance was nothing; the perils of the journey had no terrors for his heart; Joseph must be seen.

If we look at this ennobling element as it sits the empress of woman's heart, we may not be charged with too much of the ideal when it is talked of as something supernatural. Woman, delicate and timid though she be, so that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, is naturally a vivid picture of love, existing chiefly in the out-pourings and sympathies of her own emotions. She will sacrifice every earthly hope for the affections of her heart. She will leave the sunny home of her childhood, forget the counsels of her father, and the admonishing voice of her mother, on whose kind bosom was pillowed her infant head, forsake all she has loved in the years of her girlish simplicity, that she may throw herself into the arms of the man she loves best. She shrinks from nothing that honor, and innocence, and love, and religion may require; she is ever the messenger of love and consolation. The voice of pleasure may be unheeded, but the voice of affliction never; the room of the sick, the chamber of sorrow, the house of mourning, the altar of religion, never missed the presence, the love, or the sympathies of woman. To think of such a heart, pure and transparent as angels' hearts, being the seat of infidelity, or atheism, is a thought too shocking to endure. And just here, we may not be denied the pleasure of pronouncing the name of the once honored and now loved Josephine, once the empress of France, and the wife—the *wife*, of the iron hearted Napoleon, whose heart never was divorced from his, though his was a heart too unworthy of such a diadem. The old fortune-teller of Martinique could speak of Josephine's fortunes and adversities, running deep into years yet unborn, but she could not investigate the sublime depths of love as it baptised the heart, and controlled the life of the empress, the exile, the wife, the mother, the abandoned, the sacrifice to the proud ambition of Napoleon Bonaparte. Such were Josephine's perfections of love and humanity, that wherever history finds her,—the sporting girl in her native island, the wife of the conqueror, the empress, or the fugitive from the French court, she charms the world with her virtues, and her natural and unending sympathies and love.

We hoped these reflections upon some of the most touching illustrations of love would have somewhat prepared the heart for the higher

contemplation of a higher love, but when we say, "God is love," Jesus loved us when we were yet enemies, religion is love, the very thing that humanity most needs—we have exhausted our resources, we have given but descriptive epithets, and imperfect definitions of our subject. Its sublime hights, its depths, and length, its infinitude are yet unmeasured.

"Love's holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven it returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed.
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there." SOUTHEY.

Love has the pre-eminence in excellence over every other element or virtue of intelligent beings. As it is a principle involving all other principles that are humane, holy and good, it lies nearer the center of the soul, attracting and concentrating in itself more of the soul's life. Like every thing else, it has its own peculiar nature, and stands out by itself; and is wholly inexplicable by an examination of the laws which are appropriate to any other affection. And being thus distinct in itself, and standing alone, it is more properly the legitimate subject of analysis. It may be said, therefore, that love always has an *object*. It would be as difficult to conceive of love without some object, as to conceive of an act of the memory without something to be remembered. And it may not be forgotten that love, while it does not exclude a proper regard for one's own interest, is generally found to entwine itself around objects and interests which are beyond and out of ourselves. Its tendency is to flow out to that object, whatever it may be. And it is the nature and the condition of the object beloved, which indicate the channel in which it must move, and which constitutes the termination of its movement. Brought into lively being by its object, it exists and acts without effort, knowing no sacrifice, and asking no reward.

See how this truth is exemplified in the mother's love for her children, a mother's chaste, overwhelming, and everlasting love for the child of her heart. Absence cannot chill it, nor can it be destroyed by even vice itself. The lowest and most debasing degradations of human frailty cannot wholly blot out the first maternal gush of affection, or the memory of infant innocence. Nay, the very fact of the abject state of her apostate child more fully develops the mighty force of this mysterious passion which is ever ready to forget and excuse all past error. And though the child of her fairest hopes may be an exile from both God and man, yet she loves him, and will not forsake him. John Newton felt the force of a mother's love when in his lowest degradation, and when,

last of all, he was cast off by the servant and slave of his own vile passions. When exiled from a place in all human affection from the highest to the lowest, he could say, "there is one that loves me,—she is my mother,—my childhood's guardian angel." Newton's mother received him returning to her bosom—Newton's mother saved him to the world, to himself, to the church and to God.

It is a striking characteristic of love, that it is not only active but *attractive*. Its beauty is so divine, that, by its own nature, it draws all things to itself. This is done without effort, and by the intrinsic essence of its own nature. It possesses this remarkable power because it is essential to its being, and because it cannot exist without it. It follows as a natural sequence that he who possesses this choicest of moral elements, operating by that attractive power which is as enduring as God himself, must be loved in return. It is evident, then, that the great object of love is to attract the world into itself, and diffuse its spirit into all hearts, and all lives. Then may it be said, Man is love, and then will arise the incense of praise and benediction from the hamlet of the fatherless and the widow, to be mingled with the universal anthem of love.

"Oh happy state, when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law,
And all is full, possessing and possess'd;
No craving void left aching in the breast —
Ee'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart." POPE.

As love is an inward principle, working itself outward by observing the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," it may not be inapposite to remark that it applies to all the transactions of life. It binds each individual with a *nexus* of indissoluble obligation, to every human being with whom he may be brought in contact. It binds the heart to feel and act toward each and all, not as the cold iron impulse of selfishness would dictate. Love claims that the transactions of life may be ruled and directed by its spirit, whatever may be the effects, apparent, and for the time being, on our business.

It may not be denied that there are difficulties, in many minds, connected with the question of harmonizing the rules of love with what may seem to be the claims of self-interest. But no man will assert, however, that such a harmony cannot be effected. It is clear to every mind that there is a point at which a man's individual right to seek his own interest exclusively, meets his duty to desire and seek the happiness and welfare of his neighbor. Whenever we feel like doing to others as we should desire them to do to us, when under similar circumstances, then do we harmonize the law of self-love and the love we should have for all

mankind. And thus it is that pure love forbids the engaging in any business that will injure others. Love works no ill to his neighbor, and forbids any business, whether the sale of intoxicating drink, the vicious book, the weapon of death, or whatever else may be an injury to society.

The True Brotherhood.

CHAPTER IV.

Twenty-six years had passed away since the signal victory achieved by Saul's army under the leadership of the valiant Jonathan at Michmash, over the Philistines. Having in that time had full opportunity of recruiting their strength and increasing their resources, and desirous of vindicating their honor, and seeking revenge for the terrible loss sustained by them as a nation, they resolved to march against the Israelites and subject them to that servitude which was their original position. The almost countless hosts of the Philistine army, at length invaded the territory of Judah, and commenced depredations upon the inhabitants. Rumors of the approaching foe reached the ears of Saul, and summoning his army, assisted by the ever valiant and faithful Jonathan, the troops of Israel marched to the contest. At length they reach a mountain between Jaffa and Salem, which rises up from a valley over which were scattered here and there terebinths, and through which meandered a little brook. The vale was bounded on the opposite side by a similar mountain, the summit of which was darkened by the advancing foe. It seems that having heard by means of spies, which they had sent to watch the camp of Israel, that the army was approaching, they had halted on this mountain, and were making preparations to receive the shock of their ancient foe's arms. They had sufficiently tested the skill and bravery of the Israelitish warriors, and though they thirsted for revenge, still they would not rush heedlessly into the mouth of the lion. The truth was they feared again to encounter the Israelites and measure arms again with their brave soldiers. And this the sequel shows, for while they had marshaled their hosts upon the mountain it was only for the sake of appearance. In view of intimidating their enemies, they had procured the services of a huge giant, who was to challenge to a single combat and thus decide the unfought battle.

The army of Israel had no sooner reached the mountain of which we have spoken, than they were astonished and terrified at seeing emerge from its base, and advance slowly, encased in a coat of mail and armed with sword and spear, accompanied by an armor-bearer, an enormous

*Continued from page 144, of the March number.

giant between nine and ten feet high. The earth fairly trembled as he passed over it with heavy measured tread. His name was Goliath. When he had approached midway of the vale, with a voice of thunder and great arrogance of language he challenged any one of all the Israelitish army to come down and meet him in single combat, saying that the result of the duel should decide the question of tribute or servitude between the nations. The Israelites were dismayed at the proposal. They saw that none was equal to the contest, and that to go and fight with the giant would be like rushing into the jaws of a lion. The question was not asked, Who will go? for every one felt that to embark in such an enterprise would not only be certain death to him, but involve the nation in a cruel servitude. It was a crisis of intense interest to the army, and every tongue seemed dumb, even Saul, the largest man and one of the bravest of the nation, the king himself, was silent. Just at this juncture David and Jonathan are seen in close conversation. The minstrel of Bethlehem leaves the young general of the army, and laying down Saul's armor at his feet, in modest but firm tones he addresses the king, "O king, let no man's heart fail because of the giant yonder; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

"But," said Saul "thou art unequal to this contest, for thou art but a youth; while he is a man of war from his youth."

"Listen, O king! Thy servant tended his father's flock, and when there came a lion or a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, then I pursued him and smote him, and snatched it from his mouth, and if he rose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote and slew him. Both lions and bears hath thy servant smitten, and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be like one of them. Let me go and smite him, and take away the reproach from Israel; for who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the hosts of the living God?"

"I admire thy courage, brave youth, but it will be vain for thee to contend with so mighty a foe."

"Fear not; Jehovah, who delivered me from the power of lions and bears, will deliver me from the hand of this Philistine."

This last sentence, in which the youth referred to the interposition of Jehovah, struck Saul with great force, and the blood mounted to his cheek. Although he had not himself been prone to exhibit military confidence in God, he well knew that such a confidence would always secure success, and if victory were to perch on Israel's standards that day, it would only be achieved through the Divine interposition. He therefore said:

"Go, my son, and may Jehovah go with thee. But here, first clothe thyself with my armor."

"Nay," said David, "lest that incurber me I will take nothing but

my crook and sling." So saying, the noble youth stepped lightly forward, without sword, or shield, or helmet, or coat of mail, and was seen by the astonished army to descend into the vale.

Near the base of the mountain, as we have already seen, there was a brook, and David, in crossing this stream, picked up five smooth pebbles, which he deposited in a small satchel by his side. With these, he advances towards the giant. The grim bearded monster, astonished at the approach of a mere boy, unarmed with weapons of war, in a coarse gruff voice, exclaimed :

"Am I a dog, that thou comest against me with sticks and stones?" Goliath then cursed him in the name of his God, and threatened to give his flesh to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field. Then drawing his mighty sword which flashed in the light of the sun, he was advancing, intending with one fell blow to cut the youth in pieces. The keen eye of David had watched his motions, and taking one of the stones from his satchel, he deposited it in the sling, then sweeping a circle, to give it momentum, he let the string fly from his thumb and finger, and the unerring pebble, as if fired from the muzzle of a death-dealing rifle, was planted deep in the brain of the advancing foe. He falls, and ere the sound thereof reaches the mountain, the loud prolonged shout of victory from the army of Israel, rolls down its sides. Taking the sword of the giant, he smote off with it his head, and returned with the speed of a young roe, and laid the trophy at the feet of his king, exclaiming, "The battle is the Lord's."

The giant's armor-bearer fled as soon as he saw his master fall, and consternation seizing the Philistine hosts, they joined in the flight. The Israelites pursued them instantly, and many of the enemy were overtaken, and shared the fate of their proud champion. Such was the panic, that they left much spoil in their encampment, which fell into the hands of the Israelites.

Every heart now was turned towards David, and every tongue delighted in doing him honor. The friendship which had sprung up in the heart of Jonathan for the minstrel on account of his wonderful power in evoking the evil spirits which haunted the mind of his father, by the magic of his harp, was now greatly increased by his splendid achievement as a warrior, and he was the first to greet him on his return from the combat in the vale, and to join fortunes with him in an everlasting covenant. It was not so, however, with Saul; though he could not but admire him, yet would he crush him. Some men seem so destitute of heart and gratitude that the more you do for them the less you are esteemed by them, and injuries are returned for kindnesses. The human mind is so constructed—so depraved, we should have said—that it prompts one to hate those whom it has injured. The jealousy which

arose in the mind of the king at the victory achieved by the youthful warrior was not long in generating a hatred, and all the services, skill, and valor of the youth were forgotten in the oblivious selfishness which enveloped his mind.

The army is on its homeward march; couriers in every direction had conveyed the intelligence through the land of the valorous feat of David, and as the army marched through the towns and villages, the women would come out with their instruments of music, and sing responsively to their tabrets and viols:

"Saul has smitten his thousands,
But David has his ten thousands slain."

As the proud and haughty king looked upon the stripling armor-bearer by his side, upon whom such praises were bestowed, he felt the spirit of vengeance rise within him. "To me," said he to himself, "they have ascribed but thousands, and to David tens of thousands. What more, therefore, can he have than the kingdom?"

This preference expressed for David by the women in their songs, led him to suspect that he was destined to succeed him and his descendants. But he kept these things in his heart, and did not allow his hatred of the youth to show itself openly.

"But why is it," said he, "that my son Jonathan and my daughter Michal have such fondness for him? I will not have him any longer about my person or my palace. He shall go out into the public service; I will give him a dangerous frontier post, in command of a thousand men." Thus it is ever with envy and jealousy; they destroy themselves, or at least become their own tormentors. In his more responsible position David showed himself adequate to the task imposed. Inspiration assures us that "he behaved himself wisely in all his ways, for Jehovah was with him." The trial which Saul vainly hoped would end in his ruin or disgrace, only offered him an opportunity for developing those talents for commanding which served to establish more firmly that popularity among the people which his previous exploits had already won.

While the mind of Saul was harrassed and troubled at the flattering reports that came from the army in regard to the skill and valor of the young general, he was also again beset with those dark and evil spirits which had before so much troubled him. One day, when in gloomy despair he was pacing his apartment in the palace, his young and lovely daughter Michal approached, and observing his pensive mood, with a soft sweet voice, said:

"My father, why dost thou not send for the minstrel David? His harp can chase thy gloom away."

"Michal, dost thou love David?" said the deeply agitated father.

"Do we not all love him by whom Jehovah hath delivered us from our enemies?"

"Away," said the king, unable any longer to restrain the deep hatred of his heart.

When he was alone he mused thus with himself: "Can it be that Michal loves David, and is that love returned? If so"—for a new thought seemed to possess him "I—will favor the union, and then, more completely in my power, I will effect his ruin." So saying, he summoned one of his servants, and sent for his daughter. She was soon by his side.

"Michal, my spirit was troubled, and in haste I sent thee away. Thou lovest David; it is well, for all the women of Israel love him and delight to honor him. Michal, does David, the son of Jesse, love thee?"

At this the young maiden blushed, and dropped her head, and was silent. The king was satisfied that her love was requited, and said:

"I will send for David, that again his harp may be heard in your father's halls."

Accordingly, a messenger was dispatched, and it was not many days before Jonathan and David were in each other's embrace, and renewed their pledge of friendship, love, and truth. An interview with Michal assured Jonathan of the state of his father's mind in regard to her union with David, and, as there were no secrets between the loving hearts of David and Jonathan, it was soon communicated. When, at even, the nobility were assembled in the presence of the king, and David struck his harp and lifted up his voice in song, the spirit of Saul was not only calmed, but all hearts were stirred with the entrancing strains.

When opportunity presented itself, the king informed David through one of his servants, that he could have the hand of his daughter on the condition that he would capture a hundred Philistines. The object of Saul in this requirement could be readily perceived by those who knew the exact state of his mind. He hoped that, impelled by the love the young warrior bore for Michal, he would, without necessary precaution and preparation, rush recklessly upon the foe and fall in the conflict. But he who slew Goliath through the influence of a firm trust in God, was not to be overcome by the Philistines, nor ensnared in the stratagem of Saul. With a glad heart, trusting in Jehovah, he went out with his chosen men, encountered the Philistines, and slew two hundred, instead of one, and brought the sign thereof to the king with rejoicings. This victory, added to the previous triumphs of David, only incensed the jealous heart of Saul, and he repented having promised Michal to him in marriage. When he appeared in the presence of the king, instead of meeting, as he fondly hoped, a joyful reception, he saw a dark and angry cloud resting upon his brow. His eyes flashed fires of vengeance instead

of glances of kindness. The sight of David made him rave like a maniac. The minstrel, supposing that he was in a fit of melancholy induced by evil spirits, seized his harp, and commenced playing one of those plaintive airs which so often had calmed his troubled mind before. But no sooner had he begun his kind office than Saul, seizing his javelin, thrust it at the minstrel with all the might of his powerful arm. Had it struck him, it would have pinned him to the wall and terminated his existence; but that God who had "taught his hands to war and his fingers to fight, and had covered his head in the day of battle," directed the javelin so that it passed him unhurt.

Notwithstanding his utter hatred and hostility, he had promised Michal on conditions which had been complied with by David, and they twain were made one in the bonds of holy wedlock. Now that David was married to his daughter, and knowing that he must be aware of his murderous intentions, Saul was apprehensive that David would leave his palace and service, and return to his country and kindred. To accomplish his fiendish purpose he summoned, on the morning after the marriage, all his courtiers and Jonathan, and commanded them to seek with the utmost vigilance the life of David, and wherever they could find him to slay him; adding: "He has already taken my daughter, and with her the hearts of the people of my kingdom."

Jonathan received this command of his enraged father with the greatest horror, and immediately leaving the audience chamber, he hastened to David and advised him to leave instantly, and go out and secrete himself in the field, in a cluster of bushes near the old oak, where he would take his father in the after part of the day, and commune with him in regard to his fate.

From the palace wall Michal watched her husband as he hastened to the secret place appointed. Her heart was filled with tumultuous fears and dark forebodings. Armed soldiers were seeking for the idol of her heart, in every apartment, and she had been questioned again and again as to his place of secretion, to all of which she gave no response. She was buoyed up by one only hope, and that was, that her beloved brother would prevail over the heart of her father. She knew all the plans he had devised, and unnoticed, she had ascended the wall to wait the result. Should he prove successful he was to give her a sign. After waiting for some time with an anxiety those only can know, the object of whose affections is in danger, at length she beholds her father and brother pass out of the western gate, in the direction of the field. They pass on until they get within the shade of a towering oak, beneath whose wide spread branches on the right, is a thick cluster of bushes.

When the king and his son arrived at this spot, they halted, and Jonathan addressing his father said, "Let not, O my father, thy wrath be

stirred against David, thy son, because he hath not done thee evil but good, and all his brave acts have been to advance thy kingdom. Did he not, O my father, take his life in his hand when he went out to slay the Philistines for the sake of my sister Michal, and did not the Lord by him work a great salvation for Israel when he slew the mighty Goliath, and didst thou not rejoice with us when thou sawest the mighty champion fall by his hand? Do not, I pray thee, sin against innocent blood, in slaying David without a cause."

"As the Lord God liveth," said Saul with a loud voice, "he shall not be slain; I will countermand the order." So saying, he instantly returned to the palace. Michal from the wall saw the sign of her brother, and David and Jonathan were locked in each other's friendly embrace.

So fitful and changeable was the mind of Saul, that notwithstanding his oath to Jonathan, that he would not slay David, he was not to be trusted; and that young prince removed with his beloved Michal to his own house. He was not permitted, however, to remain long in the enjoyment of domestic bliss. The kingdom of Israel was again invaded by the Philistines, and the unanimous voice of the army called David into the field as their leader. Bidding adieu to his beloved wife, he hastens to the head of the army, and leading them forth to battle, achieves another glorious victory. The Philistines were routed with great slaughter, and the chieftain returned amid the rejoicings of Israel, and in all the nations none were found greater than he. Saul, instead of engaging in the general rejoicing at the return of his son-in-law from his successful expedition, felt again all his former rancor rise within him, and disregarding his oath, he resolved on his death. To effect his purpose, he sent some of his servants to the palace of David, where they were to lie in wait until he should come forth in the morning. Michal had received a message from her brother in regard to the intended assassination of her husband, and she at once communicated it to David, who thought of making preparations for defense. But she dissuaded him from it, and in the middle of the night, when all was quiet, and the soldiers of the king were locked fast in the embrace of sleep, she let him down from the chamber window in a basket, and he made his escape. She then took an image of a man, and placing it in the bed she covered it up. In the morning when the soldiers demanded where he was, she said, "he is sick in bed." They then returned and told Saul, who ordered them to bring him immediately, on his bed, that he might slay him. When they came back to the house, they found in his bed an image, instead of the man whom the sought. When this intelligence was communicated to Saul he was greatly incensed, and summoning Michal into his presence, he said "Why hast thou deceived me so, and sent away my enemy, that he has escaped?"

"Because," said the wife, "he said unto me, 'let me go, why should I kill thee?'" Thus she made her father believe that for her own safety she had sent him away. As the only revenge then, that the cruel father could wreak upon David, he took Michal and gave her away to be the wife of another. She might have made stronger opposition to this, than she did, had it not been for the deception she practiced, in conveying the impression that her life was in danger of her husband. Thus is it ever with those who practice deceit; though they may be successful for a time, they must eventually reap the consequences of the sin.

After David had escaped from his enemies, he bent his course in the direction of Ramah, the residence of the aged prophet Samuel, who had anointed him the future king of Israel. The interview was an affecting one. The old seer took him in his arms and wept. After relating to him his adventures, the venerable man took David with him to the school of the prophets at Naioth, a very short distance from Ramah, of which he was president. Inquest was made for the fugitive all over the land, and when it was ascertained that David was at Naioth, Saul sent messengers to take him. When the armed band arrived, they were met at the entrance of the school by a large company of young prophets, with Samuel at their head, chanting prophetic psalms. Here a singular scene occurred, and whether it was merely from sympathy effected by the sound of the irvoices, or by the direct interposition of God, no sooner did the soldiers come into their presence than they were similarly affected, and commenced singing. They were entirely overcome and subdued, and they had neither disposition of heart, nor strength of nerve, to seize upon David. They returned to Saul and communicated to him the result of their wonderful visit. A second company was sent, but they were affected in a similar way, and then a third, and still a more powerful band, but with the same results. At length Saul determined to go himself, and swore that he would not only slay David but the aged prophet should share the same fate, for giving him protection.

Full of rage he hastens to the school of the prophets, but he no sooner came within hearing of the concert of many voices, simultaneously prophesying, than he is affected in the same way that he was in the days of his youth, when it was said, "Is Saul among the prophets?" He strove mightily to shake off the influence. He drew his sword, and clenched his teeth, and was rushing into their midst, despite of the wonderful power that was at work at his heart; but his sword falls from his hand, and tearing his garments from him, he falls naked before the multitude, where he lay in a state of insensibility to outward objects all night. While Saul was in this trance, David returned to Gibeah to the palace of the insensible king, for the purpose of having an interview with his faithful Jonathan.

Ruined Cities of the Far West.

The great basin in the middle of our territory, bounded on the north by the Wahsatch Mountains and the settlements of the Mormons in Utah, on the east by the Rocky Mountains skirting the right bank of the Rio Grande, on the south by the Gila, and on the west by the Sierra Nevada, is a region still almost unknown. Trappers and mountaineers have passed all round the inner side of its rim, but none have ever crossed it, with the exception of Mr. Beale, who traversed, on his recent trip, its northern slope, and Captain Joe Walker, the famous mountaineer, who passed nearly through its center in the winter of 1850. But little, therefore, is known regarding it; but that little is exceedingly interesting, and fills the mind with eagerness to know more. From Captain Walker we have gathered many particulars regarding his celebrated trip, and the character of this mysterious land, which have never before been brought to light. There is no lack of streams within it; the Rio Colorado Chiquito, or Little Red river, runs entirely across it, about one hundred miles to the north of the Gila, and almost parallel to it, and empties into the Colorado. About one hundred and twenty miles still further north, the San Juan follows exactly the same course as the Little Red river, and empties in Grand river, the most important branch of the Colorado. Grand river itself pursues a course a little south of west, across the northern part of the basin, while the Avonkaree, a large river discovered by Mr. Beale, Green river, and the Rio Virgen, are all large streams, which drain the northern mountain rim, and run in a southerly direction into the Colorado.

The great basin between the Colorado and the Rio Grande is an immense table land, broken toward the Gila and the Rio Grande by detached sierras. Almost all the streams run through deep canons. The country is barren and desolate, and entirely uninhabited. But though now so bleak and forbidding, strewn all around may be seen the evidence that it was once peopled by a civilized and thickly settled population. They have long since disappeared, but their handiwork still remains to attest their former greatness. Captain Walker reports that the country from the Colorado to the Rio Grande, between the Gila and San Juan, is full of ruined habitations and cities, most of which are on the table-land. Although he had frequently met with crumbling masses of masonry and numberless specimens of antique pottery, such as have been noticed in the immigrant trail south of the Gila, it was not till his last trip across that he ever saw a structure standing. On that occasion he had penetrated about midway from the Colorado into the wilderness, and had encamped near the Little Red river, with the Sierra Blanca looming up to the south, when he noticed at a little distance an object that induced

him to examine further. As he approached, he found it to be a kind of citadel, around which lay the ruins of a city more than a mile in length. It was located on a gentle declivity that sloped toward Red river, and the lines of the streets could be distinctly traced, running regularly at right angles with each other. The houses had all been built of stone, but all had been reduced to ruins by the action of some great heat, which had evidently passed over the whole country. It was not an ordinary conflagration, but must have been some fierce furnace-like blast of fire, similar to that issuing from a volcano, as the stones were all burnt—some of them almost cindered, others glazed, as if melted.

This appearance was visible in every ruin he met with. A storm of fire seemed to have swept over the whole face of the country, and the inhabitants must have fallen before it. In the center of this city referred to, rose abruptly a rock twenty or thirty feet high, upon the top of which stood a portion of the walls of what had once been an immense building. The outline of the building was still distinct, although only the northern angles, with walls fifteen or eighteen feet long and ten feet high, were standing. These walls were constructed of stone, well quarried, and well built. All the south end of the building seemed to have been burnt to cinders, and to have sunk to a mere pile of rubbish. Even the rock on which it was built appeared to have been partially fused by the heat. Captain Walker spent some time in examining this interesting spot. He traced many of the streets and the outlines of the houses, but could find no other wall standing. As often as he had seen ruins of this character, he had never till this occasion discovered any of the implements of the ancient people. Here he found a number of handmills, similar to those still used by the Pueblos and the Mexicans for grinding their corn. They were made of light porous rock, and consisted of two pieces about two feet long and ten inches wide, the one hollowed out, and the other made convex like a roller to fit the convexity. They were the only articles that had resisted the heat. No metals of any kind were found. Strewn all around might be seen numerous fragments of crockery, sometimes beautifully carved, at others painted. This, however, was not peculiar to this spot, as he had seen antique pottery in every part of the country, from San Juan to the Gila.

Captain Walker continued his journey, and noticed several more ruins a little off his route next day, but he could not stop to examine them. On the west of the Colorado he has never seen any remains, except of the present races. The Indians have no traditions relative to the ancient people once thickly settled in this region. They look with wonder upon these remains, but know nothing of their origin. Captain Walker, who, we may remark, is a most intelligent and close observer, far superior to the generality of the old trappers, and with a wonderfully retentive mem-

ory, is of the opinion that this basin, now so barren, was once a charming country, sustaining millions of people, and that its present desolation has been wrought by the action of volcanic fires. The mill discovered proves that the ancient race once farmed; the country, as it now appears, never could be tilled, hence it is inferred it must have been different in early days. They must have had sheep, too, for the representation of that useful animal was found carved upon a piece of pottery.

Lieutenant Beale states that on his first trip across the continent he discovered in the midst of the wilderness north of the Gila what appeared to be a strong fort, the walls of great thickness, built of stone. He traversed it, and found it contained forty-two rooms. In the vicinity, numerous balls of hard clay, from the size of a bullet to that of a grape-shot, were met with. What was singular about them was the fact, that frequently ten or twenty were stuck together like a number of bullets run out of half a dozen connecting molds, or like a whole baking of rolls. It is difficult to say what these were intended for. They were so hard, however, that the smaller ones could be discharged from a gun. And now it remains for the antiquary to explore this most interesting region in the very heart of our country, and to say who were the people that inhabited it. They may have been the ancestors of the Aztecs whom Cortez found in Mexico, for they were known to have come from the north. Tradition relates that they sallied out from their northern homes, directed by their prophets not to cease their march till they came across an eagle sitting upon a cactus with a serpent in its claws. This they found where the city of Mexico now stands, and there they established their dominion. This legend is still preserved in the device upon the Mexican dollar.

Some remnants of the Aztecs still remained within a few years past at the ruined city of Grand Quivera, or Pecos, in the wilderness of New Mexico. Here, in deep caverns, they kept alive, with reverential care, the sacred fire, which was always to burn till the return of Montezuma. It only went out about ten years ago, when the last Indian of the tribe expired. It may be that the Pimos, south of the Gila, are an offshoot of the great Aztec nation, left behind in their march to the south. The Pimos, it is known, are far superior to the Indians of Mexico. They raise fine cotton, and from it manufacture all their clothing.

EVERY Odd Fellow should illustrate by his example the great and heaven-born principles, Friendship, Love, and Truth, and so live them out among his fellow-men as at all times to "speak the truth in love," deal uprightly, act justly, be charitable towards the failings of others, generous to the needy, and ever sympathize with the sick and afflicted.

Rest.

Oh let me rest! says the child of play,
I'm weary of sporting the live-long day,
The birds of the greenwood have gone to their nest;
Then why should I linger? Oh let me rest!

I've chased the bee o'er the thymy hill,
And followed the course of the shining rill,
But the bee and the butterfly hie to their nest;
Then why should I wander? Oh let me rest!

I've twined a wreath of the bright-leaved flowers;
The fairest that grew in the woodland bowers,
But the dew is gemming the violet's crest;
Then why should I wander? Oh let me rest!

Oh let me rest! says the child of grief,
To the weary in spirit, Oh, bring relief!
For the clouds which hang o'er an aching breast
May break in sorrow. Oh let me rest!

I've sought for peace, through the changing years,
But the past is dark with the mist of tears;
With a weight of sorrow, my soul oppressed,
Must pine forever. Oh! WHAT IS REST?

Fond friends have perished like Autumn leaves,
And a dirge like music the wind-harp weaves,
And the light which the years of my childhood blest
Hath fled forever. Oh let me rest!

Oh let me rest! is the orphan's cry,
As her pale lips part with a broken sigh;
If hope e'er dawns on a soul depressed
With a weight of sorrow, Oh, give me rest!

A precious treasure was mine awhile—
A balm for sorrow, a mother's smile;
No mother now, or a father's breast,
Can share my anguish. Oh give me rest!

Oh let me rest! says the man of toil;
I've searched for treasure the cold damp soil;
For long, long years I have been caressed
By the phantom wealth, but it brings no rest.

I've jewels bright, from the distant mine,
And odors sweet of the fragrant vine;
Pure gems encircle my flaming crest—
All these are mine, but they bring no rest.

A crown of pearls on my brow is set,
But my heart is wasting in vain regret;
Gold brings no balm for an aching breast—
'Tis a worthless treasure. Oh give me rest!

But what is rest? says the gray-haired sage,
As he turns with wonder the holy page;
Mortals around me have sought it long,
Doth it only dwell in the poet's song?

And must the shadows of eve which close
O'er weary pilgrims bring no repose?
Is there no bower, by its sunlight blest?
I pine for freedom; Ah, what is rest?

FAITH bringeth rest, says the child of God,
And meekly he kisses the blighting rod;
Its power is felt in the holy spell
Of the Christian's prayer, "ALL, ALL IS WELL."

There is a calm for the weary soul,
A refuge sure, and a heavenly goal,
For our Savior saith in accents blest,
Oh come unto me, I WILL GIVE YOU REST!

Sunshine and Shadow.

It was toward the close of the summer of 1848, after peace had been proclaimed with Mexico, that our narrative commences. An unusual degree of excitement seemed to pervade the city of Cincinnati. Sober citizens, with eagerness in their looks, were seen hurrying along, accompanied by troops of boys shouting in an extacy of wild delight, all following the sound of the triumphal strains of martial music that swelled on the air, occasionally interrupted by the roar of the cannon booming over the waters of the Ohio. Every window was occupied by countenances, on many of which were depicted an expression of intense anxiety and interest, as the ranks of returned volunteers poured through the streets. Ah, how many a heart was to beat high with joy as they welcomed the wanderer home, who had passed unscathed amid danger and death; but sad indeed must be the task of disclosing the mournful tidings to those who must now weep for the beloved ones who will return no more!

As they filed down one of the principal streets, the windows of a popular female seminary, despite of school restrictions, did not fail to be crowded with a bevy of fair young faces. Helen Grey, a bright haired girl of sixteen, after gazing intently at the procession, suddenly ex-

claimed: "He is safe, he is safe! Julian, my dear brother, I see him now!"

"Young ladies, how highly improper," exclaimed a harsh, high pitched voice; and in the background now appeared the antiquated countenance of Miss Fenton, the assistant preceptress, every feature expressing in characters of vinegar the indignation she felt at this breach of discipline and propriety. "And you, Miss Grey," said she, addressing the principal offender, "if your brother has arrived, you had best think of what report he will receive from your instructors."

A cloud for a moment shaded the sunshine of that fair face, while the monitress exclaimed: "Your German and Latin teacher has twice reported your indolence this week, and your drawing master complains that the time you should occupy in studying the lights and shades you appropriate to drawing such absurd and irreverent caricatures as these," at the same time displaying and holding up to view two cleverly executed sketches of that estimable personage herself. One represented her in all the terror of the school room, and the other clothed in complaisant smiles, armed with a huge prayer book, and walking to church in company with her spiritual pastor, the Rev. Timothy Banghart, a disconsolate widower.

An audible titter ran through the circle of young ladies, which the detected Helen vainly endeavored not to join in; she dropped her eyes, and a deep blush mantled her cheeks as her delinquencies were thus placed before her in their most glowing colors. But Helen Grey was the pet of the school, although disposed to be idle and negligent, as favorites generally are. Her natural amiability and desire of pleasing or amusing her young companions, often led her, as at present, into difficulties, and caused her often to neglect her duties in order to carry out some plan for their gratification; so that, with good talents and opportunities, she had arrived at the age of sixteen with but a very superficial education.

When at the age of ten, her father (she was then motherless), a wealthy merchant of the city, had died, leaving his business in the hands of his eldest son, Julian, and consigning to his brotherly care his young sister Helen and a brother Edward four years younger. And nobly had Julian Grey acquitted himself of the duties his dying father had bequeathed him. Every attention and care was lavished by him on the little orphans. The uprightness and honor which characterized all his dealings, had caused his business to prosper, and built up for him a reputation as firm and reliable at the age of twenty-five as was his father's before him.

Upon arriving at his majority, he had joined that excellent society of true brotherly love, the Odd Fellows. During his benevolent visits in

search of the poor and destitute, he had frequently witnessed the brotherly care and attention which was bestowed upon the sick and indigent members of the fraternity by their brethren, and he resolved that an Order whose mission it was to take care of the sick, bury the dead, and educate the orphan, should number him within its ranks. Accordingly we find him enrolled under the banner upon whose folds is inscribed the motto of "Friendship, Love, and Truth," the three links of Odd-Fellowship which bind together in harmonious bonds the members of the fraternity; and many of the poor and unfortunate brothers of his Lodge had found reason to bless the generous hand and sympathizing heart of Julian Grey.

At the commencement of the Mexican war, seized with the martial ardor that pervaded all ranks of citizens, he yielded to the irresistible impulse, and, leaving his business in the hands of his partner, he joined the ranks as a volunteer, after placing his sister at a seminary, and his brother at college. Ardent and enthusiastic in all his undertakings, he was as well calculated to shine in the army as to perform the offices of a good citizen at home. He succeeded in winning distinction by his bravery, and a fair bride by his gallantry. After the siege of Monterey, by his manly remonstrances and eloquence of justice, he succeeded in diverting from their purpose a lawless band of his wild comrades in arms who had determined to pillage the house of Louis Costello, a wealthy citizen who had one fair daughter; and thus commenced the acquaintance which ended in the affections of the old man becoming so engaged in favor of the amiable young stranger that when the time of departure drew near he could not refuse him even the hand of his Maria, especially as the heart of the young lady had become the property of the youthful invader of her country.

And now behold him welcoming his bride to his home in his native city. The dusty uniform has been laid aside, and he now appears in the simple dress of the republican gentleman, as he tenderly assists her to alight from the carriage and leads her up the broad stone steps, whispering cheering words of love and hope, as she casts her timid glances around on all that is new and strange. The door flies open at his loud summons. Affectionate hearts had been already awaiting with impatience to welcome them with "gentle words and loving smiles."

But we will draw a veil over this happy scene; the pen would fail to picture it. Let us glance at the reunion once more, however. The shades of evening have softened into twilight, and the dimness has been dispelled by the silvery luster of the gentle moonbeams, shedding a hallowed and softening light over every object, and filling the heart with holy joy and devotion. Julian Grey is seated on the verandah, his sister and wife on either side, and seated at their feet is the youthful Edward,

gazing with wrapt enthusiasm as his mind's eye pictures the fearful scenes which his brother describes ; for genius has stamped its seal on the broad open brow, and its latent spark kindles in the flashing eye of Edward Grey.

"Let Eddie get your guitar, and sing a song for Maria, sis."

"What shall it be, brother?" said Helen, as she passed the ribbon across her shoulder.

"Make your own selection, dear sister."

With true native delicacy to her brother's wife, Helen sang with a sweet voice and good taste that charming little ballad, "'Tis home where'er the heart is."

The song is concluded, and Helen, passing her arm around Maria's neck, whispers : "Dear sister, will you love me ? I love you so much already."

A warm caress is the reply. The heart of the young wife is too full for utterance. A hollow convulsive cough startles the group, and Julian Grey presses his hand to his side, and a look of fearful agony shades his features.

"Julian, what is the matter?" exclaimed his sister, turning pale.

"Nothing, nothing ; it will pass away ; but let us go in, the night air is not healthy."

Alas ! Julian Grey had now love and fame, but brief was the duration of his happiness. Oh ! how few could imagine the dark cloud that was so soon to shadow the joy of that happy group ! The fatigue and exposure incident to a campaign had sown the seeds of disease in that never robust frame. A few nights after this, the city was startled by the cry of fire. The alarm bells rang a doleful peal on the still night and startled the slumberers from their dreams. The night was clear and pleasant, and Julian Grey, ever prompt to arrest and sympathize with his fellow citizens, arose and followed the stream of firemen who were hastening towards the fire. As he neared the scene of action, a fearful foreboding seized his mind. Alas ! too soon were his worst fears realized. As he approached, he beheld his extensive warehouse a mass of flames, smoke, and confusion, and with a pang of agony, he recollected that by one of those fatal coincidences which seem constantly to crowd one misfortune after another, the term of insurance had expired a few days before, and its renewal had from some cause been delayed. The thought of his wife and sister flashed upon him, and starting forward to join the firemen, he made almost superhuman efforts to subdue the devouring element. Suddenly his head reeled, a pang shot through his heart, and by the glare of the blazing pile he was seen to raise his hand and describe a rapid sign, when he fell heavily to the earth.

Immediately a group of half a dozen who were looking on the scene

from the opposite sidewalk, forced their way through the crowd, and tenderly raising his prostrate form, carried him safely beyond the reach of the confusion and danger of the spot. A rapid consultation now took place, while many were inquiring, "Who is he?" "Where is his residence?" etc. "Julian Grey, a brother of our Lodge," said one. A litter was soon procured, and the unfortunate Odd Fellow was carefully conveyed to his home by his brethren, who immediately summoned physicians, and with true brotherly kindness endeavored to calm the fears of the distracted wife and sister. Several long days passed, and still Julian Grey lingered on, although recovery had been pronounced almost hopeless; he had broken a blood vessel, and his enfeebled constitution could not resist the shock. Every day he was visited by the brothers of his Order, each using his endeavors to cheer and restore hope to the sick man.

"I could be content and kiss the rod, were the infliction only on myself, but it grieves me to think of my wife and sister—reared in the lap of luxury, yesterday wealthy and happy, now utterly destitute. This house even is no longer mine, when the creditors are satisfied."

"Cheer up, brother Grey," was the comforting answer; "and recollect that the protection and care of our whole brotherhood is theirs."

But the days of Julien Grey were numbered, and he was laid in his narrow house of rest by the hands of the Odd Fellows, to whose brotherly care, with his dying breath, he had commended his weeping family. The widow was supplied by them with the means of returning to her father's house in the South. And now the surviving sister and brother.

Misfortune seemed to bring out all the noble traits of Helen Grey's character. The frivolity of a spoiled child was laid aside, and the dignity of her true woman's character shone out. She now deeply regretted the time she had misspent at school. Disdaining to live in idle dependence, she said: "If I were only more thorough, I might obtain a situation as teacher. I might not only support myself, but assist my brother in his darling scheme of going to Italy to study his art. Oh! if I only had one more opportunity, I would redeem the past." And Helen did have that opportunity, and we shall see how she profited by it and kept her word.

In the State of Tennessee is an institution for the education of orphans of deceased Odd Fellows, reared by the enterprise and philanthropy of the Order in that State; and here Helen Grey succeeded in obtaining admission through the influence of relations residing there, who belonged to the Order. Each succeeding month she now appeared perfect in every class, and often the dim light of the midnight lamp shone over the earnest features of the studying girl. After remaining at the institution for one year, she had so improved her talents as to find no difficulty in

obtaining a lucrative situation by which she was enabled to supply her brother with the means of cultivating his artistic talent.

But we will not quit the subject without once more referring to that noble institution in the South, and urging the necessity and propriety of establishing such a one in Ohio. Surely such a noble enterprise could not fail to be crowned with success, and must meet the approval of every member of the Order. Three years have rolled away since the first pupil entered those halls. This embryo scheme which the Odd Fellows of Tennessee conceived with many apprehensions of its failure, has already become a giant of its kind—a noble instance of well directed and persevering energy—a significant and satisfactory answer to the query, "What is the use of Odd-Fellowship?" and, as the history of the last three years has verified, a powerful incentive to action in the neglected cause of female education throughout the length and breadth of East Tennessee. Yes, in that modern Arcadia, a fountain gushes, from whose limpid waters nearly two hundred of her daughters drink. May it ever be as pure, as wholesome, as refreshing as it now is!

Helen Grey has retained her situation and fulfilled with credit her duties as a teacher ever since the period of her leaving the institution, and report says that Miss Grey is only awaiting her brother's return from Italy, when she will grace the splendid home of one well calculated to win her noble heart, Charles Leroy, a lawyer already eminent in his profession, as well as universally beloved for his honor and truth.

The Language of Flowers.

The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purple rose a figure of unfelt love; faith is represented to us in the blue passion flower; hope beams forth from the evergreen; peace from the olive branch; immortality from *immortelle*; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary; the victory of the spirit by the palm; modesty by the blue, fragrant violet; compassion by the ivy; tenderness by the myrtle; affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not; natural honesty and fidelity by the oak leaf; unassumingness by the cornflower (the cyane); and the auricula,

—"how friendly they look upon us,
With their child-like eyes."

Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow; sadness by the angelica; shuddering by the aspen; melancholy by the cypress; desire of meeting again by the starwort; the night-swelling rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness. Thus nature, by these flowers, seems to betoken her loving sympathy with us; and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless men are able to do!

The Stellar Universe.

Poets may sing of the beautiful earth; artists may transfer her in glowing colors to the canvass; geologists may bury us deep 'mid rocks and minerals; public speakers may paint vividly the diversified plains, and dwell long on the beauty of the bounding ocean, as wave after wave rushes madly to the shore, eager to stretch itself to its utmost limits. And while we are not indifferent to these beauties so richly spread before us, we would fain soar higher and roam amid the Heavenly Hosts. We would question the twinkling stars, and then follow the comet in his flight; we would hold friendly converse with the moon, and admire the brilliancy of the sun.

In short, gladly would we become familiar with all the heavenly bodies. While this privilege is denied us we may yet send our minds to view these scenes. Ages have rolled away; nations have passed from the face of the earth; as the flower, so have generation after generation been scattered to the passing wind; yet in each successive period, all, admiring, have gazed upward. In heathen lands as well as in our own enlightened countries, astronomical discoveries have been made, and in whatever pursuit man may have been engaged, he has looked upward for direction. The seed has been sown, and the harvest gathered, directed by the position of a single star; and the mariner has reached his harbor in safety, a constellation his only guidance.

The Heavens is a subject of enjoyment for all classes. The wealthy have laid aside many pursuits to examine the beautiful stars clustering so lovingly around their common center; the writer has pictured the revolving orbs chasing each other round the poles of the heavens; the scholar has employed his time and talents in computing the distance from planet to planet, or has endeavored to pierce through the various nebulae of the different constellations.

The light-hearted have gazed on the curtained canopy of the heavens, and imagined each brilliant star a jewel of the diadem which encircles the brow of the Queen of Night; and the afflicted have looked above as the representation of their future haven of rest. Look upward and onward, beyond the shining orbs, and see clothed in matchless beauty, the Sun of Righteousness, the Savior of Mankind, the King of Kings, arrayed in all his glory.

Yes, ye weary pilgrims, look above and behold your Heavenly Kingdom, where all will be in harmony, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." There Seraphim and Cherubim sweetly echo "God is Love." And hark-ye! to the holy cadence, "Glory to God in the highest."

Visit to the Catacombs of Rome.

One of the finest and most agreeable days we spent in Rome was devoted to a portion of the city now very thinly inhabited, but still abounding in ruins and memorials of past ages.

Passing out of the city under the brow of which is the Aventine Mount, one of the ancient seven hills, the first object of special interest was the pyramid of Caius Cestius, built in imitation of the Egyptian pyramids.

Near this monument is the protestant seminary. We next visited the Church of St. Paul, a very costly structure, located, according to the traditions of the place, on the very spot where the Apostle Paul was beheaded. The Baths of Caracalla, the Tomb of the Scipios, the Valley of Egeria, the Temple of Bacchus, the Temple of Romulus, the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, and the old Appian-way, each had their share of attention; but what interested us most deeply was a visit to the catacombs, or underground burial places of the early Christians.

The principal entrance to the most important catacombs is underneath the church of St. Sebastian. On entering that church, a coarsely-clad monk offered to conduct us, and, putting candles in our hands, led the way down a staircase cut in the rock. We wandered about to our satisfaction, examining graves and galleries sufficient to serve as an example for all the rest, and finally ascended into the church again by another stairway.

The great increase which took place in the magnificence of ancient Rome, during the latter times of the republic, naturally led to the formation of quarries in the immediate neighborhood. In this respect, the city of the Cæsars resembles many others, as Paris, Naples, Syracuse and Alexandria, all more or less surrounded or undermined by tortuous excavations. The size and shape of these differ according to the firmness of the substratum: at Naples, they are large and lofty; but at Rome, from the crumbling nature of the soil, narrow and low. The materials quarried in the Campagna of Rome consisted of tufa and puzzolana, a volcanic sandy rock, which, from its texture, was well adapted to the excavation of long galleries.

These subterranean works attracted general notice during the time of Augustus, when their extent rendered them dangerous. They first obtained celebrity as the scene of the domestic tragedy referred to by Cicero in his oration for Cluentius. The riches of Asinius, a young Roman citizen, had excited the avarice of Oppianicus, who employed an accomplice to personate Asinius, and to execute a will in his name. The pretended Asinius having bequeathed the property to Oppianicus, and obtained the signatures of some strangers, the true Asinius was inveigled to

the gardens of the Esquiline, and precipitated into one of the sand pits. It was in these caverns that Nero was advised to conceal himself when terrified by the sentence of an enraged Senate; on which occasion he made answer to his freedman Phaon, that he would not go under ground while living.

The sand obtained from the Esquiline pits was used for making cement. It was recommended for this purpose by the architect Vitruvius, as preferable to any other.

The custom of digging sand from these crypts or galleries being established, the whole subsoil on one side of Rome was in course of time perforated by a net-work of excavations, spreading ultimately to a distance of fifteen miles. In the mean time, the original quarries, exhausted of their stores, were appropriated to other uses.

The caves near the present Basilica of St. Sebastian are considered to have been the first occupied by Christians. To these in particular were applied the expressions *ad arenas* and *cryptæ arenariæ*, to which was added the Greek form *ad catacumbas*.

It being proved by historical evidence that the catacombs were originally dug by the pagans for sand-pits and quarries, it remains to be shown in what manner the Christians became connected with them. The *arenarii*, or sand diggers, were persons of the lowest grade, and, from the nature of their occupation, probably formed a distinct class. There is reason to suppose that Christianity spread very early among them; for, in time of persecution, the converts employed in the subterranean passages not only took refuge there themselves, but also put the whole church in possession of these inaccessible retreats. When we reflect upon the trials which awaited the church, and the combined powers of earth and hell which menaced its earliest years, it is impossible not to recognize the fostering care of a heavenly hand, in thus providing a cradle for the infant community. Perhaps to the protection afforded by the catacombs, as an impregnable fortress from which persecution always failed to dislodge it, the church of Rome owed much of the rapidity of its triumph; and to the preservation of its earliest sanctuaries, its ancient superiority in discipline and manners.

The customs of the first ages, stamped indelibly on the walls of the catacombs, must have contributed to check the spirit of innovation soon observable throughout Christendom. The elements of a pure faith were written "with an iron pen, in the rock, forever;" and if the church of after times had looked back to her subterranean home, "to the hole of the pit whence she was digged," she would there have sought in vain for traces of forced celibacy, the invocation of saints, and the representation of the Deity in painting or sculpture. Whatever dates may be attributed to other remains, this is certain, that the Lapidarian Gallery contains no

support whatever for the dogmas of the Council of Trent. With this fact to guide us in distinguishing between what belongs to a pure age, and what to the times of innovation, we may safely refer to the latter a number of inscriptions preserved in the vaults of St. Peter's, which contain prayers to the Virgin Mary, and other peculiarities of Roman theology.

The fact that the catacombs were employed as a refuge from persecution, rests upon good evidence, notwithstanding objections founded upon the narrowness of the passages, the difficulty of supporting life, and the risk of discovery incurred by seeking concealment in an asylum so well known to the pagans. These objections do not apply to a temporary residence below ground in time of danger; and it is not pretended that the catacombs were inhabited under other circumstances. The recourse to such an asylum was no novelty in history, for long before that time, many, "of whom the world was not worthy," took refuge in dens and caves of the earth. In the excavations at Quesnel, not only persons, but cattle, contrived to support existence; added to which we have, as will be seen presently, the direct testimony of several writers. Had the intricacies of the catacombs been known to the heathen authorities, or the entrances few in number, they would doubtless have afforded an insecure asylum. But the entrances were numberless, scattered over the Campagna for miles; and the labyrinth below was so occupied by the Christians, and so blocked up in various places by them, that pursuit must have been almost useless. The "Acts of the Martyrs" relate some attempts made to obstruct the galleries, in order to destroy those who were concealed within; but, setting aside these legends, we are credibly informed that not only did the Christians take refuge there, but that they were also occasionally overtaken by their pursuers.

The catacombs have become illustrious by the actual martyrdom of some noble witnesses to the truth. Xystus, Bishop of Rome, together with Quartus, one of his clergy, suffered below ground in the time of Cyprian. Stephen, also Bishop of Rome, was traced by heathen soldiers to his subterranean chapel; on the conclusion of divine service, he was thrust back into his episcopal chair and beheaded. The letters of Christians then living refer to such scenes with a simplicity that dispels all idea of exaggeration; while their expectation of sharing the same fate affords a vivid picture of those dreadful times.

In the time of Diocletian, Caius is said to have lived eight years in the catacombs, and to have terminated this long period of confession by suffering martyrdom. Even as late as the year 352, Liberius, Bishop of Rome, took up his abode in the cemetery of St. Agnes during the Arian persecution.

The discovery of wells and springs in various parts assists us in understanding how life could be supported in those dismal regions; although

there is no evidence to prove that the wells were sunk for that purpose. One of them has been named the Font of St. Peter ; and however apocryphal the tradition which refers it to apostolic times, the fact of its having been long used for baptism is not to be disputed. Some of the wells were probably dug with the intention of draining the catacombs.

These circumstances sufficiently prove the habit of taking refuge in the cemeteries on any sudden emergency ; and it is not difficult to understand how the concealment was effected. On the outbreak of a persecution, the clergy, heads of families, and others particularly obnoxious to the Pagans, were the first to suffer ; perhaps the only individuals whose death or exile was intended by the imperial officers. Aware of their danger, and well versed in the signs of impending persecution, they betook themselves to the catacombs, there to be supported by those whose obscure condition left them at liberty.

It is well known that before the time of Constantine there were in Rome many rooms or halls employed for divine worship, though perhaps no edifices built expressly for that purpose. Besides this, the extreme smallness of the catacomb chapels, and their distance from the usual dwellings of the Christians, oppose serious objections to the supposition that they were used for regular services. Yet nothing in history is better attested than the fact that, throughout the fourth century, the church met there for the celebration of the eucharist, for prayer at the graves of the martyrs, and for the love-feasts, or Agapæ.

The ramifications of the catacombs may be classed in two divisions : those originally dug for the purpose of procuring sand, known by their irregularity, as well as by their smaller dimensions ; and the additions made by the Christians, when want of space obliged them either to dig fresh galleries, or to square and enlarge those already existing. These new crypts, mentioned in several inscriptions, belong to the more peaceful times of Christianity, when the custom of burying in the catacombs had become so completely established that even after it was no longer a necessary precaution, subterranean sepulture was preferred. Vicinity to the tombs of saints and martyrs was an inducement to the continuance of the practice, and this was so highly esteemed that it is often alluded to in inscriptions.

In the greater number of galleries, the height is about eight or ten feet, and the width from four to six. The graves are cut in the walls, either in a straggling line or in tiers. The galleries often run in stories two or three deep, communicating with each other by flights of steps.

There existed formerly on the walls of the catacombs many paintings, representing individuals employed in excavating an overhanging rock, with a lamp suspended from the summit. A drawing was found by Boldetti, in the cemetery of Callistus, above which was the following

inscription: "Diogenes the Fossor, buried in peace on the eighth before the kalends of October."

On either side is seen a dove with an olive branch, the common emblem of Christian peace. The pick-ax and lamp together plainly designate the subterranean excavator: while the spike by which the lamp is suspended from the rock, the cutting instruments and compasses used for marking out the graves, and the chapel lined with tombs among which the fossor stands, mark as distinctly the whole routine of his occupation as the cross on his dress his Christian profession.

From the instruments represented in this valuable painting, as well as from the testimony of authors, we conclude that the fossors were employed to excavate and adorn parts of the catacombs. A great portion of their work must have been connected with the chapels, which were very numerous, and afterward became elaborate in their details. This rude attempt of a cotemporary artist to represent the occupation of a poor Christian, employed in burying in secret the deceased members of a community, to whom no place on the face of the earth was granted for their long home, suggests some serious reflections on the change which Christendom has since undergone. Could we imagine the humble Diogenes, whom we see engaged in his melancholy task, to look out from the entrance to the crypt, and behold, in their present splendor, the domes and palaces of Christian Rome; to see the cross which *he* could only wear in secret on his coarse woolen tunic, glittering from every pinnacle of the eternal city—how would he hail the arrival of a promised millennium, and confidently infer the abolition of idolatrous service! Glowing with the zeal of the Cyprianic age, he hastes to the nearest temple to give thanks for the marvelous change: he stops short at the threshold, for by a strange mistake he has encountered incense, and images, and the purple-bearing train of the Pontifex-Maximus. What remains for him but to wander solitary beside the desolate Tiber, by those "waters of Babylon to sit down and weep," while he remembers his ancient Zion?

Philanthropy.

It is a little thing

To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May send a shock of pleasure to the soul,
More exquisite than when nectareous juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

'Tis a little thing to speak some common word
Of comfort, which hath almost lost its use,
Yet, on the ear of him who thought to die
Unmourned, 'twill fall like the choicest music.

Theory and Practice of Odd-Fellowship.

Some persons judge of and appreciate an institution according to its *theory*, and some according to the *practical* workings of its principles; while others are careful to scrutinize both theory and practice, and form their judgment accordingly. And all who are acquainted with the institution of Odd-Fellowship are well pleased to have it pass the most rigid investigation, both in reference to its principles, and their practical application.

Some of its advocates may have been a little too extravagant in eulogizing the institution, especially when they survey it from the inner temple; yet we are willing to let it stand or fall upon its own intrinsic merits, and let an estimate be placed upon it according to the good or evil resulting from an application of its principles. An institution may be beautiful in theory, like the government of China, but at the same time deleterious in its practical operations. And if such were the case with Odd-Fellowship, we think that there are enough wise men in our ranks to see it, and enough honest ones that would seek for a change, or else abandon it altogether.

The institution has been in existence, and in operation, long enough to give men an opportunity of judging correctly if they but investigate, and judge without *prejudice*. But there are some persons who appear determined not to examine the basis on which it stands, and consequently not to be convinced that the institution is sound in theory, and useful in practice. When our magnificent edifice is beheld from every point of observation, it will appear beautiful in its symmetry, permanent in its foundation, and indescribable in its moral grandeur. And when our enemies mark well the bulwarks, tell the towers thereof, and consider the palaces, they are constrained to exclaim; "Here is an asylum for the distressed—a home for the stranger!"

Here the great principle of *benevolence*, which originated with God himself, is not only taught, but finds a lodgment in the human heart, and made essential for the full exercise of all the cardinal virtues of our natures. It forms the basis of all our social, intellectual, and religious enjoyment. It advances civilization, equalizes human society, cultivates the arts and sciences, and enjoins upon all men Friendship, Love, and Truth. It removes the midnight darkness that broods over the mind of man, and brings to him the brilliant, heart-cheering light of heaven. Without benevolence, all governments and all associations formed for man's enjoyment, would crumble into ruin; but with it comes stability, prosperity, and joy. Without it, our pilgrimage through life would be "dark and dreary," but with it, we have a hope, like "an anchor to the

soul, sure and steadfast." Benevolence pours upon the ear of the storm tossed mariner its soul entrancing music, and rears on either hand a beacon-light to guide him into port!

Benevolence must not remain passive in our breasts; it must be *cultivated* and strengthened and developed by active service. Passiveness enervates its power—drives it from us; while active service accelerates its force, and reaches the object of its mission.

To produce light the fire must be kindled; to kindle the fire the oxygen must be applied; to send forth a stream the fountain must be opened; to gather a harvest the seed must be sown. So with benevolence. Liberty of action is her native element; she carries on her banner freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of action. She possesses an expansive power equal to the wants of suffering humanity, and requires the whole universe of God as her field of operation. If sent forth on errands of mercy, with angel speed she rushes on, seeking out the dark and wretched homes of the disconsolate, and pours into their bleeding hearts the oil of consolation.

In our beloved institution we behold a *concentration* of the power of benevolence, and through an efficient agency, a flood of golden light is thrown upon the path of the care-worn traveler, and into the dungeons of despairing grief! And without detracting from the church or any other institution, it can in truth be said that here true benevolence is cultivated, by a direct and powerful application of principle. Odd-Fellowship always finds work to do—motives to influence, and means to accomplish it. She is founded in benevolence, and she ceases to live when she ceases to breathe a benevolent atmosphere.

Here is an organization of principles, drawn from the highest sources of reason and revelation—principles profoundly philosophical, and, in their practical influence, of untold value to a suffering world. An institution that takes a noble and lofty position among the benefactors of our race. Its resistless influence has been felt already by millions of intelligences, and its moral leaven is destined to move and transform the face of things throughout the globe. Already the banner of Odd-Fellowship proudly floats o'er land and sea, and all along its pathway the widow and the fatherless rise up and call it blessed. And while the church and other associations are accomplishing their appropriate work, let this angel of brotherhood perform the work that others may neglect.

We do not rely upon the outward ceremonies, the signs and emblems of the Order, but the living spirit, the *active principle*, that ever burns upon her sacred altars. Here is a power that will, when properly applied, purify and elevate the suffering and degraded conditions of men. Odd-Fellowship meddles not with the religion or politics of any man; but unites and obligates kindred hearts to aid in carrying out the great prin-

ciples of charity and benevolence so forcibly taught and enjoined in the Holy Scriptures.

Then let the *bow* of Jonathan send forth the significant *arrow*, to apprise David of approaching danger, that he may escape to the land of safety! Let the *brazen serpent* be reared in the wilderness of sorrow, that the stricken and dying may look and be healed! Let the *rod* of Aaron, with its buds and flowers, be presented to the poverty-stricken, to indicate the fruitfulness of charity, and the never-failing stores of Providence! Let the covenant *rainbow* encircle the heads of the disconsolate, to assure them of the quick subsiding floods of grief! Let the *good Samaritan* be sent forth to bind up the wounds of him that falls among thieves! Let the *ark of the covenant*, protected by cherubim wings, disclose its stores of manna, to assure us that the righteous are not forsaken, nor his seed reduced to beggary! Let the *tent* be erected in a strange land, where the weary traveler may find rest and refreshment, a shelter from the burning sun and raging storm.

Pure in motive, harmonious in theory, and practicable in the application of its principles, Odd-Fellowship is destined to wave its banner in triumph over a suffering world!

Stella.

It was a chilly March morning; gray clouds presaging storms passed rapidly athwart the sky, and the deep voiced wind sounded its bass notes mid the grove of stately pines which crowned the summit of G—— Hill, and which were the last representatives of the primeval forests left standing for several miles around the fair city of L——.

The rain of the previous day had not all disappeared, but had settled in pools along the roads, and beside the stone walls, and little children with bare feet were hurrying toward them, eager to begin their series of aquatic sports by first sounding the depths of these miniature lakes. It was a fresh, happy scene to watch these laughter-loving urchins in their various performances; some skipping pebbles into the shallow pools, others making floats and sending them out upon them, pushing them along with a rod, or attaching lines to them, and watching their progress with as much interest and pride as swells the heart of *man* when from a distant voyage he hails his freighted argozies.

It was a spring picture, such as every artist loves, and such as the busy inhabitants of L—— seemed duly to appreciate, if joyous looks and quick vigorous movements are any indications of the mental state. There were but two in all that moving crowd who did not seem to feel more or less elation from the very fact that "Spring had come," and

that in one day more the breath of April would be upon the breeze astir, and mellow voices wake to answer her. In the general jubilee the boys failed not to remind each other that "to-morrow would be All-Fool's day," and already many plots were being formed, whereby they expected to wound the self-esteem of certain old wiseacres, and from their discomfort extract an unaccountable sight of fun. Even the little girls looked mischievous, as, gathered in little groups near the school houses, they proceeded to discuss the propriety of sending a certain teacher whom they did not like, a paper parcel containing what should purport to be sugar, but which, by some mysterious agency, would be changed to salt before reaching its destined victim.

All, I say, seemed joyous; all save two, an old man and a delicate young girl who stood by his side. None but they seemed to mind the chilliness of the air, and none but they looked with distrust upon the trooping clouds, which ever and anon unrolled their dusky banners in the day-god's face. They stood apart from all the throng, on the steps of the old church whose humble spire for more than half a century had pointed upwards, saying symbolically to all who looked upon it "Thither also let thy thoughts arise."

A blight was on that old man's heart, the blight of age, disease, and sin; he was pale, and poor, and blind; yea, morally and physically blind. For years he had been traveling in a downward track, by every self-indulgence and evil association, seeking to deform those beautiful soul-pictures of virtue and goodness which the hand of the Great Artist had outlined and hung upon the walls of his spirit chamber. And but too well had he succeeded. There was now in his character none of that high and noble pride which is ever the companion of uprightness. There were no gushing fountains or singing streams of joy and gladness welling up from the heart's deep springs and flowing on with light and beauty through peaceful groves of thought and feeling, but instead, one wild turbid river of dark and unlovely passions, rushing madly through a tangled wilderness of rank and unwholesome prejudices, bitter feelings, hatred, scorn, and impotent rage. Human sympathy, that sweet lotus tree of the soul, beneath whose friendly shade bloom the flowers of all lovely affections, no more spread its green leaves to the spirit light, but like a lightning-riven pine it stood a bleak and blasted skeleton beside those long wasted fountains of the heart, and the breath of envy made hollow, discordant murmuring mid its lifeless branches. But one flower lingered in all the waste, and that was love for his only child, the delicate, fair young creature who stood by his side, and whose hand rested fondly, confidingly, in his, and whose large dark eyes looked first tearfully up to his sightless ones, then hopefully to the blue heaven above. She was no more than twelve years of age, but there was in her coun-

vol. 1—15

nance that soft, serene, spiritual expression, which made her appear older, while it imparted to her features, which were not otherwise remarkably beautiful, almost a heavenly brightness.

To have looked at her standing there, and not to have analyzed her emotions, every one of which were visible in the workings of her innocent face, would have been passing but a poor compliment on one's penetration. Child-thought, gentle and truthful, were softly beaming from those earnest eyes, and the shade which mingled with them told of early suffering, of unrest, but not despair. Her attire was plain, poor in texture, but neat and tasteful, and her luxurious brown hair, which only the breezes bound, fell in graceful waves over fair shoulders. Her's was spiritual, not physical, beauty, and by studying her character one would learn to love her; they might not love at once.

She had no mother, and her father, what was he? Alas! one for whom she might have blushed; yet she did not, for to her pure eyes all were pure. She loved him, and he clung to her with all a parent's devotion; deeply and truly did he love her, the only being in this great wide world whom he did love; all others he hated, scorned, and derided with the malignity of a debased and fallen spirit. But he loved his child, his Stella, his angel Star, and this love was the passion-flower which absorbed all the sunbeams and dewdrops of his existence; it was the sweet redeeming blossom of a rough hard nature, a delicate spring flower, blooming fragrant and fair mid the snows of a long cheerless winter, and bad as he was, the sunlight still lingered in that old man's heart, and a ray of beauty that betokened a coming more glorious existence. We think it true, and it is a beautiful belief, that there is never a heart so hard, so utterly desolate, but hath some love to cheer it, and like the Alpine flower, to whisper, "God is near." The frost may lie long in the valley of the affections, and deep snows cover the glacier peaks of pride and ambition, but out from some unseen crevice the sweet springs will gush, and beside the pure waters a little flower will grow that in the evening will find the dew-drops, and star-beams will come down to play with it; thus, through the summer day of prosperity and the quickly succeeding night of sorrow, on mid the barren sands, the tangled wildernesses, and rocky passes of life, will travel with us the fragrance of a flower, or the soft tinkling of the silver brooks of love, whose light is joy, and whose taste is gladness to the soul.

It was thus with this poor old man, the sands of whose life were almost numbered. A father's solicitude for his child was the last link which bound him to earth. All others had been snapped asunder by changes, by misfortune, and by death, and, as is usually the case, the last tie was the strongest. His child was eyes to him, and her hand led him, and her pure soul was yet to transform him from the miserably

darkened spirit into one of hope and light. Faithful in the discharge of every duty, well did she deserve his love, for the good angels as they had departed from him, seemed to have taken up their abode with her, and, as if loth to abandon him altogether to the dominion of evil, they filled her heart with a pure but strong and holy affection for that wicked and debased form, and through sickness and sorrow, the world's deep wrong, through poverty, and his own yet deeper wrongs to himself, she clung to him and shared his sufferings and his reverses with an unre-pining soul.

Alone on the old church steps they stood, the bud unfolding and the blasted tree—the rose shaded by the upas, but fair and flourishing, bearing in her heart that sweet virtue, the antidote to all poison, *purity*. And now to the keen pangs of physical suffering was about to be added the yet deeper agony of wounded spirit. It is humiliating to a good and generous mind to know that there are beautiful and sensitive spirits who by the force of circumstances are compelled to seek from the cold hand of charity those daily blessings which our heavenly Father hath bestowed upon the world with a liberal hand, but which his unjust stewards distribute but too partially.

The lips of the old man moved, and between a sigh and a groan he muttered: "It must be, it must be, my poor child, though I hate and scorn the whole world else, yet I love thee, little one, my Stella, my soul-star, the only one left in the darkened horizon of a hated existence; I love thee, and I must not let thee starve. We will try now the boasted charities of the rich and great. Ha! ha! they think I cannot see their sneers as they pass us by with their proud pharasaical air and haughty tread, but they mistake me much if they think the eyes of the mind are ever closed to their cursed hypocrisy."

"Oh! do not look so sad, dear father, and talk so wildly," said the fair creature at his side.

"I did not intend to talk wildly," replied the father, "but Stella, my poor child, I must tell thee—I could not tell thee before, but I must tell thee now—we must beg."

"Oh, father!" said the child; and she sighed and clasped his hands with a nervous grasp, as if deeply wounded.

"Yes, it must be so, Stella; I, once the master of others, and you the worshiped heiress of thousands, *we* must beg."

"Oh, father!" again gasped the fair young child; and this time her eyes, tearful and wild, turned with an earnest gaze to the heavens, as if *there* was a fountain of peace which her troubled soul yearned to gain.

"Doth it hurt thee so, my Stella? Is it not the only thing we can do? am I not old and blind, and are you not young and feeble? But not for myself; no, not for me, but for thee, Stella. I could die but for

thee, but so young, so good, I cannot let thee die, and we must both perish unless we have food soon. Are you not already hungry?"

"Yes, father, very hungry."

"And are you not cold?"

"Yes, father, very cold," said Stella, the truthfulness of her heart not permitting her to conceal her feelings, though they should hasten the coming of a trial she most dreaded.

"Well, then," said her father, "give me my poor tattered hat, and I will—pshaw! I cannot; you, Stella, you are young and fair and good; they will give to you; you can ask them better, perhaps. Is there no one coming?"

"Yes, father, there is a young gentleman walking this way."

"Well, ask him for something for bread; tell him we are starving."

"Not him, father, not him; I cannot, indeed, I cannot ask any one to give me what I can never pay for;" and the conscientious child sighed sorrowfully.

"What shall we do then?" asked the old man.

"I can work, father, I can work, and——" she paused, for her lips trembled, and she could not speak.

"And what, my poor Stella," said her father.

"And *pray*," she answered.

"But suppose you can get no work, for what is there that one so young can do? and suppose praying should be but foolish business after all, bringing no reward, what will we do then, my child?"

"I can die, father, but I cannot beg," quickly rejoined the sensitive child; and she added, "Mamma said to me one day when we were passing a group of rude, coarse children, who held out their hands to us and did not appear to care, but laughed and jeered at us after she had given them money—'Stella, whatever misfortune may come upon you, do you never do as these children have done; there are many honest ways in which even a little girl can earn her bread without begging. I would rather see you laid in the grave, Stella, than that you should come to that;' and I cannot, father, Oh! I cannot; do not ask me. When mamma went away from us, she told me if I ever got in any trouble, always to pray, and good angels would come to aid me, and she would be with them, if she could, to watch over her dear child still. Do you not remember, father, that she said this, and that she bade us not to weep for her?"

"Yes, child," said the old man, "I remember all, all my Mary ever said to me, and her last words are as if they had been burned into my brain. 'I will be near thee still!' Would, Oh! would I could believe it; for wicked and bad as I am, I might then learn to pray."

"And why can you not now, father?" asked the innocent child. "I

have such beautiful thoughts when I pray, I think it must be God's smiles which come to me then, my heart gets so very light; and, father, it seems to me he always opens a path for me, if it has been ever so dark before, and I believe he will this time."

"Then you would leave me, Stella, leave me to go and sit by the stranger's hearth. So it was not enough for the world that it should take away my wealth, my rank and my good name; it will take my child also! Oh, Stella! would you leave me?"

At these words, uttered by the old man in accents of the deepest anguish, the fair girl leaped like a startled fawn upon the platform above, flung her white arms round the old man's neck, laid her soft cheek upon his withered ones, and with coral lips imprinting a kiss upon them, she nestled close to his bosom, and whispered, "No, father, no; they shall not take me from you; your Stella will never forsake you. Are you not my father? and am I not your 'little Star?' why should you doubt me?" and a tear rolled from her mournful eyes and fell upon his hand.

"Promise me that, Stella, by the love of your lost mother—promise me that, and you will have saved me; I will believe there is, even in this world, such a thing as goodness. I will not doubt you; give me your hand and promise."

At this she placed her hand in his again, and said firmly, "I promise I will never forsake you."

"Bless you, my child—I bless you; would I could say, God bless you," groaned the old man.

"And why can you not, father?" asked the simple child.

"Because, child, because—but no matter now, I will tell you another time; I cannot now, but when you are older, Stella, I can then;" and he who had stood up boldly, defiantly amid crowds, and declared, "There is no God," now stood silent and abashed in the presence of a little child. There was something in her meek but abiding faith which made him hesitate ere he uttered words that might cause a doubt to obscure the hope of a pure mind. The cloud arose, but an angel hand wafted it away, that it might not dim the brightness of the new-born star.

From the above our readers will be able to perceive not a little difference in these two characters, but it will be necessary to explain the reason of their appearing in so public a place for the purpose of asking charity, without a previous understanding. That morning they had partaken together of the last morsel which the old man had the means of purchasing. He was in a strange city and knew not that he had a friend in the world to whom he could apply for relief, had he been so disposed, and he now saw no other alternative but to ask public alms or permit her who was dearer to him than life to suffer. He thought to tell her of this, as she sat by his side and uncompromisingly ate of the dry bread, which

was all he had to give her, but she seemed so happy, and commenced singing so gaily, that his heart smote him, and he could not speak and tell her of that which he knew must sadden her so much. He thought he might yet keep her in ignorance of it, if she would but lead him out to walk, and he could prevail upon her to leave him for the space of a few hours, and return to play with the children of the next house, with whom she had formed a slight acquaintance. Accordingly he asked her to lead him to the old church steps; but when there he could not bear to send her from him, he would feel so lost and desolate without her; how could he let the sunlight of her love, which for years had been his soul's only blessing, go from him even for one hour. He trembled at the thought of being left alone, and thus he told her all. They had consumed much time in conversation. It was now near noon. The clouds grew darker, and already large drops had commenced to fall. The wind whistled more wildly, and Stella perceiving that a fierce storm was at hand, besought her father to return with her to the humble shelter which, since their sojourn in that city, had been their home.

The old man sighed deeply, then said, "Alas! alas, my child, we have no longer any home. We already owe the landlord a week's rent, and he refuses to let us occupy the room longer, unless we pay him to-day."

"But, father," replied the heroic child, "he will not, cannot, be so cruel as to drive us out in the storm. Come, let us go back, and I will see what can be done. I do not fear; we shall be provided for, I am sure."

Saying this, she took him by the hand, and led him gently down the steps. As she reached the footpath, a flower, growing out of a tuft of grass which had sprung up between the loose flag stones that formed the walk, attracted her attention. Her heart leaped with joy at the sight of that frail thing which had struggled upward into life and beauty, in spite of the hard soil and the uncongenial air.

"O, my pretty flower! my pretty flower!" she cried, "I love thee; thou hast made my heart glad; thou art my sister. I will be like thee; I will struggle to the light. The March winds of sorrow shall not crush me; I will live, and thou shalt henceforth live with me, pretty flower. Thou hast an angel voice; thou hast whispered sweet things to me; I love thee. Come, I will place thee here in my bosom, and when I get home I will lay thee in my little Bible that mamma gave me, and every night when I read it, thy star-eyes shall speak to me and give me hope."

So saying, she stooped and took from its stem the pretty blossom. It was a violet, a fitting emblem of her own modesty and worth, and the first sight of it, coming in the hour of great darkness, was to her young heart like a smile of peace and rest. It suggested to her quick mind a plan by which she hoped to relieve the wants of her only parent, without

compelling her to leave him. Two years before, she had learned the simple art of constructing artificial flowers out of tissue papers. She had several very pretty bouquets, which she had kept very carefully. She would make more, and take them on the morrow to the market-place, where she remembered to have seen many little children standing with various articles of their own handiwork for sale. She doubted not but she could sell them, and already anticipated the joy she should feel in giving the proceeds of her work into the hands of her father. But she did not tell him of her plan ; she wished to surprise him. So she only said that the flower had made her very happy ; that it seemed to have blossomed on purpose for her, to comfort her, in the hope that what she had thought of doing would succeed, and her father, lost in melancholy reflection, made no inquiries respecting her designs.

Thus they two hastened on, one bowed down with the painful consciousness of his own impotency, the other elastic and joyous, every better and nobler feeling expanding under the influence of a firm resolve not to despair, but to struggle, to hope, and—pray.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Reveries of a Student.

Man loves knowledge, and his happiest moments are spent in its acquisition. His bosom swells with emotions of gladness, and his heart beats more quickly when he invents something new in art, discovers some new truth in nature, or some new law in science. He loves it because it gives him present gratification and animates his hopes of future greatness ; because it dispels darkness from his mind, and unravels the mysteries of nature ; because it directs his footsteps towards the temple of fame, and, what is most flattering to human desires, places power within his grasp. There is no spectacle more eminently beautiful than that of the aspiring student toiling by the light of his midnight lamp in the pursuit of knowledge. The charm thrown around such a scene, like the eloquent pauses in spoken oratory, cannot be described in language, nor represented on canvass by the genius of the artist. It binds him with indissoluble fetters. He plods onward, his eagle eye fixed upon a lofty mark, regardless of the singing syrens that would allure him to less ennobling pleasures. The flesh leaves his bones, the blood fades from his cheek, and his constitution becomes enfeebled, yet he hears not, he heeds not, their fascinating song.

As he begins to read in the ponderous volumes of the world's history, he opens his eyes upon the glory of the first day. He sees the first streaks of morning light brighten the eastern heavens. The day treads

on the heel of night, and the sun rises to chase away the darkness; not a cloud in the heavens; the blue waters are silvered with light; the beasts are in the fields, and the fowls of the air are soaring on vigorous wing; the meadow is covered with green, and the lake sleeping in the valley is brightened by the return of day. The grove is enlivened by the melody of the feathered songster and the ripple of the dancing stream; and the mountain clothed in majesty frowns over the smiling plain.

He sees in the Garden of Eden, Adam, of god-like form, with manly locks clustering about Herculean shoulders, and Eve, of angelic form and look, with golden tresses waving over a neck of alabaster. The most exquisite beauty is personified in everything around them; the umbrageous grot and the varied grove, the palmy hillock and the flowery vale, the little cascade and the fountain with crystal waters bubbling forth from the earth, the rose without the thorn, and the luxuriant vine with the purple grape. They stand together created in the image of God; they part; Eve is beguiled, and Adam induced to eat. A tear of sympathy glistens in his eye at the fall of man.

Again, he sees in a vision the image of the temple of the wise man of the East, with mingled admiration and wonder. The domes reach to the clouds; the mighty columns support the lofty piles; the vaulted ceilings are adorned with carvings of cedar and fir; the spacious halls are embellished with purple hangings, and paintings, and statuary. The sacred incense rises towards heaven from altars of pure gold, and Solomon, in all his glory, is seated on his ivory throne. 'Tis an image well worthy to stir his soul and direct his thoughts to God.

Again, he sees the great city of Babylon. Her towering walls and gates of brass blazing in the noonday sun; her noble edifices with porches, cupolas and domes, polished and bright; her pensile gardens and her highways thronged with caravans of princely merchants laden with costly merchandise, and the rich spices of the East, pass in living panorama before him. He sees the glitter of Belshazzar's feast, and handsome men and fair women blushing at the praise of their own loveliness; then wealth and luxury, youth and beauty, pass away and the Mede is on the throne.

Now the learned Athenian, the rigid Spartan, and the proud Roman move across the stage. He sees the splendid temples of Athens and the noble edifices of Rome. He sees the decline of each of these empires, and the rude barbarian of the north bury in the dust all the remains of civilization. The Middle Ages pass like a mist before his eyes. After a few centuries the light begins to glimmer and to become more and more discernable, till at length the cloud breaks away and the day appears.

At length the Feudal subordination passes away; society is freed from the anarchy of the dark ages, and learning is once more appreciated. He sees the resolute Puritans cross the mighty waters, and plant on the rock-bound coast of America a nation that was destined to achieve for itself a glory more brilliant than had hitherto been recorded in history. He sees the long dark lines of French infantry and cavalry, with polished armor flashing in the sun-light, slowly ascending the craggy heights of the Alps, and descending into the fertile plains of Italy. He sees steam converted into a motive power, and intelligence borne upon the wings of the lightning, and, what eclipses all other brilliant achievements of the nineteenth century, the very atmosphere which he breathes, made an agent for transporting merchandise.

Thus the student obtains pleasure from every age and every created thing. History leads him back to the remotest ages of the world, and science comes laden with pleasant themes for contemplation. He sees in man more than a human being—the most noble and the most perfect work of God. He sees a design in the creation of every animal, and of even the smallest insect that is born in the sun-light and dies ere the sun has sunk behind the western hill. He sees beauty in the lightning, and sublimity in the storm. He sees more than color in the rose, and more than bright spots in the heavens; he sees mighty planets wheeling their course around the sun. Wherever he goes, man and the elements obey his mandates. Jove's thunder-bolts court his nod, and the lightning does his bidding, and at his appearance in the valley of the Sacramento, the gold of Mexico displays itself in the footsteps of the unlettered Spaniard.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.—Her precocious beauty eclipsed that of Madame du Barry, the favorite of Louis XV, and the modern Phryne. But the beauty of Madame du Barry was that of a courtesan; the beauty of Marie Antoinette was that of a princess. Nature had adorned her with all the gifts that made her, as a woman, an object of admiration, and, as a queen, an object of adoration; in shape tall, her movements were swan-like in carriage and deportment; in elegance such as to lose nothing of her majesty; her hair was blonde and silken, and its warm tints reminded the beholder of the wavy tresses of Titian; eyes of liquid azure, in which the calm and the tempest of the soul made the look by turns sleep or undulate; the nose slightly aquiline; the mouth Austrian, of her family, that is, a mingling of pride and of a smile; the chin turned up; her color heightened by the chill climate of the north; an irresistible grace shed like a youthful vapor over all her features, and which did not allow her to be viewed but through an atmosphere of fire or of inebriation.

Le Souvenir.

'Tis a simple thing, a faded flower,
With withered leaves and sere,
Yet a jewel's ransom would not buy
My precious souvenir.

I have seen it clasped in tiny hands,
So fragile and so fair,
They seemed a part of the pure white leaves
Which fondly nestled there.

Those fairy fingers were meekly clasped
Upon a pulseless breast;
And a cherub face in its hushed repose,
Above them lay at rest.

Oh! fairer than all earth's fairest flowers,
Was that dear bud of mine;
So the Father lovingly placed it where
It might unsullied shine.

In the genial airs of the heavenly land,
My infant flower unfolds,
And its glorious beauty expanding still,
The Father's eye beholds.

Yet will he look down with pitying gaze,
When with a prayer and tear,
I bend o'er this sadly faded flower,
My only souvenir.

"F. F. U."

To an Odd Fellow, how significant are these initials,—Friendship, Love and Truth, the glorious motto emblazoned in letters of gold on the banner of our Order. These three words, the treble link in Odd-Fellowship, are the foundation upon which our institution securely rests. They are principles eminently adapted to the wants of the human race, and are peculiarly calculated to contribute to the happiness of man, when made the daily practice in life. But the mere fact of this motto being emblazoned on our banners and used in our communication with each other, is not sufficient to answer its aims and ends. We must see to it, that in our intercourse with the world, in the Lodge room, and with each other, we practice these sublime principles, so that those whom we have induced to join our ranks by our show of principles on our banner, may not hereafter say to us, You deceived us by devices not

founded in truth, "having only the name of godliness without its power." The prosperity of our Order does not depend upon its emblematic symbols, but upon a strict adherence to its principles on the part of its members. Failing in this, we become only as "sounding brass and tinkling symbols."

To be an Odd Fellow, consists in something more than having our names enrolled as members of a Lodge; we must in all things practice the sublime teachings of our Order, and show to the world that what we profess we daily practice. Failing in this, we are recreant to our trust, and can only be classed with those who are rightly styled *hypocrites*. Brother, look into thine own heart.

The Degree of Rebekah.

The Order, founded as it has been, in the purest philanthropy, and destined to scatter its blessings, like the soft and genial dews of heaven, upon all classes of society—the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak—cannot shut out its benefits and blessings from woman. Other secret benevolent societies may find insuperable difficulties in admitting woman to any participation of their labors, though they may not forget her in the bestowment of their benefactions; but the Independent Order has made provision not only that woman may share in its benevolence, but, under certain forms and limitations, participate in the labors thereof. Bro. Schuyler Colfax, of South Bend, Ia., by whom this Degree was suggested and originated, in urging its adoption by the Grand Lodge, based his argument upon the following excellent reasons:

"It will tend to increase the resources of Subordinate Lodges, by the advance of members in the Degrees. It affords an additional incentive for brethren, and an additional argument for those allied to them, to induce them to progress upward in the Order. It will complete the present imperfect system in force in most of the jurisdictions, by which wives' and widows' cards are now authorized. Wives' and widows' cards can be granted to run for a year, and to be signed by the officers of the Lodge, and countersigned by the recipient on the margin. This is for the purpose of affording protection, in times of difficulty, to those who, by the theory of our Order, have a right to claim our friendly assistance.

"It will lessen and ultimately destroy the prejudice felt against the Order, by many of the fairer sex in various portions of the Union; and which, undeniably, often tends to prevent accessions of members in Subordinate Lodges. It can be made to assist Odd-Fellowship in peculiar cases of brothers' sickness. In many such, the kindly nursing of

woman is needed far more than the assiduous and constant attendance of man; for she was formed to minister at the couch of affliction; and in the watching which our laws so strictly provide for, we only strive to compel the observance of what is, in her, instinct—the promptings of nature, the impulse of the heart.”

The Degree of Rebekah may be conferred on all Scarlet Degree members of the Order in good standing, and upon their wives; and it is conferred on all such without fee or pecuniary charge of any kind; nor are any pecuniary benefits or dues connected with it. It must be conferred in the Lodge-Room, but only at a special meeting for that purpose, and none but those who have received, or are about to receive it, are allowed to be present when it is conferred. The continuance in good standing of the ladies of this Degree, depends entirely on the good standing, morally or pecuniarily, of their husbands. There are in it, as in the other Degrees of the Order, certain signs and passwords by which members may be recognized.

The Degree of Rebekah is destined to become universally popular. It is deserving of such appreciation. The friendship and confidence of woman will do much to advance the interests of Odd-Fellowship, and her influence through this Degree being exerted on our members, will tend to make them faithful to their obligations and to their brethren. Woman does not shrink, as men often do, from the duties required of us towards the distressed. Her mission is to do good. Men need binding together to stimulate their better affections; but in woman, benevolence and humanity are spontaneous.

An eminent writer on Odd-Fellowship (Bro. Grosh), thus eloquently appeals to the ladies who have assumed the obligations and responsibilities of this Degree:

Sacredly guard from exposure by any means, the signs and words by which you may be known as a member of this Degree, and demand aid and counsel from the brotherhood in seasons of difficulty, danger, or distress. Make full trial of those whom you would address, and confide in them only after careful and rigid examination. These signs and words are never to be used in a light and trifling manner, or for purposes of mere curiosity. They are meant to be useful, and their utility makes them important. In entering into closer union with our Order you need only follow, as before, the promptings of your ever-ready sympathies, to perform its duties and fulfil its obligations. In your families and neighborhoods, wherever misery can be relieved, want supplied, or sorrow consoled, there is the work of a Daughter of Rebekah.

And in return for the aid you bring us, we pledge duty and devotion to you. For at no time has woman been excluded from our cares or labors. Rather, for her has our Order been founded and improved.

For wife and children, rather than for self, has the husband and father given it his labors and his means. For them has the largest portion of our benefits been provided. When her partner in the household is laid on the bed of sickness, for her we pay the benefits. When she is weary with watching at his bedside, we send brethren to relieve her. When death removes him, we give her double what he is allowed when she is taken away. And when the widow's home is hers, with its loneliness and gloom, strong hands and warm hearts form a protection around her, to supply her wants, and cherish her and hers, for the sake of him to whom they pledged a love

"Fading not when life has perished,
Living still beyond the tomb."

But now, more than ever, if possible, do we pledge our means, resources, and powers, to promote your welfare and secure your interests. You learn, then, that our *Odd-Fellowship* is a unity of hearts and purposes to resist the heartlessness and selfishness of the world around us. Having become one with us and of us in that fellowship, and assumed our obligations, we can better demonstrate to you that our greatest duty and highest aim is the promotion of a practical, loving fraternity of mankind. For the entire human race is but one family, not only physically, but spiritually; not only theoretically, but really and truly. Each member, therefore, is bound to aid the rest. Our mission is not a narrow one. "None of us liveth to himself." We are created and placed here to labor for our fellow-men, to advance our age, elevate our country, and improve our race.

With such teachings within our Temple, leading to corresponding practices without, our Order will withstand all the shocks of opposition, and the changes of public opinion, and grow firmer and stronger in its moral power, until "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" changes our theater of action to one of repose, our labor to reward.

OUR OBJECTORS.—We do not believe that any candid person has ever opposed *Odd-Fellowship*, except through ignorance of its peculiar objects. Every generous heart must cordially approve of the principles which we profess, and the designs we have in view. Whenever, therefore, we hear the notes of accusation raised against us, let us remember that it is ignorance that is at the root of the matter—that the opposers speak evil of things they understand not. It should be our aim to illuminate the darkness that surrounds him, and by kind words and good deeds strive to convince him of the purity of our motives and the sincerity of our actions. This is the most successful mode of answering all objections—"The tree is known by its fruit."

East Days of Mozart.

This gifted composer—unfortunately, like most men of genius, impulsive and erratic, now on a mountain wave of joyous emotions, and anon in the deep and gloomy vale of melancholy—was, alas! too often the victim of seductive wiles, and his high and noble nature frequently yielded to appetite and passion! Would that it had been otherwise; but the snares and blandishments of fashionable life were around him, and he must have been more than man to have withstood their power.

One of the most pleasant reflections connected with his eventful history was the unwavering attachment and tenderness of his faithful wife, who stood by him in every hour, and would not allow her affections to become alienated, notwithstanding the misgivings of her heart, and the many rumors which came to her ears. In the midst of all, this noble woman clung to him to the last.

A frame so delicate as that of Mozart's could not always stand the heavy draws made upon it. The days and nights of intense mental labor, added to the dissipation which almost necessarily connected itself with the circles in which he moved, made fearful inroads upon his health. It was during the composition of the *Zauberflöte*, that the manifestation of those symptoms, which portended the decay of his vital powers and a general breaking up of his constitution, first appeared. As usual, he grew interested in his work, and wrote incessantly by day and by night, but not as formerly, with impunity. He often fainted away over his compositions, and remained for several minutes before consciousness returned. His health suffered so much that he was obliged to suspend his labors, and take an excursion to Baden. While there he executed his *Ave Verum Corpus*, a strain of such calm but exalted religious feeling, as may well interpret his sensations in sickness and solitude.

About this period, one of the most curious if not mysterious incidents of his life occurred. As he sat musingly in his study, one day, he was surprised by the entrance of a stranger, who presented him a letter without any signature, the purport of which was, to inquire whether he would undertake the composition of a requiem, and also to ascertain when he could have it ready, and what would be its price. Mozart, after consulting with his wife, agreed to the proposition of the unknown, fixed the price, and received twenty-five ducats as part payment, but would not determine the time of its completion. He was informed by the stranger that it would be vain to trouble himself about who his employer was, and that he would never regret the undertaking.

After the departure of the mysterious messenger, Mozart fell into a deep reverie, and suddenly calling for pen, ink and paper, he began to write. His progress, however, was interrupted, being called away on

professional business to Prague. Just as he was entering the carriage with his wife, the stranger suddenly re-appeared, and, looking intently at Mozart, said: "How will the Requiem proceed now?" On Mozart's giving him a satisfactory answer, they separated. While at Prague, in the midst of its mirth and revelry, he had a strong presentiment of his death, and wept to think, on leaving, that he should see his numerous friends no more.

On his return he recommenced the Requiem; but the thought of death filled him with melancholy. He labored in unusual silence and dejection, and seemed to be possessed of one idea, which entirely absorbed his mind. Friends called, and his affectionate wife tried to rally him; but all in vain; he seemed like one spell-bound, and labored on in silent abstraction. On a fine day, seated in a grove with his wife, he said to her, "Constance, I am writing this Requiem for myself." She tried to reason him out of his gloomy fancies, but in vain. His eyes filling with tears, he answered, "No, no; I can not last long; I have certainly been poisoned." On consulting a physician, his Requiem was taken away from him. This produced a momentary relief, and he so far recovered as to be able to attend a Lodge of Free-Masons, which greatly revived his spirits. Being partially restored, he was allowed to have his Requiem, which he so much desired. With it came his former illness, and he was confined to bed; but his Requiem was constantly beside him. At two o'clock on the same day on which he died, he desired some performers to sing the Requiem, himself taking the alto part. When they proceeded as far as the first bars of the *Lacrymosa*, Mozart burst into a flood of tears, and the score was removed. It was his last song, and "Swan-like and sweet, it wafted him home." To his sister he said, "The taste of death is already on my tongue." Then, turning to Sussmayer, he gave some directions about the Requiem, which was lying on the counterpane beside him, and expired.

I Particular Providence.

There is a Jewish tradition concerning Moses, which so beautifully illustrates this disputed yet undetermined point as to be worthy of universal notice; for though merely a fable, it is not on that account the less instructive. That great prophet, says one of the Rabbins, was once called by God to the top of a high mountain, and there permitted to propose any questions he pleased concerning the government of the universe. In the midst of one of his inquiries as to providence, he was directed to look down upon the plain below, where was a clear spring of water. At this spring a soldier had alighted from his horse to drink. No sooner had he satisfied his thirst and gone, than a little boy came to

the same place, and finding a purse the soldier had dropped, picked it up and went away. Soon after, there came an infirm old man, with hoary hairs, and weary with age and traveling, who, having quenched his thirst, sat down for rest and refreshment by the side of the spring. The soldier by this time had missed his purse, and returning, demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to heaven to attest his innocence and the truth of his assertion. The soldier, not believing his assertions, kills him on the spot. Moses falls on his face in horror and amazement, that such an event should be permitted by God, when the divine voice thus prevents his expostulation: "Be not surprised, Moses, that the Judge of all the earth should have suffered this to come to pass. To you there appears no reason why that child should be the occasion of that old man's blood being spilled; but know that that same old man, years ago, *was the murderer of that child's father!*"

"All Thy Works shall Praise Thee."

Thus sang the bard in strains divine,
Whose heart was touched with holy fire;
And all should join in strains sublime
Of praise to the ETERNAL SIRE!

Let earth and heaven unite their lays—
All grades and forms that live and move,
Send forth their joyous notes of praise
To Him who reigns enthroned above.

The spicy groves in sunny climes,
That send their fragrance all abroad;
The brilliant flowers and fruitful vines,
Display the handiwork of God.

Electric glories of the north,
Volcanic fires that stream amain,
Like living messengers go forth,
To tell the wonders of his name.

The cloud-capped mount, the desert plain,
The flowing stream, the genial shower,
The billows tossing on the main,
Declare the greatness of his power.

The thunder's crash, the lightning's glare,
In terror spread the news abroad,
That all in earth and heaven declare
The awful majesty of God.

The trembling earth obeys his voice,
The stormy winds fulfil his word;

At his command the heavens rejoice,
And praise him as their mighty Lord.

The stars that shine like glistening gems,
Or distant "piles of crystal light,"
Bring forth their golden diadems,
And crown him God of day and night.

Ten thousand suns, through boundless space,
And systems that o'er systems rise,
Reflect the glories of his face,
And shout his praise along the skies.

Above, beneath; and all around,
His works proclaim his wondrous skill,
And nature in her depths profound,
Forever serves his sovereign will.

Then while all nature bends before
The influence of his mighty hand,
Let MAN his maker's love adore,
And ever bow to his command.

Flowers and Music.

Yes, two gifts God has bestowed upon us, that have in themselves no guilty trait, and show an essential divineness. Music is one of these, which seems as though it were never born of earth, but lingers with us from the gates of heaven; music which breathes over the gross, or sad, or doubting heart, to inspire it with a consciousness of its own mysterious affinities and to touch the chords of its unsuspected, undeveloped life. And the other gift is that of Flowers, which, though born of earth, we may well believe, if anything of earthly soil grows in the higher realm—if any of its methods are continued, if any of its forms are identical, there will live on the banks of the River of Life.

Flowers! that in our gladness and in our sorrow, are never incongruous—always appropriate. Appropriate in the church, as expressive of its purest and most social themes, and blending their sweetness with the incense of prayer. Appropriate in the joy of the marriage hour, in the loneliness of the sick room, and crowning with prophecy the foreheads of the dead. They give completeness to the associations of childhood, and are appropriate even by the side of old age, strangely as their freshness contrasts with wrinkles and gray hairs; for still they are suggestive, they are symbolical of the soul's perpetual youth, the inward blossom of immortality, the amaranth crown. In their presence we feel that the body shall go forth as a winged seed.

GLEANINGS.

THE DYING SWAN.—"The dying swan sings its exequial hymn." We little thought when we read the above harmonious verse in our school days, that it had any foundation in fact. But Mr. Hallett, of Hooe, informs us, says a Plymouth paper, that it is his privilege and pleasure to feed the swans of Colonel Harris at Radford; and that recently he observed one of them swimming about a pond, and uttering a wild, melodious, wailing sound, such as he had never heard in his life, and which greatly attracted his attention. The poor swan, prescient of its fate, was singing its own dirge; for, although apparently in good health at that time, it was found, not many hours afterwards, floating in the pond quite dead. How beautifully is this fact in the history of the swan described by the poet in these lines:

"What is that, mother?

The swan, my love.

He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die.
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swanlike and sweet it may waft thee home."

ELOQUENT, BUT INARTICULATE.—A little while ago, we passed a half-hour in a village grave-yard, reading the inscriptions on those tables of the law of "dust to dust." Upon one of them, carved in marble, was a chain. Of the nine links composing it, one was broken. How legible the characters! How intelligible the language! In that family there were nine once—a beautiful chain of affection, richer than gold, but death had unloosed one link, and the broken jewelry of the hearth and the heart had glittered with the dews distilled from loving eyes. Broken jewelry! How many such trinkets of memory and affection there are in the homes of the world—souvenirs, whose possession should render humanity hallowed. Grief makes sacred those upon whom its hand is laid. Joy may elevate, ambition glorify, but sorrow alone can consecrate.

DURING the War of 1812, an Irishman, taken from on board an American vessel, was impressed in the British service. Notwithstanding his rich brogue, he insisted that he was an American, though born in Cork. "How can that be?" was the inquiry. Pat readily rejoined, "Can't a man be born in a stable without being a horse?"

It is stated that the man who went to the suburbs inside of an hour, returned upon the outside of an omnibus.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE ON THE SEA.—Captain R. Cleveland says that he has navigated to all parts of the world, from the 60th degree S. latitude to the 60th degree N. latitude, sometimes in vessels of diminutive size, exposed to wet and cold; that he has visited the most unhealthy places, such as Batavia, San Blas, and Havana, and within the last, resided five consecutive years within the walls; that he has suffered captivity, robbery, imprisonment, ruin, and racking anxiety; and through the whole, up to the sixty-eighth year of his age, has never taken a drop of spirituous liquors of any kind, nor a glass of wine, porter, ale or beer, or any beverage stronger than tea or coffee; and moreover, that he has never used tobacco in any way whatever—and this, not only without injury, but on the contrary, to the preservation of his health in the midst of fevers and deaths.

A YANKEE gentleman, conveying a British gentleman around to view the different objects of attraction in the city of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when the Yankee said: "This is the place where Warren fell."

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?"

The Bostonian looked at him with the expression of fourteen fourth of July's in his countenance: "Hurt him!" exclaimed he, "he was killed, sir."

"Ah, he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer; "well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far."

IT IS A MELANCHOLY reflection to think upon what a very shadow human happiness depends. A smile or frown—a kind or angry word, can make this world appear unto us almost a paradise, or in an instant seem to change it into a scene of desolation. One moment does the heart glow with gratitude and thankfulness to the Creator of all things, that we "live, and move, and have our being;" and the next, sensible only to the distresses and sufferings of existence, we would most gladly be numbered with the dead.

A DANGEROUS DISEASE.—Some one telling the famous Marquis Spinola that a distinguished general had died of having nothing to do, he answered, "Upon my word, that is enough to kill any body."

A LADY applied to the philanthropist Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, on behalf of a little orphan boy. After he had given liberally, she said: "When he is old enough, I will teach him to come and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man, "thou art mistaken; we don't thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank Him who gives the clouds and rain."

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.—This body held its annual session at Zanesville, commencing on the 21st and continuing four days. The proceedings were harmonious and interesting—the reports of the officers and committees exhibiting a healthy and steady progress of the Order throughout the State. The attendance of Representatives and others was very large, and much interest and good feeling manifested.

The report of Grand Master Hamilton is a very long and able document, reviewing the history of the Order in the State connected with his official duties, during the past year, and presenting some suggestions for the consideration of the Grand Lodge—particularly urging strict adherence to the moral teachings of Odd-Fellowship, and the adoption of more efficient means to educate the orphan.

From the report of the Grand Secretary we take the following abstract of the operations of the Order during the year 1853 :

Number of Lodges, 226 ; Initiations, 3,077 ; Admitted by card, 710 ; Withdrawn by card, 913 ; Rejected, 388 ; Suspended, 117 ; Expelled, 454 ; Reinstated, 70 ; Deaths, 136 ; Past Grands, 2,275 ; Contributing Members, 17,265 ; Revenue, \$115,821.22 ; No. of Brothers relieved, 2,057 ; No. of widowed Families relieved, 185 ; No. of Brothers buried, 133 ; Amount paid for relief of Brothers, \$26,067.73 ; for charity, \$3,902.88 ; for relief of widows and orphans, \$2,505.45 ; for burying the dead, \$5,408.42.

The receipts of the Grand Lodge during the year, were \$7,890.42 ; expenditures, \$4,662.06 ; balance \$3,228.36.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows :

WILLIAM G. NEILSON, of Cincinnati, M. W. Grand Master.

JAMES S. MCGINNIS, of Chillicothe, R. W. Deputy Grand Master.

WILLIAM F. CURTIS, of Marietta, R. W. Grand Warden.

ALEX. E. GLENN, of Columbus, R. W. Grand Secretary.

WILLIAM F. SLATER, of Urbana, R. W. Grand Treasurer.

SAMUEL CRAIGHEAD, of Dayton, R. W. Grand Representative.

The Grand Master made the following appointments :

REV. GEORGE W. QUINBY, of Cincinnati, R. W. Grand Chaplain.

ANDREW P. YOUNG, of Collinsville, R. W. Grand Marshal.

ROAN CLARK, Jr., of Middlebury, R. W. Grand Conductor.

CHARLES J. PARDEE, of Wadsworth, R. W. Grand Guardian.

NATHAN STEWART, of Cincinnati, Grand Messenger.

Upon the installation of the officers, the Grand Master elect addressed the Grand Lodge as follows :

PAST GRANDS AND REPRESENTATIVES:

Nearly seventeen years have passed away since as an initiate I was permitted to cross the threshold of this temple, and become acquainted with the organization and work of a Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. At the period of my entrance upon the duties taught in the ritual of our Great Brotherhood, it required no enlarged vision to scan the horizon of our possessions, but now our dominion has extended over all this State, and our numbers have increased so as to rank us third in point of magnitude in the bright and glorious constellation of Odd-Fellowship.

As our State has progressed in all things appertaining to the prosperity and well-being of its people, so has our Institution progressed in the performance of its holy purposes; in ameliorating the condition of mankind, comforting the widow in her affliction, and wiping the tear from the orphan's face. By casting an eye over our great State, we behold rich vineyards and cultivated fields, where, but a few short years ago, was the dreary wilderness. Colleges, school-houses, and other institutions of learning, have, as if by magic art, been reared where the unlettered child of the forest, in his native wildness roamed the wilderness, chased the fleet deer, and hunted the panther and the bear with his quiver and his bow.

Then with what joy must the breast of every Odd Fellow be filled, in contemplating the rapid growth of our fraternity, which gathers within its orbit antagonist natures, controls the elements of discord, stills the storm and soothes the spirit of passion, and directs in harmony man's united efforts to fraternize the world—that institution whose principles are at war with all vice, and whose chief aim is the relief of distress, and the elevation of human character.

Having been called upon to preside over this noblest institution of our land, words cannot convey my feelings to those who have honored me with this high position, nor can language of mine adequately express my thanks for the confidence reposed in me. The present high position of the Order in this jurisdiction, has been produced, in the main, by the indefatigable exertions of the brotherhood in maintaining a proper respect for the laws, and the assiduous discharge of the duties incumbent upon them as members of one common family, and the cultivation of the true fraternal relation designed by the great Author of our being; and so long as we adhere to the laws of our Order, making its precepts the governing principles of our lives, we shall ever prosper, and so certain as we disregard the obligations which bind us as one indissoluble, we suffer the consequences. But may we be preserved ever in the holy bonds of Friendship, Love and Truth, and practice those great moral principles enjoined upon all by our Heavenly Father, and we will secure a continuance of that prosperity which we now enjoy.

Charters were granted for Subordinate Lodges, to be located as follows: at Cincinnati, Mount Washington, Cumminsville, California, and Montgomery, all in Hamilton county; Williamsburg, Clermont county; Tippecanoe and Lena, in Miami county; Florida, Henry county; Van Wert, Van Wert county; New Palestine, Shelby county; Toledo, Lucas county; St. Paris, Champaign county; Ohio City, Berea, and Bedford, Cuyahoga county; Burton, Geauga county; Vermillion, Erie county; Grafton, Lorain county; Rock Creek, Ashtabula county; Newton Falls, Trumbull county; Doylestown, Wayne county; Delhi, Delaware county; Crestline, Crawford county; Londonville, Ashland county; Fairfield, Greene county; Washington, Fayette county; Clarksville, Ross county;

New Lexington, Perry county; Zanesville and Putnam, Muskingum county; Kirkersville, Licking county; Olive, Noble county—33 in all.

Applications for charters from the following places were rejected, viz: Westfield, Morrow county; Goshen, Clermont county; New Hope, Brown county; Pomeroy, Meigs county; and Manchester, Adams county.

Rep. Butler from a special committee to which was referred so much of the Grand Master's Report as relates to intemperance, gambling, and profane swearing, reported the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That we regard the practices of intemperance, gambling, and profane swearing, as immoral and impious in the sight of heaven, an innovation on good breeding and politeness, and contrary to the spirit and laws of Odd-Fellowship.

Resolved, That subordinate Lodges be directed to treat them as offences against the laws of the Order, and to adopt such action as will have a tendency to eradicate them from among us.

A series of resolutions, reported by Rep. Hainer, of this city, were adopted, constituting the Junior Past Grands of the several Lodges in Cincinnati (or any other city that may choose to adopt it) a standing Relief Committee, with power to draw from their Lodges the necessary funds for discharging the duties of the Committee, which are to provide for the relief of transient brothers, and take charge of burial grounds set apart for the use of such. The Committee is empowered to pass suitable by-laws, etc., for its regulation.

An edition of three thousand copies of the Laws of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, was ordered to be printed in the German language.

The members of the Order in the city of Zanesville extended an invitation to the Grand Lodge to join them in a public procession on the last day of the session, which was accepted, and P. G. M. Hamilton delivered a very eloquent and appropriate address. After which the Grand Lodge held an evening session, and adjourned, to meet in Toledo, on the third Tuesday in February, 1855.

The following is a list of the District Deputy Grand Masters for the State of Ohio, appointed by the M. W. Grand Master, to whom we are indebted for a copy.

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| 1. George A. Peter, Cincinnati. | 10. Alfred Shepherd, Springdale, |
| 2. Martin Neave, do | 11. A. W. Churchill, Cincinnati. |
| 3. John Beattie, do | 12. M. L. Broadwell, Fulton. |
| 4. William Mullen, do | 13. Charles G. Broadwell, Cincinnati. |
| 5. George Nauerth, Dayton. | 14. Adam Goetz, Cincinnati. |
| 6. T. D. Mitchell, do | 15. Lindsay C. Moore, Batavia. |
| 7. Jonas Butterfield, Cincinnati. | 16. J. Milton McGrew, Amelia. |
| 8. Joseph P. Mayer, do | 17. W. W. Caldwell, Monroe. |
| 9. William Stohl, do | 18. John Mills, Rossville. |

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| 19. F. T. Bundy, Scottsville. | 41. Calvin B Prentiss, Medina. |
| 20. W. H. Ballard, Red Lion. | 42. Daniel N. Sprague, Wooster. |
| 21. William I Kelly, Gratis. | 43. J. R. Vanhorn, Thornville. |
| 22. John F. Somerville, Troy. | 44. Henry Granger, Zanesville. |
| 23. John Walkup, Wapakonetta. | 45. Wm. H. Ball, Zanesville. |
| 24. Wm. R. Taber, Columbus. | 46. William Devol, Marietta. |
| 25. C. R. McCulloch, Fremont. | 47. J. V. Ramsey, McConnelsville. |
| 26. J. H. Pittinger, Tiffin. | 48. Wm. Alexander, Bridgeport. |
| 27. Nath. Cook, Springfield. | 49. David Myers, Steubenville. |
| 28. John D. Sears, Upper Sandusky. | 50. John I. Smith, N. Philadelphia. |
| 29. Cyrus F. Wait, Woodstock. | 51. David Faha, Massillon. |
| 30. C. S. Parker, Martinsville. | 52. Hiram Viele, Akron. |
| 31. Stephen Adams, Fayetteville. | 53. Joseph Watson, New Lisbon. |
| 32. Richard H. Lansing, Chillicothe. | 54. Wm. S. Crawford, Girard. |
| 33. Stephen P. Drake, Portsmouth. | 55. Spencer Shears, Unionville. |
| 34. John C. Groom, Circleville. | 56. Theo. W. Ensign, East Claridon. |
| 35. James A. Barnes, Delaware. | 57. W. A. Norton, Cleveland. |
| 36. James R. Armstrong, Columbus. | 58. James Chubb, do |
| 37. Emanuel Hade, Mansfield. | 59. F. R. Warren, Whiteford. |
| 38. H. B. Gaylord, Shelby. | 60. Geo. B. Bailey, jr., Aberdeen. |
| 39. Charles B. Stickney, Norwalk. | 61. Wm. M. Bunn, Mt. Vernon. |
| 40. Samuel Marks, Huron. | |

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF OHIO.—This body held a special session at the city of Zanesville, on the 22d of February.

The new Constitution previously pending was taken up and adopted ; and the Grand Encampment then resolved itself into regular annual session, under its provisions.

The Constitution makes the Grand Encampment a representative body, to hold its sessions annually, on the Wednesday succeeding the third Tuesday in February. The legislative department consists of forty members, apportioned among the several Encampments of the State according to membership. The State was divided into districts, and provision made for the election of representatives to the next annual meeting.

A resolution was adopted continuing the term of the present officers until the next annual meeting.

A protest, signed by twenty-eight members, was presented against the proceedings in regard to the new Constitution, on the ground that the Grand Lodge of the United States had empowered the Grand Encampment of Ohio to adopt the proposed Constitution at its next annual session, and all action upon it at a special session was illegal ; and also, that the call which was issued by the M. W. Grand Patriarch was not a true copy of the call made on him, and did not fully set forth the subjects to be considered at this meeting.

Charters for two new Encampments were granted, to be located at Delphos and Lima, in Allen county.

The Grand Encampment adjourned to meet at Toledo in February next.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER IN CINCINNATI.—The following table contains the number of contributing members in the several Lodges of this city, at the end of each of the past two years, and exhibits an extension of Odd-Fellowship fully commensurate with the rapid growth and prosperity of Cincinnati. Hermann Lodge was instituted during the last year, and Queen City Lodge has just been organized.

	1852.	1853.
Ohio Lodge, No. 1.....	296	311
Washington, No. 2.....	367	367
Cincinnati, No. 3.....	461	471
Franklin, No. 4.....	307	327
William Penn, No. 56.....	275	292
Fidelity, No. 71.....	185	201
Magnolia, No. 83.....	244	290
Eagle, No. 100.....	272	267
Germania, No. 113.....	398	434
Metropolitan, No. 142.....	127	150
Woodward, No. 149.....	124	130
Mohawk, No. 150.....	164	178
American, No. 170.....	83	124
Palmetto, No. 175.....	108	143
Crystal Fount, No. 176.....	50	70
Teutonia, No. 177.....	166	207
Vulcan, No. 178.....	61	76
Herman, No. 208.....		80
Total.....	3,688	4,118

INDIANA.—The Encampment branch of the Order in this State was never in a more flourishing condition than at present. But six years ago, eight individuals, including the instituting officer, representing but three Subordinates, composed the first Grand Encampment of the State of Indiana. At the same time, there were but six Subordinate Encampments in the State, with a membership of only one hundred and forty-six. Now there are four hundred and fifty Patriarchs who are entitled to seats in this body—thirty-nine Subordinates efficiently laboring for the extension of our principles—comprising a membership of nearly thirteen hundred, with a fund on hand and steadily increasing every year, of nearly ten thousand dollars, after having expended for charitable purposes not less than six thousand dollars. This is indeed progress; such success in the dissemination of our principles must be cheering to all.

The Grand Lodge, which met on the 17th of February, had a very large attendance for a semi-annual session, and the proceedings were conducted with great harmony and unanimity. The Grand Lodge Hall Committee, appointed at a previous session, reported that they had perfected a plan for the building, and entered into a contract with Mr. Costigan, the architect, to complete it at a cost of \$28,000. Three trustees

were elected, to superintend the erection of the hall and hasten the completion of the edifice. The following is a summary of the transactions of the Order in this State during the past year:

Initiations, 630; Rejections, 63; Admitted by Card, 163; Withdrawn by Card, 254; Reinstations, 14; Suspensions, 107; Expulsions, 23; Past Grands, 975; Deaths, 25; Number of contributing members, 6,415; Number of Brothers relieved, 515; Number of widowed families relieved, 15; Resources of Lodges, \$114,508.12; Dues Grand Lodge, \$2,972.81; Orphan fund of Lodges, \$35,174.88; Paid for relief of Brothers, \$5,897.17; for relief of widowed families, \$148.98; for burying the dead, \$1,174.14; for educating Orphans, \$374.49; Donation to Transient Brothers, \$240; other charitable purposes, \$1,099.06; number of ladies who have taken the Degree of Rebekah, 332.

In the Encampment branch, for the past year, there were: Camps, 39; Initiations, 109; Past Chief Patriarchs, 235; Past High Priests, 185; No. Contributing Patriarchs, 1224; Revenue, \$8,174.69; Total Relief, \$836.75; Cash in Grand Treasury \$301.68.

Improvements.—The brethren at Lawrenceburgh, Ind., are erecting a splendid three-story building, which will be completed in a month or two, and it will then be one of the best structures in that section of the State. The first floor will be occupied by stores; the second will be a large concert hall, and the third the Lodge room. At South Bend, a company of Odd Fellows are also about completing a hall, said to be the finest in Northern Indiana.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Grand Encampment met in semi-annual session, on the 6th of February, and transacted but little business.

The Grand Lodge convened on the 7th at the same place. The committee appointed at the last session to revise the proceedings of this Grand Lodge from its commencement, reported that they had partially attended to that duty—that the history of the Order in Rhode Island is already compiled, and that the whole report would be ready by June next. On motion, it was voted that all cards granted by United Brothers Lodge, No. 13, Valley Falls, on and after December 26th, 1853, be declared null and void, and all Lodges required to refuse admission to any person on such cards.

CONNECTICUT.—The annual session of the Grand Encampment was held at New Haven, February 14th. Present, the Grand Officers, and a large representation from the Subordinates. A charter was granted for a new Encampment to be located at Waterbury, to be known and hailed as Ansantawe Encampment, No. 20. The following Grand Officers were elected and installed for the coming year:

Francis Turner, G. Patriarch; John Wallace, G. H. Priest; C. S.

Jackson, G. S. Warden; L. A. Thomas, G. Scribe; Samuel Bishop, G. Treasurer; J. Phelps, G. J. Warden; P. L. Cunningham, G. Rep.

The Grand Lodge met at New Haven on the 15th of Feb. Freeman Brown, G. Master, presiding. A large representation from the Subordinates was present. Fifty-four new members were admitted and instructed in the Grand Lodge Degree. The following brothers were elected for the ensuing term:

D. B. Booth, of Danbury, G. Master; Reynold Webb, of Madison, D. G. Master; H. N. Hawkins, of Derby, G. Warden; L. A. Thomas, of New Haven, G. Secretary; Samuel Bishop, of New Haven, G. Treas.; F. M. Brown, of Windsor Locks, G. Representative.

ALABAMA.—At the session of the Grand Lodge of this State, held in February last, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

C. R. Hansford, G. Master; M. B. Harper, D. G. Master; William Johnson, G. Secretary; Stephen Twelves, G. Treasurer.

TEXAS.—The Grand Encampment of the "Lone Star" State was organized a short time since, and its first regular communication held at Galveston on the 9th February last. The officers elected and installed, were as follows:

Wm. H. Johnson, of Austin, G. Patriarch; Oscar Farish, of Galveston, G. H. Priest; John N. Reed, of Galveston, G. S. Warden; E. P. Hunt, of Galveston, G. Scribe; Chas. R. Hughes, of Galveston, Treasurer; Jas. W. Moore, G. Representative.

The Grand Lodge of Texas closed its sitting at Galveston on the 10th February. There are some forty Lodges in the State, and about nine hundred contributing members. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

S. J. Durnet, G. Master; W. G. Webb, D. G. Master; D. Wakalee, G. Warden; E. P. Hunt, G. Secretary; C. R. Hughes, G. Treas.; E. P. Hunt, G. Representative.

On the day the Grand Lodge closed its session there was a public procession in full regalia, and in the evening a festival given in honor of the Grand Representatives.

WISCONSIN.—The Order in this jurisdiction is steadily advancing. The number of Lodges is sixty-two, and the number of members 2,509. We learn from the Grand Master's Report that the Order has rapidly increased in numbers, and that new Lodges are springing up throughout the entire State. The following are the officers of the Grand Lodge:

A. J. Battin, of Beloit, G. Master; Q. H. Barron, Fox Lake, Dep. G. Master; D. R. Curran, Fond du Lac, G. Warden; J. B. Kellogg, Milwaukee, G. Sec.; S. A. Didama, Liberty, G. Treas.; C. Billingshurst and L. H. Kellogg, Grand Representatives.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LECTURES.—Quite a number of lectures have been delivered to Lodges in the city during the winter, and we know of no entertainment better calculated to promote the interests of the Order than well gotten up lectures. The Order numbers among its members many who are fully adequate to the task of delivering instructive and interesting lectures, and we hope all the Lodges will encourage such a course, as conducive of progress and prosperity.

BIBLE PRESENTATION.—We had the pleasure of being present at the celebration of the third anniversary of Palmetto Lodge, in Christie Chapel, of this city, on Tuesday evening, the 14th of March. The spacious church was crowded in every part to listen to the interesting exercises connected with the presentation of a most beautiful copy of the Holy Scriptures to the Lodge by the Ladies. The choir discoursed most excellent music, after which the Rev. Bro. Conrey offered a fervent and highly appropriate prayer in behalf of the Order.

But the most interesting part of the exercises consisted in the presentation of the Bible by Miss Fannie O. Brown. Her address on the occasion was so beautiful and appropriate that we cannot refrain from giving it to our readers entire:

GENTLEMEN OF PALMETTO LODGE.—Having been appointed by a number of ladies, mutual friends of your Order and myself, to present to you this holy book, as a slight expression of their esteem for the noble work in which you are engaged, I cannot under the circumstances do less than congratulate you that the testimonial they have selected is one of the greatest of God's best gifts to man; and I should certainly feel myself but poorly qualified for the task, were it not that the gift itself is of such intrinsic value as to secure its own recommendation. It is indeed an expression of the Divine will, without which man would grope his way but poorly through the darkness of our moral nature. In this sacred volume you may find an exhibition of the various virtues which your Order inculcates. Friendship, Love and Truth have many bright illustrations in the lives and character of those whose histories are here recorded.

In the character of Moses, we have an exhibition of friendship worthy of your imitation. In him we see a glorious leader whose every action was a continued test of his affection. He sacrificed the luxuries of the court of Pharaoh to share the afflictions of his wretched and despised countrymen. The possession of friendship such as his would be a virtue far more desirable than mere worldly honor—far more substantial than glittering heaps of gold.

Here, likewise, may be found examples of love; such, for instance, as the love of Jonathan and David, with whose history I have no doubt you are already familiar. Also, that of Ruth, who, in reply to her mother-in-law's entreaty to leave her, said, Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following thee, for whither

thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

Truth also illuminates its sacred pages, and sends forth the conviction of its Divine origin. Bright examples, worthy of your imitation, are to be found on every leaf. The practice of friendship, love and truth will be more honorable to you than the Golden Fleece or Royal Ermine ; and in truth, gentlemen, they are three of the brightest stars that grace the constellation of virtues ; for let even men of austerity and gloom, who picture the face of infinite benevolence with an eternal frown, read the everlasting Book of Life, and they will find that the lessons it imparts are not in dark and sombre hues, but rather in bright and glowing tints.

Receive, then, this precious book ; draw largely on the treasures contained therein ; let your motto be onward and upward, till all mankind shall fraternize and be as one family. Then shall we all realize the fruition of our desires. Man shall live in harmony with his fellow man ; nations shall not rise up against nations ; benevolence and peace, charity and brotherly love, shall prevail, and all shall acknowledge the excellence of Friendship, Love and Truth.

The address was responded to by Mr. T. W. Farrin, N. G. of Palmetto Lodge, in a most excellent and highly pertinent manner ; after which, the editor was called upon to address the audience. The choir again sang a soul-stirring anthem, and the congregation was dismissed with a benediction by the Rev. Mr. Crow, of Morris Chapel.

COST OF SUPPLIES.—At the last meeting of the Grand Lodge of the United States, a resolution was adopted, reducing the price of Books, Odes, etc, nearly 50 per cent. in the aggregate, to take effect from and after the first of July next. At least we suppose it was passed, although the journal does not show it, yet the Representatives from Ohio report that it was adopted. This is generally regarded as a step of progress, and the only wonder is that it was not taken sooner ; but even now, the benefits of the measure cannot be enjoyed till after the expiration of the present fiscal year. The reason assigned for this postponement, by the Finance Committee, is that they had already submitted an estimate of the receipts of the present year, based upon the old rates, and in consequence of some extra expenses, the “prices now charged will not produce much excess of revenue.” The Grand Lodge has now a large surplus of funds on hand, which is unnecessary, as it can rely solely upon annual revenue to meet its expenditures. Its assets, as reported by the same Committee, are as follows :

Cash in the hands of the Treasurer,.....	\$10,433 70
Honolulu Fund,.....	374 95
Investments,.....	17,181 22
Due from Grand Bodies.....	907 17
Supplies on hand.....	20,195 27
Total,	\$49,092 31

Besides, any one will see at a glance, that enormous profits on the sale of supplies, is an unjust and unequal mode of taxation—falling heavily

on new and weak Subordinate bodies, whose representation and means are small.

The following table, presented by Grand Secretary Ridgely, embracing the supplies sold from September 1, 1852, to September 1, 1853, exhibits the enormous profits now received.

Articles.	Number.	Cost.	Sold for.	Profits.
Cards sold during the year,.....	46,529	\$523 44	\$4,652 90	\$4,129 46
Encampment Books,.....	157			
Furnishing new Encampments,..	42—199	31 84	314 00	282 16
Degree of Rebekah,.....	749	82 39	749 00	666 61
Institution Books,.....	96			
Furnishing new Lodges,.....	3— 99	14 40	96 00	81 60
Diplomas	144			
Do. for G. Lodge Charter...	1—145	36 25	144 00	107 75
Charge Books,.....	762			
Furnishing new Lodges and En..	10—772	121 92	1,524 00	1,402 08
Digest,	25			6 37
Form of Degree Lodges	2,900	29 00	58 00	29 00
Odes,.....	8,106	81 06	243 18	162 12
Grand Lodge Books.....	53			
New do. do.	2— 55	10 60	53 00	42 40
Proceedings G. Lodge U. States..	92			
Representatives,.....	200—292		552 00	
Degree Books.....	578			
Furnishing New Lodges,.....	10—588	94 08	1,166 00	1,071 92
Total.....		\$1,024 98	\$9,552 08	\$7,981 47

We annex the rates which will be charged after the first of July next.

For Charge and Degree Books,.....\$1.00 each.

For Books of the Degree of Rebekah..... .50 each.

For Odes,..... 2.00 per hundred.

For Cards, 5.00 per hundred.

NEW HALL IN COVINGTON.—Our brethren of Covington, Ky., are taking the initiatory steps towards the erection of a splendid Odd Fellows' Hall, on the north-east corner of Madison and Fifth streets, in that city. The plan spoken of is to erect a building eighty by ninety feet, of four stories, with stone front. The first floor is to be finished for business purposes, the second for offices, the third for a concert hall, and the fourth for a Lodge room.

MONTGOMERY LODGE, DAYTON.—Having been invited by the enterprising members of this Lodge to deliver a lecture on Monday evening, the 20th ult., we accordingly took the cars, and in a few hours were in the "White City," the city of wide streets and spacious parks, of beautiful dwellings and hospitable inhabitants dear to our memory. At eight o'clock, accompanied by our friend and brother, Edwin Parrott, Esq. we

went to the hall, a spacious room in the third story of the "Ohio Block," where we met a large company of brothers and sisters, to whom we had the pleasure of an introduction by Bros. Young and Tilton. The hall is elegantly finished, having for a center-piece a curiously wrought carving in wood, from which were suspended the various emblems of the Order. These significant and instructive symbols also graced the sides. From the center-piece is suspended a beautiful chandelier—the gift of a brother, and a memento of his kindness. We understand it is contemplated by the brotherhood of several of the Lodges to have a course of lectures, an arrangement which we think would be conducive to the prosperity of the Order.

CELEBRATION.—The members of Exemplar Lodge, No. 210, at Hillsborough, O., celebrated the first anniversary of its institution, on the 22d of February. This Lodge has enjoyed an unusual degree of prosperity during the first year of its existence, numbering now about seventy-five members. The proceedings on the 22d were interesting, and calculated to leave a good impression of the workings of our Order upon the public mind, and warm the hearts of the members to greater vigilance and fidelity. A large procession was formed, including the Daughters of Rebekah, and headed by the Columbian orchestra of Cincinnati, under the direction of the Marshal, Bro. A. R. Butler. At the Methodist church, where a large assembly were collected, they listened to a truthful and appropriate address by the Rev. Wm. H. Fyffe, of Cincinnati, and then proceeding to the hotel, partook of a sumptuous entertainment, prepared under the superintendence of Bro. J. H. Neely. In the evening, the band gave a concert for the benefit of the Lodge.

QUEEN CITY LODGE, No. 229.—This new Lodge was instituted in this city by the M. W. Grand Master, W. G. Neilson, on the evening of the 24th of March. The following officers were elected and installed:

Alexander Pyle, N. G.; William P. Swain, V. G.; Paul Reinlin, Sec.; George George, Treas. Queen City Lodge will be in District No. 13, with Wm. Penn, Woodward, and Mohawk Lodges, and will meet on Monday evenings at the hall, corner of Eighth and Freeman streets.

After the installation, the Grand Master closed his remarks with this beautiful thought: "I notice that the members of this Lodge are principally from Washington, Wm. Penn, Fidelity, and Eagle Lodges. These names are familiar to the ear of every American, and bear to us an important signification. May you ever continue to emulate the nobleness and purity of Washington, the virtue and gentleness of Penn, and with unwavering *Fidelity* to our principles, may your aspirations soar like the *Eagle* to the loftiest heights of human attainments."

RARE BOOKS.—We are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Aydelotte of Cincinnati, for some old and valuable books on Theology and other subjects, for which he has our hearty thanks; also some of his own works, published from time to time, which we have read with great pleasure and profit. Speaking of old books reminds us that we have in our library twenty-five or thirty old tomes, the most recent of which are over two hundred years old, and some of them nearly four hundred; one in particular, Comestor's *Historia Scolastica*, which reaches within a few years the invention of the art of printing. This work is in black letter Latin, illuminated by the pen of some monastic student. Plutarch's *Lives*, in Italian and Latin, in two quarto volumes bound in vellum, three hundred years old; Suetonius, in Latin; also, *Notitia Provinciarum Imperii Romanii*, both of which are upwards of three hundred years old.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.—On the 16th ultimo, the members of Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 176, of this city, celebrated their third anniversary in Magnolia Hall. An eloquent address was delivered upon the occasion by Bro. William Wallace, of Indianapolis, Ia., a special dispensation having been granted by our most worthy Grand Master.

The seventh anniversary of Magnolia Lodge, No. 83, was commemorated by conferring the Degree of Rebekah upon a large number of Scarlet Degree members and their wives, on the 29th of March. After conferring the Degree the company adjourned to the Mechanics' Institute, where a social festival was held, and an excellent supper provided.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE G. LODGE.—Grand Secretary Glenn will please accept our thanks for a copy of the Grand Lodge proceedings at the late session. The promptness with which it has been compiled and issued, speaks well for the energy and industry of Bro. Glenn.

THE Odd Fellows of Paris Kentucky, have determined to erect a hall in that thriving town. The building will be three stories high, thirty-five feet front, and running back seventy feet.

PROF. LIPPITT'S CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.—We have had the pleasure of visiting Bro. Lippitt's Institute, located on Walnut street, and were highly pleased with the general arrangements of his school. Under his able instructions the students make sure and rapid progress in the various branches taught. Parents or wards having scholars to send, could not do better than to patronize this school. Here they can be thoroughly prepared for entering advanced classes in college, or receive an education to fit them for the business of life. As a gentleman of fine classical and scientific attainments we wish him all success in his enterprise.

Literary Notices.

ODD FELLOWS' REST.—A pamphlet with the above title, containing an exhibit of the transactions of the Board of Directors of the Odd Fellows' Cemetery at New Orleans, has been received. Here are facts and figures which are calculated to present in the strongest conceivable light the beneficence of the Order. Some of the interesting statistics we intended to present to our readers, but just as we were about, as we supposed, to put our hand upon it, we found, to our disappointment, that it was missing. Some friend—perhaps some brother—struck with the oddness of the title, had taken it and carried it away. We have no charge to make, no hard things to say, but we hope, should this meet the eye of the person who has taken it, he will consider it a friendly and brotherly hint to return it, as it contains facts which will benefit the Order. Accompanying the book is a map of the cemetery grounds, which are laid off in the form of a triangle, and divided into lots.

THE DESTINY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, being an epitome of three lectures delivered in Cincinnati, by D. VAUGHAN. With an Appendix on the Theory of Rain.

These lectures by Professor Vaughan are exceedingly interesting, and show an acquaintance with Astronomy superior to anything we have seen. They are devoted to a discussion of "The light of suns, meteors, and temporary stars; the rings of Saturn; origin of the Asteroids," etc. Whoever desires a rich intellectual treat should procure these lectures.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Young Men's Bible Society, of Cincinnati.

This vigorous Society, the object of which is to circulate the Scriptures, without note or comment, among all the destitute of the city and county, has reached the eighteenth year of its benevolent labors, during which time it has issued 135,359 copies of the Bible. The number of copies issued from the Depository the past year amounted to 12,158. The amount of receipts from donations of churches and individuals, and from sales of books the past year, is \$5,261.50. This great and good enterprise should receive the encouragement and support of every friend of humanity.

NEW PAPERS.—Since the first of January, no less than eleven new publications have been issued in Cincinnati, and presented to the public for their approval and patronage. One, the Daily Unionist, has recently been suspended.

The Literary Journal, devoted to the interests of woman, and edited by ladies, is a handsome and interesting sheet, published semi-monthly.

The Forest Garland is a weekly literary paper, edited by Stephen R. Smith. It presents a neat appearance, and is filled with choice and entertaining matter.

The Sunday Mercury is what its name indicates, and the Gem and National Cadet are two monthly papers issued by the Cadets of Temperance. The Phonographic Magazine and the Phonographic Reporter, published monthly by Pitman & Prosser, are well adapted for the use of those who desire a perfect knowledge of the system of Phonography. Newton's Express is the title of a monthly paper, containing articles on medical subjects, with a variety of miscellaneous matter—edited and published by Dr. R. S. Newton. A paper called the Pathfinder, and our own Casket, complete the number.

Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH."

VOL. I.

MAY, 1854.

NO. 5.

Truth.

"Truth needs no flowers of speech." *Pope.*

Friendship and Love are rooted and grounded in Truth. Between these high-born virtues, and Falsehood and Deceit, there is as wide a difference as there is between the pure heavens and the corrupt earth. The parent of Truth is the Great Spirit of the heaven of heavens, and the family of Truth is the aggregate facts of the universe. The home of Truth is the great temple of immensity, and her work is to harmonize all things with herself. She is happy because she loves, healthful because she is active, lovely because she is pure, successful because she is wise and persevering, cheerful because she hopes for final and universal conquest, calm because she is mighty, and unwithering because she is eternal.

"The eternal years of God are hers."

Truth hates nothing but Falsehood. Between these there never was agreement; there is not, and there cannot be. Their natures are so diverse that they never can be united, and by an unalterable necessity they must be both present and eternal antagonisms. The time was when Truth was without an enemy or a rival; then she spoke out from the chambers of eternity, and her mellow voice vibrated through all space, while universal nature was joyful in but one responsive anthem, and that was an anthem of universal and harmonious praise. The morning song of the bird; the cooing of the dove, the skipping of the lamb, the green carpet of the earth with her ten thousand variegated flowers, the rivulet, the ocean, the sunbeam, the pure atmosphere, the vaulted heavens bespangled with myriads of stars, Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, were but parts and signs of her coronation psalm. Wherever she looked her eye touched upon her own beauty, and beheld her own nature and

perfections, deep down in the life power and motion of both matter and spirit. And whatever she heard, whether from man or beast, or bird or insect, or from angel or seraph, was but the voice of praise and blessing.

But what a change! Some enemy of truth, and some father of falsehood, has set up a rivalry, an opposite and tremendous antagonism, the source of whose power is deep in the refuge of lies. The very first stroke of his malice, fiendish as hell itself, and accumulating with burning rapidity and violence, plunged a world of intelligent beings, who knew nothing but truth, into ruin and revolt. Not content with the mere apostasy and negative state of the death stroke which followed the revolt, and keenly awake to the unalterable intensity of his own anguish, he did not stop short of positive, and direct, and hellish opposition to the great Fountain of truth. "Thou shalt not die," was the parent falsehood, and with it was the beginning of all earthly corruption—deceit, falsehood, fraud, hypocrisy, false religion, ignorance, mistakes, disease, death, and eternal exile from Truth.

The creations of falsehood are seen in religion, in science, in literature, in commerce, in legislation, agriculture, and the mechanic arts. There is a religion corresponding in all its parts with truth, and whose object is the spread of truth, and the restoration of moral beings to the love of truth, and the practice of virtue. But God-like and glorious as is this religion, man is so blinded with falsehood, and so intoxicated with deceit, and so fully the slave and servant of lies, that he cannot, he will not, behold its beauty and exact proportions, nor will he willingly submit to its washing and elevating power. The Father of Lies, feeling that he could not erase from the human mind the instinct of worship, turned his powers to the creation of a false religion and a false worship, and now falsehood itself is an object of worship. Idols have taken the place of the true God, and the smoke of their sacrifices has so darkened the moral canopy that the thoughts of God are not in the minds of the people. And, as if to consummate the last hellish experiment in the prostration and perversion of truth, the last and most malicious invention of falsehood stands up in the person of that atheism and blind infidelity that rejects all gods, and all religion. False religion, founded in falsehood as it is, and not content with its deceits as they are practiced in the barbarous state, and longing for a total perversion of all moral truth, reaches down its withered hand into the bosom of modern civilized life, bringing with it the pictures, the shadows, the gloom, the ignorance and superstitions of darker ages, and the idolatry whose roots reach far down into the heart of paganism. In the fearful and death-like progress of this organized body of falsehood it meets with its most formidable antagonist in Christian houses of pure worship, in seminaries of correct learning, in Bible houses, and in the Bible itself. No less dreadful to the prospects

of this scarlet-robed enemy, is the power and keen scrutiny of the press. Ever vigilant, and ever addressing the mass, it is an instrument of immense power for good or for evil. Though corrupt in many respects, and the channel of many errors, yet in the main it is still the defender of truth and good morals.

Another development of falsehood is seen in the attempt to disprove the claims of truth to the support of itself. Running into the center of the great light of moral truth are the mysterious streams of a regular providence, bearing on their waters the testimony of all history, and all science—proving that truth is one and eternal; and proving, too, that between natural and moral truth there is the most perfect harmony. But forcible and compact as is the proof of truth, and clear as is the testimony of history and science, both history and science have been brought into the school of falsehood, and whipped into a faint utterance of doubt in the claims of truth. But the history of society, as written by falsehood and malice, ever and anon reads pages and paragraphs that sparkle with tributes of praise to all that truth claims. And though infidels have boasted over the light of science, as disclosing the errors, and what they call the weaknesses of truth, yet they are met by the evolvments of experimental philosophy, and confounded by the facts of science that bear so clear testimony to the truth in every particular. Natural truth never contradicts itself, nor does it ever contradict moral truth. Between the two there is such perfect agreement that there can be no place for error unless it be in willingly blinded falsehood itself.

Truth dictates an intelligent philanthropy, and the means of its own more general and uniform diffusion. Institutions for this purpose are numerous, and all professing to be subordinate to, and tributaries of, the great Christian organization of truth itself. Not one of them, where there is a correct and intelligent organization, professes to take the place of the church, and yet such is the potency of error, and such is the proneness of the human heart to substitute mere human institutions for that which is divine, that the one, and the greater, is neglected, while the other is sustained. This is strictly true, if we rightly understand such expressions as the following: "Masonry is a good enough religion for me," "Temperance is all the religion that man needs," "Odd-Fellowship is as good a religion as I want." Now this is certainly false, if religion and the Bible are true. But, false as it is, by far too many church members neglect the main household of truth for what at most is but its shadow, and what should ever be regarded as but a mere auxiliary to Friendship, Love, and Truth. When a member of any charitable association habitually neglects the meetings of Christ's church for the purpose of attending the meetings of his particular society, he is surely grasping the shadow in place of the substance—he is running from the

greater and more certain light, and is content to sit down in the mere flickerings of twilight. And thus it is true that,

"When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn truths to pass her down."

The associations of philanthropy claim no higher origin than the wisdom of men, and in their written or traditional formularies, they only ask for a place within the limits of the great sphere of that truth which is more divine. And in all their works of friendship and love they profess to be governed by no rules of fiction or modern invention, but by rules that originated far back in the eternity of truth, and whose power and wisdom alone can bind together the hearts of the benevolent, and dictate the appropriate benefaction. The Bible is referred to as the great Book of Truth, and the teacher of the only religion that is true, and its power is acknowledged by making it the altar, and the witness, of most solemn obligation. And whatever of ceremony or instruction are embraced in the operations of charitable or mutual aid associations are but illustrations and symbols of the truth that is of heaven. These, with many other considerations, show how great is the folly of men, when they will attempt to satisfy the claims of the moral sense with anything less than the service and worship of that which is divine, or when they will substitute fiction for fact.

Truth is powerful and imperishable. Like the sunbeam that shines into the most putrid dens of filth, and returns in its native and unsullied purity, so is truth in her march through error and falsehood. And like the power of the sunbeam in dispelling darkness, so is the power of truth in her triumph over lies. If she is thrown amongst the billows of the most tremendous popular commotion, or cast into the sevenfold heated furnace of the implacable tyrant's wrath, or if her spotless costume is crimsoned by the blood shed in the defense of her supremacy, she mounts aloft in the ark upon the summit of the deluge; or she walks with the Angel of the Covenant untouched and unburned through the conflagration; or like the sunbeam from the filthy mire, she returns from her conflict with falsehood with unsullied garments, and a halo of glory and triumph about her head.

Truth is the ministering spirit which ever clings to the soul of man, and which sheds on his spirit that bright and indestructible principle of life, light, peace, joy, and glory, which is given by the almighty Creator to animate and to inspire the soul, and which, like God himself, "is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

And it is not too much to say that when wealth, and friends, and talent, and authority, and falsehood, and deceit—when earth and the

heavens shall have passed away, truth, like the angel of Maroah's sacrifice, shall rise upon the flame of Nature's funeral fires, and ascend to her home and everlasting resting place, the bosom of the invisible and eternal God. These are not the exaggerated terms of enthusiasm, nor the signs of an exuberant imagination. No —

“ This is all true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.”

It has been said, and very justly, too, that between natural and revealed truth there is the most perfect agreement. The one ever casts the smile of approval on the other, and receives the smile in return for truth's felt beauty and power. She but issues her commands from the highest heavens and all nature is in prompt obedience; and so potent is the power of her law that between the several parts of inanimate nature, there is prompt and perfect agreement. Controlling the distinctive parts of which the aggregate of matter is composed, she brings the whole into unison with herself, so that when one speaks the words are endorsed by the whole. Facts, whether found in religion or science, are governed by the one unalterable principle, from which there can be no deviation except in the hands of the unskillful or in the wicked perversion of experiment. Truth itself is not injured, however great may be the blunder in experimental philosophy, or in logic, or in the construction of language; but, on the other hand, if her principles are violated by the unskillful or perverse, she will right herself sooner or later, and it may be in connection with fearful retribution upon the perpetrator of the wrong.

Seeing how exactly science and experiment may demonstrate the unchangeable nature and prevalency of truth, and how exactly truth, wherever found, agrees with herself, may we not learn how important is truth between man and his fellows? It is the foundation of confidence in the words and pretensions of men, and lies at the root of all the social relations of life. And in order to purify society from the injury of error, it would purge it of all deceit, and all flattery, and all false show, and give to mankind the high commission of sincerity, and the heart to perform the great duties of unalloyed morality. Man must first be true to himself before he can be true to others. Hence the renovating power of Truth prepares mankind for the proper duties of Friendship and Love, and harmonizes the soul with itself as well as with all that is truly good.

“ This above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to man.”

And now, dear reader, presuming that you are an Odd Fellow, let us look upon our motto once more. Its first lesson is *Friendship*—a lesson

easily learned, easily practiced, and one that will secure to your life the thousand smiles and the thousand blessings of mankind. The veiled widow, the artless orphan, and the dejected poor, will rise up with joy, and smile at your shadow, and scatter flowers in all the pathway of your life.

Its second lesson is *Love*—not an emotion, nor a passion, but an eternal principal. When we think of Love we think of God, and when we think of its objects we think of man—our brothers in darkness, and traveling down to the chambers of the grave. But Love lights up their pathway with a radiance far brighter than the sun, and standing in the “valley and shadow of death” would direct the body to the sweet sleep of the tomb, and the soul in her upward flight to the friendship of spirits pure, and to the protection and enjoyment of eternal felicity.

Its third lesson is *Truth*—mighty truth, coming up out of the smoldering ruins of error and falsehood, burnished with the friction of fiery trials, and proud in the majesty of her own being. Standing before us calm and dignified, she points to her triumph in literature and science, to her flight from the altars of superstitions, to her embodiment in pure religion, and to her final victory over all falsehood; and pointing to her home in eternal mansions, she bids us welcome to a place among the pure and the happy.

“Then shall we grasp realities immortal,
If to the truth within us we are true.”

AFFECTION.—We sometimes meet with men who think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and treat their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded with its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without a heart. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and value of sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in Nature's scenery, than to be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing and inspiring emotions of filial, parental, fraternal love. Think it not a weakness: God is love: love God, everybody, and every one that is lovely. Teach your children to love—to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts and ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong, or unite them too firmly in the domestic circle.

The True Brotherhood.*

CHAPTER V.

It was evening when David, wearied and fatigued with his journey from Ramah, arrived at his home in Gibeah, near to the palace of the proud and haughty monarch who had been seeking his life. As he approached the gate, his heart was filled with many forebodings in regard to his beloved and faithful Michal. He had heard no tidings of her fate since she had by her own hands effected his escape, and he feared that she had become the victim of the wrath of her enraged and cruel father. Nor were his fears groundless. An event had happened which, to him, was worse than the death of his beloved. She whose love to him was sweeter than life and stronger than death, had been, as we have already seen, given away by her father to be the wife of another.

He enters his mansion, but alas! its halls are deserted, and his heart sank within him as no kind voice greeted his return. Overwhelmed with grief, he thought of his peaceful rural home, his father's house, and the loving ones he had left behind in Bethlehem. "But surely," thought he, "the wicked father has not slain my darling Michal. She is yet alive, and Jonathan, my sworn friend and faithful Jonathan, can tell me all about her fate." So saying, he hurried to the regal palace, and soon was locked in the loving embrace of the confiding Jonathan.

"Where is Michal, my beloved?"

"Hast thou not heard," said Jonathan, "that the king hath severed the bonds which bound her to thee, and hath given her to be the wife of the master of the palace?"

"And is she then no longer mine? Must my sad heart bewail her as one already dead?"

"Would to God she had died, rather than to have been taken from thee and given to another. Alas, poor Michal! I know that a thousand deaths were preferable to her young and loving heart than that she should be compelled to live without thee."

"But Jonathan, my brother, what have I done? What is mine iniquity, and what is my sin before thy father, that I should thus be deprived of Michal, and that he should seek my life?"

"God forbid, my brother David, thou shalt not die. My father's anger shall be quenched; and as he confides to me all the purposes of his heart, I will give thee timely warning of every evil that awaits thee."

"But thy father knoweth that I have found favor with thee, and that thou bearest for me a confiding friendship. He has watched our secret

*Continued from page 207, of the April number.

intimacy, and even now there are spies about the palace to acquaint him of this interview."

"Fear not; I will counteract all their malicious designs, and overthrow all their plots and conspiracies. Thou shalt not die."

"Ah, brother, I know thy friendship and love are true; but, as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death."

"Ask of me what thou wilt, O, thou son of Jesse, and I will do it for thee. Unburden thy heart and tell me all thy desires, and to the utmost I will carry them out, though my own life should be endangered in the undertaking."

"Be it even as thou wilt, but I must leave the palace, else some of the officers commissioned by thy father, should slay me."

"But where wilt thou go?"

"To Bethlehem."

"But why to Bethlehem? Can thy father's house protect thee from the rage of the king?"

"It is not for safety that I go there, my brother; but Eliab hath sent for me to attend the family sacrifice with my father and the rest of my brothers."

"Nay, not now, but let us go out first into the secret place of meeting in the field."

Thus saying, the two left the palace and went out into the field, and secreting themselves in the retreat where often they had taken friendly counsel together in times of impending danger, the following conversation ensued:

"David, thou knowest to-morrow is the great feast of the new moon, and the king and all the officers of the court will be there. Remain thou here, and when my father shall see thy place vacant, and shall ask for thee, then I will tell him that thou hast gone to Bethlehem to be present with thy father and brothers at the yearly sacrifice."

Then Jonathan appealed to heaven, and said: "O, Lord God of Israel, when I have sounded my father, to-morrow at the feast, or on the succeeding day, and I find he has no evil intentions towards David, and I send not word unto him, or show it unto him, then, O Lord, do thou much more unto Jonathan for this thing, but if he have evil in his heart towards David, then will I show it unto him, and send him away, that he may go in peace, and the Lord go with him. Yet, O Lord, preserve my life, and when the enemies of David are cut off let thy kindness be upon my house forever."

After this solemn invocation, Jonathan entered into a *covenant* with the house of David, invoking blessings upon the house of David, and curses upon all his enemies. He then called upon David to take an oath again of everlasting friendship, and when the *covenant* was confirmed, the af-

fectionate embrace showed that Jonathan loved David as he loved his own soul.

All the necessary arrangements having been made, there remained but one thing more, in regard to the manner of communicating with David the result of the mind of the king. After three days' absence, this being the number of days that the festival would last, it was agreed that David should return to the hiding place where the two then were, and a sign should be given which both well understood the nature of, which our readers shall learn hereafter. The interview between the loving hearts at length closed, and Jonathan returned to the palace, while David went to his father's house at Bethlehem.

"We have been waiting for thee with great anxiety," said the aged Jesse, as David entered the paternal mansion. "But why doth sorrow cloud thy brow, my son?" He was about to ask for Michal, but fearing that she was sick or dead, and that his sorrowful countenance was occasioned by such a calamity, he suppressed the inquiry, and said: "Is it well with thee, my son?"

"Not well, my father. Saul hath taken away my beloved, and hath given her to be the wife of another; and, not satisfied with robbing me of my own dear Michal, he seeks my life, and is plotting my destruction."

"The Lord reward Saul for his wickedness," said the aged patriarch, with a trembling voice.

David entered with religious fervor into all the services connected with the yearly sacrifice of the family, and experienced great relief in breathing the peaceful atmosphere of a home, where envy and malice could find no entrance. He wandered out in the green pastures and beside the still waters, where, in other days, his happiest moments had been spent with his flocks. The harp whose strings had emitted the sweetest sounds in these groves was now hanging silent in Michal's hall. But alas! Michal, the light of his eye and the joy of his heart, was gone, and he was sad and sorrowful as he wandered among the scenes of other days, and thought of the joys of wedded love. To him the remembrance was pleasant but mournful,

Saul had recovered from his trance in which he had lain a day and a night, and finding David had departed from the school of the prophets, he returned from his castle at Gibeah, where he found every thing in readiness for the celebration of the festival of the new moon. When the hour arrived for entering the banqueting hall, the king summoned all the officers of his court and the army, to participate in the festivities of the occasion, a special mandate having been issued for Prince David.

Preparations upon the most sumptuous scale had been made by the master of the palace, and all the luxuries which Palestine afforded were made to contribute to the feast. The luscious fruit of the grape sparkled

in flowing goblets, and every thing that would satisfy the most fastidious appetite was there in rich and bounteous profusion. Presently the king, accompanied by Jonathan, and Abner, the captain of the host, enters the spacious hall, and takes his seat at the table. Jonathan on one side, and Abner next to the seat which was to be occupied by David, on the other. The quick eye of Saul, in its glances over the assembly, soon discovered that David was not there. But yet he said nothing, supposing that his messenger had not found him, or that sufficient time had not elapsed for him to come to the feast. The festival was to be kept up for three successive days, during all of which time the king and his nobles were to give themselves up to the convivialities of the occasion. When the banquetting hour of the second day arrived, as announced by the trumpet, the king took his accustomed seat in the center by the wall, surrounded on either side by those next him in authority. Much to his disappointment, if not mortification, David's seat again was vacant. He could restrain his feelings, growing out of anxiety for the presence of David, no longer, and addressing his son Jonathan, he said.

"Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat neither yesterday nor to-day?"

"Thy servant David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Bethlehem, because there was to be a family sacrifice, and his brother had sent him special word to come, that all the members of the household might be present, and again, for a season, they might lay aside the cares and toils of life, and enjoy each other's society."

At this Saul became greatly excited, and exclaimed in a rage bordering on madness, "O, thou son of a perverse, rebellious woman! do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion, and to the confusion and shame of thy mother who has borne thee? As long as David liveth upon the earth, thou shalt not be established on the throne of the king of Israel. I command thee to go to Bethlehem and bring him instantly unto me, for I have sworn in my wrath that he shall die."

"Why wouldst thou kill him, O, my father? pray, what evil hath he done?"

The response of Jonathan enraged Saul beyond endurance, and seizing a javelin, he thrust it at Jonathan, who, warding off the blow, rose excited from the banquet, resolving in his heart that the cruel purposes of his father should not be carried into execution. Leaving the hall, he sought his own apartment, determining not to return again to the festival, at least until he had, according to agreement, an interview with David; for he was now well convinced that Saul not only sought his life, but that he would sacrifice every thing that stood in the way of the accomplishment of his fiendish purpose.

After a night of great anxiety and restlessness, morning at length came, and Jonathan, taking with him a small lad, sallied forth early, without being perceived, to report, according to previous appointment, the result of his investigations to David. As the dangers thickened around his beloved friend, his affection for him grew stronger and stronger. Many who have an abundance of friends when all is the bright sunshine of prosperity and happiness, are often called to witness their hypocrisy and heartlessness in the hour of adversity. The first to fawn and flatter when fortune smiles, are usually the last to stay and comfort when fortune frowns. "A *brother* is made for the day of adversity," and that only is THE TRUE BROTHERHOOD which stretches out the helping hand when adversity's billows threaten to overflow, and yet "there is that sticketh closer than a brother."

Having come within bow shot of the appointed place, Jonathan commanded the lad to run for the arrow as soon as it should escape from his bow. Twang went the string, and off sped the arrow far beyond the famous stone Ezel, which stood on the edge of a grotto near the borders of the field. His object in thus shooting, and sending the boy for the arrow, was to elude detection. He was aware that he would be narrowly watched, and those who might see him from the palace or field would at once suppose him shooting at a mark. The boy having reached the stone Ezel, was looking this side of it for the arrow, supposing of course that the stone was the mark. With a loud voice Jonathan shouted, "*it is beyond thee. Make haste, stay not.*" Finding the arrow, the boy did as he was commanded, and on his return Jonathan gave him his bow and quiver, and told him to take them speedily to the palace. His heart overcame him, and all his fears vanished at the thought of being separated from David without seeing him once more, and he determined, at every risk, to have another interview. But no time was to be lost; David had received the information, and would hasten to make his escape from so fearful a proximity to his sworn enemy. With the speed of a mountain roe he was soon in the depths of the wood, and hailing David who was making his flight, they met and were locked in each other's embrace. Both were too much overcome with grief to speak. There is a feeling too deep and profound for any utterance save that of tears, and the grief of David on this occasion was excessive. Michal had been rudely torn from his side, and he was driven out from the face of the king, who, with a jealousy cruel and relentless as the grave, was pursuing him to death.

These two loving hearts could not long beat together. They must separate. The peace of the one and the safety of the other demanded that they should take a farewell and perhaps forever. One more last embrace, and Jonathan broke the silence which reigned by saying: "Go

in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn, both of us, in the name of the Lord, saying, 'The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever.'" So saying, they separated, the one fleeing westward, into the wilderness, in the direction of the land of the Philistines, and the other returning to the city.

The tabernacle of the Lord had heretofore been in Shiloh, but upon the destruction of that city by the Philistines it was removed to Nob, about twelve miles from Gibeah, and not far from Jerusalem. Here were congregated all the priests who were engaged in keeping up the worship of the true God. The heart of the persecuted David was now turned more fully to the Lord, knowing as he did that vain was the help of man in such an hour of peril. Both his religious education and his experience taught him that no refuge was like that of the sanctuary to the oppressed and smitten soul, and he resolved that he would journey to Nob and seek that protection and consolation which had been denied him elsewhere.

Arago, the Astronomer.

Dominique Francois Arago was born at Estagel, near Perpignan, on the 26th of February, 1786. His father, who, after the revolution, filled the office of cashier to the bank at Perpignan, sent him at an early age to study in the public school of that town. He was afterwards sent to Montpellier, where he was prepared for the entrance examination into the Polytechnic school. On entering that establishment in 1804, he took first place, and preserved that pre-eminence through every subsequent ordeal.

After leaving the Polytechnic school, he was attached to the Observatory, as secretary to the longitude office; and in 1806 the emperor Napoleon, although M. Arago had conscientiously voted against his being made first consul for life, charged him, on the recommendation of Monge, with continuing the great geological operations of Delambre and Michain. In this undertaking, he was aided by M. Biot and two Spanish commissioners. The two French *savans* commenced their work by establishing a great imaginary triangle, destined to unite Ivica, one of the Balearic isles, to the coast of Spain. They pitched their tents on the apex of this triangle, that is to say, on the top of one of the highest mountains in Catalonia, in order, by signals, to put themselves in communication with M. Rodriguez, placed on the mountain of Campney, in Ivica. Braving every change of season, they passed the winter months in these steep solitudes. "Often," says M. Boit, "the storms used to carry away our tents and displace our stations. M. Arago, with indefatigable perseverance, gave himself scarcely any rest, either by day or night."

In 1807, their principal operations were finished. M. Boit, anxious to arrive by calculation at the definite result, set out for Paris, leaving M. Arago to complete the labor alone. Just then war broke out between France and Spain. Mistaken for a spy by the insurgent Majorcans, M. Arago had barely time to disguise himself as a peasant, and carry off the papers containing his observations. Thanks to the exactness of his Catalanian accent, he passed undiscovered through crowds of his enemies, and taking refuge at Palma, in the Spanish vessel which had brought him to the island, he succeeded in saving his instruments. The captain of the ship placed him in the citadel of Belun, in order to screen him from popular fury. There he remained many weeks, completely absorbed in his calculations, and at length obtained his liberty, with permission to go to Algiers. Arrived there, the French consul put him on board an Algerine frigate sailing for Marseilles. They were already within sight of the French coast, when the frigate was attacked and conquered by a Spanish corsair. M. Arago was taken prisoner, carried to the fortress of Rosas, thrown into the hulks at Palamas, and overwhelmed with ill usage. The dey, however, on hearing the insult offered to his flag, demanded and obtained the freedom of the captured crew. The vessel resumed her voyage; they nearly reached Marseilles, and the young philosopher fondly thought himself at the end of his misfortunes. Suddenly, however, a frightful storm from the north-west assailed the frigate, and cast her on the coast of Sardinia. No end to perils! The Sardinians and Algerines were at high war: to land would be to rush headlong into a fresh captivity. To add to their misfortunes, the vessel sprung a leak; and they at length decided on steering for the African coast. Their ship, half disabled, and ready to founder, touched at Bongia, three days' journey distant from Algiers. In the disguise of a Bedouin, and under the guidance of a marabout, M. Arago reached Algiers, but was not so graciously received by the new dey as he had been by his predecessor, who in the meantime had been killed in a tumult. Thanks, however, to the persevering kind offices of the consul, he succeeded in recovering both his liberty and his mathematical instruments, and for the third time embarked for Marseilles. The war vessel in which he sailed had a very narrow escape of being captured by an English cruiser.

In 1809, the intrepid young philosopher trod once more his native soil. To reward him for his labors, the Academy of Sciences, contrary to its standing rule, admitted him as a member at the age of twenty-three; and the emperor named him professor at the Polytechnic school. There, as the honored colleague of Laplace and Monge, he taught for more than twenty years.

In 1830, M. Arago mingled for the first time in political life. During

the memorable "three days of July," he worked hard to stop the effusion of blood, by interceding with Marshal Marmont, whose friend he was. The elections which took place shortly afterwards placed him in the chamber as deputy from the department of the Pyrenes Orientales. On entering the assembly he took his place amongst the "extreme left," between Lafitte and Dupont, and afterwards signed the public account of 1832.

He frequently spoke on questions connected with public instruction, with the shipping interest, and with the construction of canals, railroads, and other internal improvements. His political adversaries themselves have frequently bowed to his authority, and rendered homage to the incomparable clearness of his arguments and the beauty of his language in public discussion. Being one of the heads of the party of the "extreme left," he was the first to pronounce the words "Reform, and rights of labor." It was he who led the most redoubtable attacks against the maintenance of detached forts. To his legislative labors he joined the functions of member of the council-general of the Seine, over which he presided for a long time.

In the decline of a busy life, M. Arago was cast suddenly, by the explosion of 1848, into the midst of a revolutionary storm. He was proclaimed member of the provincial government, and during the interim, minister of war, and minister of the marine. In the peaceful paths of science the name of Arago has obtained a world-wide celebrity. He has rendered immense services, less perhaps by his own original discoveries, vast and important as they are, than by his rare talent in popularizing and generalizing knowledge, and by his admirable method of rendering the physical sciences intelligible.

As a scientific inventor, Arago discovered the principle of temporary magnetism, on which rests the electric telegraph; also chromatic and rotatory polarization, and magnetism by rotation. As a popular instructor, he every year delivered at the Observatory of Paris a course of delightful lectures on astronomy, which always attracted vast crowds. Several branches of physical science, especially optics and electro magnetism, owe to him their recent progress. His discovery of magnetism by rotation gained for him, in 1829, from the Royal Society of London, the Copley medal—a distinction the more flattering that it had never before been bestowed on a Frenchman.

In 1830, M. Arago succeeded Fourier as perpetual secretary of the Scientific Academy (section of mathematical science). He was a member of all the learned academies of Europe, and the particular friend of Humboldt, Faraday, Brewster.

But M. Arago was not merely the man of genius or the man of science; he was also the man of noble character, and of exalted moral

feeling. Never did science suffer humiliation in his person: he did not think that any adventitious distinctions could add honor to its worthy professors. One of his colleagues complaining one day that he had not received the insignia of some order with which he had been decorated, "Take my decorations," he said; "you shall have the first wearing of them, for I have never put them on."

Some one once remarked to M. Arago, that it was a shame that the honor of being raised to the English peerage had not been conferred upon James Watt. "So much the worse for the English peerage!" replied he; "James Watt would have conferred honor upon it!"

During the last few months of his life, his rapidly declining health forced M. Arago unwillingly to relinquish for a time his cherished studies, and seek for a renewal of strength in his native air.

"Adieu!" said he, as he was setting out, to one of his friends at the institution.

"O, no, M. Arago, not adieu; I hope we shall meet again."

"Yes," rejoined the philosopher; "I trust we *shall* meet again, but it must be in heaven."

His foreboding was just. His state of health having slightly improved, he testified an anxious desire to return to Paris; and as soon as he arrived, despite of fatigue and the weakness occasioned by illness, insisted on resuming his duties as perpetual secretary. Once, a few months since, the members of the institute saw him, and witnessed with admiration the obstinate combat between the powerful mind and the feeble body. It was for the last time. To the end he resisted, and gave all that he had to give; dying, so to speak, in full harness. A veteran in the ranks of science, he fell honorably on the battle-field.

OUR OPPONENTS.—The fiercest opponents of Odd-Fellowship are invariably those who know least of its principles, objects, and results. In proportion to their ignorance rages their prejudice. In fact, to ignorance, bigotry, and jealousy, may be traced all the opposition the Order meets with in its irresistible progress. But these obstacles are gradually growing less and less effective. The increase of the Order and the thousand evidences of its benign results, daily and hourly multiplying on every side, and exhibiting themselves in every phase of good society, are slowly but surely digging deep the grave of detraction, and adding pillar to pillar of the noble temple wherein dwelleth Charity, Friendship, Truth and Love. The operations of the Order are its great tower of strength—its certain, its triumphant defence, and its defamers must annihilate these before they can hope to make a successful assault upon the institution of Odd-Fellowship.

The Voice of the Winds.

I come, O, I come! in my wild career,
From a northern shore so icy and drear;
I've whistled and stormed on land and sea,
And now I have come to frolic with thee.
Yes, I'll bend the boughs of your forest trees,
And your lakes with my frosty breath I'll freeze—
Ah! I bound along in my wintry way,
And merrily with youths and maidens play.

I come, Oh, I come! in my own mild way;
I bring sweet blossoms for the month of May,
Gently I breathe on the fair May-queen's cheek,
And a home midst her curls I fondly seek.
At eve I waft the distant chime anon,
To tell the laborer his task is done.
Oh! mine is but a sweet and gentle breath,
Which ever raises hope, but whispers death.

I come, O, I come! with my joyous face—
My wandering way with flowers I trace;
Yet see! they bend their heads, they droop and die,
As with my heated breath I pass them by.
I creep to the couch where the sick one lies,
And waft her prayers to heaven as they rise.
I bear away each drop from the rippling brooks,
And I bleach the hills and the grassy nooks.

I come, O, I come! with my Autumn air,
And deck the woodland trees in colors rare;
Then scatter the leaves for a carpet gay,
Happy on which the merry urchins play.
I rob the fruit trees for the boys and girls,
I steal their caps and toss their pretty curls;
I coax them to linger, and with me stay,
But soon, with a bound, I am far away.

Hark! the Night wind sighs a requiem low,
For the loved who has fled from all below.
The North wind kissed harshly the maiden's cheek,
The Spring gales played her too many a freak,
The South wind sent languor and weary unrest,
The West winds bore her above to the blest.
She sleeps 'neath the sod, the flowers are dying,
While I weep alone, her requiem sighing.

Then sleep, gently sleep, while I sigh above thee,
One voice of the winds is still left to love thee;
Through each of the seasons, Oh! sleep, gently sleep,
The Night wind his vigil will faithfully keep.

An Hour of Life.

TRANSLATED FOR THE CASKET FROM THE FRENCH.

"Catch then, oh! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies!
Life's a short hour, man's a flower—
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!"

Baron Ludwig, buried in the luxurious cushions of his great arm chair, with one leg wrapped in flannel and resting upon a stand, we present to our reader, fretting and swearing at the gout, his most mortal enemy. At each vigorous exclamation which the baron suffered to escape him, a young and beautiful girl who appeared occupied with some needle work at a short distance from the arm chair in which he was seated, cast looks of affection and tender compassion upon the old man. These two personages were father and daughter.

"A thousand fiends!" exclaimed the baron, striking with violence several rapid blows on the floor with the end of his iron-shod cane; "you see that he does not come, the blockhead, the pedant, the scoundrel."

"Oh! who is the happy being whom you honor with so many flattering epithets, my father?" asked Marie, smiling in spite of herself.

"Who? can't you imagine?"

"Indeed I cannot."

"Eh! who else but that stupid doctor?"

"Dr. Augustus Staunders—your friend?"

"All but the friend."

"A very learned man, at all events."

"An idle dreamer, who occupies himself with occult sciences, instead of attending to his patients."

"Good! you had better join in with the gossips of the suburbs of Vienna, and accuse him of sorcery."

"Eh! eh! I don't know that I shall not," interrupted the baron, whose ill humor was by no means softened by these remarks. "But let me ask you what he can possibly be about this moment? Ought he not to have been here by this time? I can't imagine what makes you always so eager to defend him."

"Is it not to him, dear father, that I owe the happiness of being yet able to embrace you?"

"True," groaned the baron.

"Was he not ever, on the field of battle, ready to dress your wounds?"

"Ever; amid the bloodiest carnage, he was sure of being found, calm and collected as in his chamber, dressing wounds, and amputating limbs. Shot poured around him, and appeared to respect him. There was not

the slightest danger of a single ball presuming to graze his skin. Absolutely, I believe him to be the very devil!"

"Come now, father, you love him, I know, more than you care to admit."

"I love him! I love him! nonsense, child!" growled the baron; but he had said enough. His rage cooled at the remembrance of the vast services that the doctor had rendered him, for he had saved his life more than twenty times; his voice softened in spite of himself—his exclamations lost their energy, and died away like the echoes of distant thunder. He rejoined almost immediately, in a voice wherein he strove in vain to conceal his emotion:

"Well, yes; I do love him; for who could do otherwise? and we ought not to be ungrateful. But were it not for that—Oh, Oh! what a pain!" exclaimed the baron, seizing his gouty leg. "Here it is more than an hour that I have sent for and have been waiting for him; but wait, you will see the reception he meets with." A sudden fit of the gout brought back again his ill humor.

"The butcher!" he added immediately, "to leave me here to suffer, instead of hastening to my assistance. The merciless traitor! But I will dispense with his services—let him show his face here again!"

"Dispense with my services! In that case I had better take them elsewhere," said a gruff voice, almost in the baron's ear. "Good evening."

It was the doctor, Augustus Staunders, who had entered the room in which Ludwig sat, so occupied with his misfortunes that he did not observe his presence. Marie, who had seen him enter, could scarcely restrain her laughter, for she foresaw, between the two friends, one of those ludicrous scenes of which she was so often a witness, and which afforded her so much amusement—these little quarrels always terminating in a renewal of friendship. The baron, who had not observed the doctor's entrance, was at first overwhelmed with confusion; but his confusion soon gave way to the fear of having wounded him by whom he had just been surprised in such outrageous abuse; and these two feelings appearing at the same time on his countenance, gave him the most woful and comical appearance imaginable. Meanwhile the doctor had turned to depart, and was on the point of closing the door after him, when the baron ventured to address him.

"Staunders!" the intonation of which combined at once a demand of pardon and an invitation to remain.

"No," replied the doctor coldly, "I am a blockhead!"

"Doctor!" pleaded the baron.

"Not at all; I am a traitor!"

"Stay a moment, I pray you. I did wrong, and I admit it."

"To what purpose, since you have no further need of my services?"

"I said that?" exclaimed the baron, looking at his daughter as if to invoke her testimony.

"Alas! yes," replied Marie, casting a wicked glance at the doctor, who had already made a step to return; "but I scarcely believe you thought when you were speaking."

"There! I did not prompt her to say that," cried the baron triumphantly.

"Well, then, why speak that you do not think?" rejoined the doctor, returning suddenly and seating himself near the arm chair of the baron. "See what you expose me to. Dignity prompts my retreat, while my heart of friendship compels me to remain. It is a very awkward thing to have a heart and dignity to stand on. Here, take this;" and he handed to the baron a phial, which he drew from his pocket.

"What is this?"

"A potion which you must take four times a day, and which will sooth your pain," replied Staunders.

"But, my friend," observed the baron, "they were not the ordinary fits that I suffered to-day."

"I know that well enough," replied the doctor, with an ill-repressed smile.

"How then have you been able to prepare that medicine without knowing the nature of my disease?"

"I know it. You have had the gout ever since morning."

"Ah!" exclaimed the baron in surprise; "I did not tell you what was the matter with me—you have divined it."

"Something of that kind, I suppose," rejoined the doctor with a mysterious smile.

If he had desired to be less mysterious, Dr. Staunders might have said: "The last time that I attended you, I perceived a certain redness about your toe, which showed me plainly that you were menaced with an attack of the gout; and this morning when your servant told me that you suffered more than usual, I was certain that it had taken place." But he was careful to conceal that. The baron was astounded, and turning to his daughter, exclaimed:

"Now do you doubt when I say, that this man is the devil in person?"

"No, no, Baron; you do me too much honor," rejoined the doctor with an air of mock modesty; "I do not occupy quite so high a position."

"And you defend him when he is accused of sorcery!" continued Ludwig, still turned toward his daughter.

"Ah! that is different," added the doctor, smiling; "I am a magician in a small way, and the young lady here pretends to question my right to the distinction. I am able, however, to prove to her that I do merit it in some degree."

"Ah! Doctor," I should like very much to know how," replied Marie.

"Oh! by a very simple means: by relating this morning's adventure."

Marie blushed scarlet, and raised her astonished eyes to the doctor, who rejoined, on remarking the no less astonished look of the baron:

"And while we speak of it, you have not mentioned it to any one, not even to your father?"

"For fear of shocking him," quickly rejoined Marie.

"An adventure! What is the meaning of all this?" demanded the baron, ready to put himself in a passion. "Doubtless some imprudence, some accident, with that deplorable mania of hers for galloping over the fields! Show me the valet who followed her this morning, till I thrash him as he deserves."

"Baron," observed the doctor, with the utmost coolness, "I warn you that nothing is more liable than the excitement of anger, to produce a fit of the gout, and that your agony will then be greatly increased. On the other hand, the valet is by no means to be blamed. The poor fellow caused the woods to resound with cries after his young and headstrong mistress, who, taking advantage of an angle formed by a wood, had disappeared at full gallop, and was soon out of hearing, dashing along at a furious rate. The morning fog—it was very heavy to-day—prevented the possibility of seeing two hundred steps before one. Suddenly the horse stopped and made a bound forward, with horned ears and fearful neighings. Our young horsewoman, astonished at this rude prank of her steed, undertook to make him go on; she gave him his head, and struck him with her switch, with such energy that the animal, accustomed to obey his mistress, leaned back upon his haunches, and was about to leap into a deep quagmire, which happened to be just before him. At that moment, at the risk of his life, a young man—"

"A young man!" exclaimed the baron, agitated between rage and anxiety.

Marie, with her head bent over her embroidery, worked away in the hope of concealing the blushes which suffused her cheek.

"Very happily!" continued the doctor; "for he threw himself upon the bridle of the horse, crying out, 'My God! Mademoiselle, what are you about? you are upon the brink of an abyss.' Those were his very words, were they not, Marie, dear?" added Staunders, maliciously turning toward the young girl.

"But you were then present?" she cried out, overwhelmed with astonishment.

"I? indeed! I was in bed then; I don't race over the fields at such an hour."

"So that is all true?" cried the baron, starting up. "Doctor, this is not one of your stories? Marie, never again dare to mount a horse."

"You are decidedly wrong, Baron," interrupted the doctor; "it is an exercise necessary to her health."

"But the dangers?"

"Are far less than they were before. She has this morning received a lesson in prudence by which she will profit."

"But the young man?"

"Eh! what? the young man?" he is a fine looking fellow, that young man. Ah! while we speak of him, I had forgotten to give you a sketch of his appearance. Dark," added the doctor with a glance full of meaning.

"Fair," interrupted Marie, almost in spite of herself.

"Black eyes."

"Blue!"

"Bold as a veteran knight."

"Timid as a young girl," added Marie, quickly.

"She has observed him pretty closely," thought Staunders to himself, and the thought appeared to accord him no little satisfaction.

"Timid! How do you come to know that? You must have spoken to him," cried out the father.

"Could it have happened otherwise?" replied Marie, with confusion. "Should I have had my life saved, without thanking my preserver? I could not pass for ungrateful; but when I testified my gratitude, a crimson blush overspread his visage, he stammered out some unintelligible words, and disappeared suddenly at the top of his speed."

"Right there," said the father.

"I can imagine the scene. Poor Abel!" thought the doctor, taking his hat and addressing Marie—"Well, my dear child, do you begin to believe now that there is a little of wizard about me?"

Let us now clear up what here appears as mysterious in the doctor's conduct, and see by what means foreign to sorcery, he found himself so accurately posted up on the events of the morning. Abel de Burgmall, the hero of the adventure in question, was the only son, and consequently sole heir of Count Hermann de Burgmall, one of the warmest partizans and most confidential counselors of the Empress Maria Theresa, who died before the latter had succeeded in placing her husband on the throne, and after having materially impaired a considerable fortune in the service of his mistress, for which he had levied several regiments at his own expense. Abel was scarcely fourteen years of age when his father died; he was then not only incapable of attending to his own interests, but even of taking care of himself in the world, on account of his extreme youth and timid character. Thus Count Hermann, greatly troubled about the future fate of his son, thought to leave him under the guardianship of a sensible and faithful friend, who might form a stay to his tender youth. That friend was Augustus Staunders.

The Great Men of France.

It is certain that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thoughts, if she wishes to remain free. If we look at the characters, compared as regards religious sentiment, of the great nations of Europe, America, or even Asia, the advantage is not for us. The great men of other countries, who live and die on the scene of history, look up to heaven; our great men appear to live and die, forgetting completely the only idea for which it is worth living and dying—they live and die looking at the spectator, or at most at posterity.

Open the history of England, the history of America, the history of France; read the great lives, the great deaths, the great martyrdoms, the great words at the hour when the ruling thought reveals itself in the last words of the dying. But cross the Atlantic, traverse the channel, come to our times, open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul, that his name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist, when it accounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the great year of France!

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death. "Crown me with flowers," said he; "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music." Not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher, he desired only supreme sensualism, a last voluptuousness in his agony. Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong hearted woman of the Revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and sybils. Not a glance toward heaven. Only one word for the earth she was quitting—"Oh! liberty!"

Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet; the only hymn the Marseillaise! Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution. A cool and indecent pleasantry at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine, were the last two thoughts of this dying man on his way to his last tribunal.

Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep." Then to the executioner—"You will show my head to the people; it is worth the trouble!" His faith, annihilation; his last sight, vanity. Behold the Frenchman of this latter age.

What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people, whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister, death itself, recalls neither the threatenings

nor promises of God. The republic of these men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty won by so much heroism and by so much genius, has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against the atheism which has been called glory. All ended in a soldier, and some apostate republicans can not be heroic. When you terrify it, it bends; when you would buy it, it sells itself. It would be very foolish to immolate itself. Who would take any heed? The people ungrateful, and God non-existent! So finish atheist revolutions!

Burial Place of Napoleon.

The following paragraphs afford a fine sample of Chateaubriand's peculiar style, and will be read more as a poetical sally than any thing else. Lady Morgan speaks of Monsieur Chateaubriand as the solitary and inimitable successor of the Chatillons and Montforts, the last of the crusaders and noble palmers of Europe. The reader will remember that the words were penned before the removal of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to France:

The solitude of Napoleon, in his exile and his tomb, has thrown another kind of spell over a brilliant memory. Alexander did not die in sight of Greece; he disappeared amid the pomp of distant Babylon. Bonaparte did not close his eyes in the presence of France; he passed away in the gorgeous horizon of the torrid zone. The man who had shown himself in such powerful reality vanished like a dream; his life, which belonged to history, co-operated in the poetry of his death. He now sleeps forever, like a hermit or a paria, beneath a willow, in a narrow valley surrounded by steep rocks, at the extremity of a lonely path. The depth of the silence which presses upon him can only be compared to the vastness of that tumult which had surrounded him. Nations are absent. Their throng has retired. The bird of the tropics, harnessed to the car of the sun, as Buffon magnificently expresses it, speeding his flight downward from the planet of light, rests alone, for a moment, over the ashes, the weight of which has shaken the equilibrium of the globe.

Bonaparte crossed the ocean to repair to his final exile, regardless of that beautiful sky which delighted Columbus, Vasco de Gama, and Camoens. Stretched upon the ship's stern, he perceived not that unknown constellations were sparkling over his head. His powerful glance for the first time encountered their rays. What to him were stars which he had never seen from his bivouacs, and which had never shone over his empire? Nevertheless, not one of them has failed to fulfill its destiny; one half of the firmament spread its light over his cradle, the other half was reserved to illuminate his tomb.

The Poetry of Flowers.

There are few natural objects more poetical in their general associations than flowers; nor has there ever been a poet, simple or sublime, who has not adorned his verse with these specimens of nature's cunning workmanship. From the majestic sunflower, towering above her sisters of the garden, and faithfully turning to welcome the god of day, to the little humble and well known weed that is said to close its crimson eye before impending showers, there is scarcely one flower which may not from its loveliness, its perfume, its natural situation, or its classical association, be considered highly poetical.

As the welcome messenger of spring, the snowdrop claims our first regard; and countless are the lays in which the praises of this little modest flower are sung. The contrast it presents of green and white (ever the most pleasing of contrasts to the human eye), may be one reason why mankind agree in their admiration of its simple beauties; but a far more powerful reason is the delightful association by which it is connected with the returning spring; the conviction that the vegetable world through the tedious winter months has not been dead, but sleeping; and that long nights, fearful storms, and chilling blasts, have a limitation and a bound assigned them, and must in their appointed time give place to the fructifying and genial influence of spring. Perhaps we have murmured (for what is there in the ordinations of Providence at which man will not dare to murmur?) at the dreariness of winter. Perhaps we have felt the rough blast too piercing to accord with our artificial habits. Perhaps we have thought long of the melting of the snow that impeded our noon-day walk. But it vanishes at last; and there, beneath its white coverlet, lies the delicate snowdrop, so pure and pale, so true an emblem of hope, and trust and confidence, that it might teach a lesson to the desponding, and show the useless and inactive how invaluable are the stirrings of that energy that can work out its purpose in secret, and under oppression, and be ready in the fullness of time to make that purpose manifest and complete.

The snowdrop teaches also another lesson. It marks out the progress of time. We can not behold it without feeling that another spring has come, and immediately our thoughts recur to the events which have occurred since last its fairy bells were expanded. We think of those who were near and dear to us then. It is possible they may never be near again; it is equally possible they may be dear no longer. Memory is busy with the past; until anticipation takes up the chain of thought, and we conjure up, and at last shape out in characters of hope, a long succession of chances and changes to fill up the revolving seasons which

must come and go before that little flower shall burst forth in its loveliness again. Happy is it for those who have so counted the cost of the coming year, that they shall not find at the end they have expended either hope or desire in fruitless speculations.

It is of little consequence what flower comes next under consideration. A few specimens will serve the purpose of proving that these lovely productions of nature are, in their general associations, highly poetical. The primrose is one upon which we dwell with pleasure proportioned to our taste for rural scenery, and the estimate we have previously formed of the advantages of a peaceful and secluded life. In connection with this flower, imagination pictures a thatched cottage standing on the slope of the hill, and a little woody dell, whose green banks are spangled all over with yellow stars, while a troop of rosy children are gamboling on the same bank, gathering the flowers, as we used to gather them ourselves, before the toils and struggles of mortal conflict had worn us down to what we are now; and thus presenting to the mind the combined ideas of natural enjoyment, innocence, and rural peace—the more vivid, because we can remember the time when something like this was mingled with the cup of which we drank—the more touching, because we doubt whether, if such pure drops were still there, they would not to our taste have lost their sweetness.

The violet, while it pleases by its modest, retiring beauty, possesses the additional charm of the most exquisite of all perfumes, which, inhaled with the pure and invigorating breezes of spring, always brings back in remembrance a lively conception of that delightful season. Thus, in the language of poetry, “the violet-scented gale” is synonymous with those accumulated and sweetly-blended gratifications which we derive from odors, flowers, and balmy breezes; and above all, from the contemplation of renovated nature, once more bursting forth into beauty and perfection.

The jessamine, also, with its dark green leaves, and little silver stars, saluting us with its delicious scent through the open casement, and impregnating the whole atmosphere of the garden with its sweetness, has been sung and celebrated by so many poets, that our associations are with their numbers, rather than with any intrinsic quality in the flower itself. Indeed, whatever may have first established the rank of flowers in the poetical world, they have become to us like notes of music, passed on from lyre to lyre; and whenever a chord is thrilled with the harmony of song, these lovely images present themselves, neither impaired in their beauty, nor exhausted of their sweetness, for having been the medium of poetic feeling ever since the world began.

It is impossible to expend a moment's thought upon the lily, without recurring to that memorable passage in the sacred volume: “Consider

the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." From the little common flower called heart's ease, we turn to that well known passage of Shakspeare, where the fairy king so beautifully describes the "little western flower." And the forget-me-not has a thousand associations tender and touching, but unfortunately, like many other sweet things, rude hands have almost robbed it of its charm. Who can behold the pale Narcissus, standing by the silent brook, its stately form reflected in the glassy mirror, without losing themselves in that most fanciful of all poetical conceptions, in which the graceful youth is described as gazing upon his own beauty, until he becomes lost in admiration, and finally enamored of himself: while hopeless echo sighs herself away into a sound, for the love, which having centered in such an object, was never to be bought by her caresses, nor won by her despair.

Through gardens, fields, forests, and even over rugged mountains, we might wander on in this fanciful quest after remote ideas of pleasurable sensation connected with present beauty and enjoyment; nor would our search be fruitless so long as the bosom of the earth afforded a receptacle for the germinating seed, so long as the gentle gales of summer continued to waft them from the parent stem, or so long as the welcome sun looked forth upon the ever blooming garden of nature.

One instance more, and we have done. The "lady rose," as poets have designated this queen of beauty, claims the latest, though not the least consideration in speaking of the poetry of flowers. In the poetic world, the first honors have been awarded to the rose; for what reason it is not easy to define, unless from its exquisite combination of perfume, form, and color, which have entitled this sovereign of flowers in one country to be mated with the nightingale, in another, to be chosen with the distinction of red and white, as the badge of two honorable and royal houses. It would be difficult to trace the supremacy of the rose to its origin; but mankind have so generally agreed in paying homage to her charms, that our associations in the present day are chiefly with the poetic strains in which they are celebrated. The beauty of the rose is exhibited under so many different forms, that it would be impossible to say which had the greatest claim upon the regard of the poet; but certainly those kinds which have been recently introduced, or those which are reared by unnatural means, with care and difficulty, are to us the least poetical, because our associations with them are comparatively few, and those few relate chiefly to garden culture.

After all the pains that have been taken to procure, transplant, and propagate the rose, there is one kind perpetually blooming around us through the summer months, without the aid or interference of man,

which seems to defy his art to introduce a rival to its own unparalleled beauty—the common wild rose; so luxuriant that it bursts spontaneously into blushing life, sometimes crowning the hoary rock with a blooming garland, and sometimes struggling with the matted weeds of the wilderness, yet ever finding its way to the open day, that it may bask and smile, and look up with thankfulness to the bright sun, without whose rays its cheek would know no beauty; so tender that the wild bee which had nestled in its scented bosom when that sun went down, returns in the morning and beholds the color faded from its cheek, while by its side an infant rose is rising with the blush of a cherub, unfolding its petals to live its little day, and then, having expended its sweetness, to die like its fair sisters, without murmur or regret. Blooming in the sterile waste, this lovely flower is seen unfolding its fair leaves where there is no beauty to reflect its own, and thus calling back the heart of the weary traveler to thoughts of peace and joy—reminding him that the wilderness of human life, though rugged and barren to the discontented beholder, has also its sweet flowers, not the less welcome for being unlooked for, nor the less lovely for being cherished by a hand unseen.

There is one circumstance connected with the rose, which renders it a more true and striking emblem of earthly pleasure than any other flower, *it bears a thorn*. While its odorous breath is floating on the summer gale, and its blushing cheek, half hid amongst the sheltering leaves, seems to woo and yet shrink from the beholder's gaze, touch but with adventurous hand the garden queen, and you are pierced with her protecting thorns: would you pluck the rose and weave it into a garland for the brow you love best, that brow will be wounded; or place the sweet blossom in your bosom, the thorn will be there. This real or ideal mingling of pain and sorrow, with the exquisite beauty of the rose, affords a never ending theme to those who are best acquainted with the inevitable blending of clouds and sunshine, hope and fear, weal and woe, in this our earthly inheritance.

With every thing fair, or sweet, or exquisite in this world, it has seemed meet to that wisdom which appoints our sorrows, and sets a bound to our enjoyments, to affix some stain, some bitterness, or some alloy, which may not inaptly be called, in figurative language, a thorn. St. Paul emphatically speaks of a "thorn in the flesh," and from this expression, as well as from his earnestness in having prayed thrice that it might be removed, we conclude it must have been something particularly galling to the natural man. We hear of the thorn of ingratitude, the thorn of envy, the thorn of unrequited love—indeed of thorns as numerous as our pleasures; and few there are who can look back upon the experience of life without acknowledging that every earthly good they have desired, pursued, or attained, has had its peculiar thorn.

Who has ever cast himself into the lap of luxury without finding that his couch was strewed with thorns? Who has reached the summit of his ambition without feeling on that exalted pinnacle that he stood on thorns? Who has placed the diadem upon his brow, without perceiving that thorns were thickly set within the royal circlet? Who has folded to his bosom all that he desired of earth's treasures, without feeling that bosom pierced with thorns? All that we enjoy in this world, or yearn to possess, has this accompaniment. The more intense the enjoyment, the sharper the thorn; and those who have described most feelingly the inner workings of the human heart, have unflinchingly touched upon this fact with the melancholy sadness of truth.

Far be it from one who would not willingly fall under the stigma of ingratitude, to disparage the nature or the number of earthly pleasures—pleasures which are spread before us without price or limitation, in our daily walk, and in our nightly rest—pleasures which lie scattered around our path when we go forth upon the hills, or wander in the valley, when we look up to the starry sky, or down to the fruitful earth—pleasures which unite the human family in one bond of fellowship, surround us at our board, cheer us at our fire-side, smooth the couch on which we slumber, and even follow our wandering steps long, long after we have ceased to regard them with gratitude or joy. I speak of the thorn which accompanies these pleasures not with murmuring or complaint. I speak of the wounds inflicted by this thorn with a living consciousness of their poignancy and anguish; because exquisite and dear as mere earthly pleasures may sometimes be, I would still contrast them with such as are not earthly. I would contrast the thorn and the wound, the disappointment and the pain which accompany all such pleasures as are merely temporal, with the fullness of happiness, the peace, and the crown, accompanying those which are eternal.

OUR TEACHINGS.—No man can reflect upon his admission to the mysteries of Odd-Fellowship, and his advancement through its various degrees, without feeling the force of the truth that “virtue alone is happiness below.” The duties imposed upon us are honorable and dignified, and in some respects responsible and arduous; and to enable us to discharge them faithfully we must cultivate habits of strict temperance and chastity; shun as the second death the intoxicating draught—it may do harm—it can not do good. Odd-Fellowship most impressively forbids drunkenness; hence every practice which tends to promote intemperance is inconsistent with the principles of our Order, and must be discarded by every true and faithful Odd Fellow. Benevolence and charity demand abstinence, and our duty requires obedience.

Christian Charity.

Nothing so effectually destroys prejudice and disarms bigotry as the exhibition of true Christian charity. It is a power which silently and unostentatiously comes and takes possession of all the chambers of the soul, controlling as it were, imperceptibly, all its emotions and volitions, elevating and purifying as the power of God. A little incident which occurred many years ago, in Switzerland, will illustrate the truth of our remarks:

Beneath a wide spreading tree, which grew on a gentle slope of the Alps, a little group of Waldensian worshipers knelt on the smooth green-sward in humble prayer. Earnestly, and with deep emotion, they sent their supplications to the eternal throne. Then, rising to their feet, they sung a holy song of praise; while their heaving breasts, streaming eyes, and deep toned voices, proclaimed both the fervor and sincerity of their piety. The echoes of these strains of song had scarcely ceased, before a small, wayworn band of men, staffs in hand, weary and pale with climbing the lofty hills, approached the worshipers. Leaning on his staff, one of them addressed the Waldensians:

"We are Catholics," said he; "our fathers persecuted your fathers, and shed their blood. For ages they have hunted you like beasts. But we are come to learn your religion. Will you instruct us?"

On hearing these words the Waldensians wept for joy, at the opportunity of repaying love for hatred, which the occasion afforded. Without a word of reproach, or a look of anger, they welcomed the Catholic strangers as brethren, and spoke to them of the pure doctrines of Christ. What a delightful spectacle this scene presents! How worthy of the pencil of a Raphael or Michael Angelo! How gloriously it exhibits the divine charity of the Gospel! Ages of cruel wrong had the ancestors of those Catholics heaped on the heads of the suffering Waldensian Church. Yet with a sublime forgetfulness of the past, these holy men—representatives of that martyr church—opened their hands and hearts to the children of their enemies, and rejoicing, led them to Christ. This is the triumph of grace over nature—the charity which is better than faith.

It is by such love as this, exhibited in the life of the individual believer, that Christianity is to achieve its highest triumph. When Christians generally shall convince the world of their sincerity, by sublime self-devotion to the principles of the Gospel—when the followers of Christ grow unselfish, benevolent, gentle, forbearing, forgiving, and unceasing in their efforts to save mankind, then the world will open its sealed eyes and gaze on the beauty of Christ. Love is mighty to move the human heart. Even Byron, haughty, misanthropic, and sceptical though he

was, was moved to tears and tenderness by reading a prayer, which a lady—an utter stranger to him—had written and secretly offered to God in his behalf. And while his heart was softened by this prayer, he made a memorable confession. Said he:

“I date my first impressions against religion by having witnessed how little its votaries were actuated by any true feelings of Christian charity.”

Here we see that Christian charity can arrest the attention, and convince even a guilty infidel of the divinity of Christianity, and that its absence can lead the mind into the crooked paths of scepticism and vice. These things being so, how vigorously every good man should cultivate it—how sedulously should he toil to obtain it, as a sacred talisman to prevent him from injuring the world; and as a “diadem of beauty,” to attract others to Christ and to salvation.

Secrecy of Odd-Fellowship.

Ring what changes you may upon the suspiciousness of secrecy, the tendency of evil to seek darkness and mystery, and of good to come to the light, that it may be manifest, still, you will hardly contend that secrecy is in itself, and necessarily, a conclusive proof of evil. If not, then it is uncharitable to condemn any individual or institution on the score of *secrecy alone*. Now let us fairly understand each other. Our secrecy “hath this extent—no more:”

1st. We are secret (as *every family* is or should be secret) in regard to the personal affairs of any member which are submitted to us for counsel, aid, admonition, rebuke, or punishment. They are *his* secrets, not *ours*, much less *the world's*. And baser would we be to publish them than if we were to squander property or money that had been solemnly confided to our keeping.

2d. We are secret (as *a merchant* is secret in regard to correspondents and customers) in concealing the names of informants, and their information concerning the character and standing of applicants for membership. We have no right, morally, to injure those who confide in us; and even the laws of our country would punish as libel or slander the exposure of the applicant's faults.

3d. We are secret (as *Christ's followers* are commanded to be) in bestowment of donations to distressed brethren or their families. Unfeeling, indeed, must be the prying soul that would insult the relieved by publishing their poverty in boasting of his own charity! May Odd Fellows ever be reproached for secrecy rather than be guilty of such unchristian conduct!

4th. We are secret (as *every banker and business man* is secret) in our

modes of ascertaining whether a stranger-applicant is a partner in those funds, a portion of which he is about to withdraw. Each bank or merchant has secret signs by which he knows whether the draft presented him is genuine. We have signs and tokens by which to know men, whether they are genuine Odd Fellows, whether they are entitled to receive what they ask. A meddling, prying fellow, seeking to find out and counterfeit the secret signs of a trader, would be rewarded for his *ingenuity* with the contempt of all honest and honorable men, even if the *worthy forger* escaped the penitentiary! Of what higher estimation is *he* deserving who impertinently seeks to possess himself of the secret signs (and expose them to others probably no honester than himself) by which we guard the treasury of the dependent sick and distressed, the widow and the orphan?

5th. We are secret in our forms and ceremonies of initiation, and the use of our emblems in the instruction of our members. This use renders the lessons more impressive; and to disclose the *mode* of teaching would deprive the *instruction* of the charm of novelty, and impair its efficacy.

That this is the utmost extent of our secrecy, honest and truthful men of all denominations among us are ready to testify. These secrets, then, belong to no individual alone, and therefore no one has a moral right to disclose them. They are the *Order's only*. They concern not the world, and belong not to the public. An individual out of the Order has no more right, in morals or propriety, to pry into them, or demand their revelation, than he has to turn eavesdropper among neighbors, or ask a wife to reveal the confidential conversations of her husband. The disposition to acquire and expose the secrets of others is as wrong as any iniquity it seeks to uncover; as impertinent as peeping into a business man's letters or a neighbor's market basket or dinner pot. And yet there are persons—honest, high-minded people *in all else*—who have allowed this spirit so far to govern them, that they condemn, *without evidence*, every so-called "secret society," and pry into its private affairs, and encourage others to expose them to the public. Surely such conduct must arise from a want of due consideration of what is due to their own characters as honest, decent men! The same principle, applied to individuals, would justify a clergyman for exposing cases of conscience confided to him by his flock; an attorney for betraying, unto loss of property, character, and *even life*, his client; a physician for disclosing the affairs of his patient, and all he sees and hears in the houses he visits; and a military commander who informed the enemy of his plans of action, and the countersigns on which depend the security of his army! Such anti-secrecy people, to be consistent, should have no secrets of their own, and keep none confided to them by their families and friends; should expose their most private thoughts and feelings to the public;

relate their domestic conversations and conjugal endearments; expose purse, pocket-book, and private papers at all times and places; never vote a folded ticket, seal a letter, receive secret advice, bestow private alms, or offer secret prayer! For, if secrecy is wrong, or proof of evil, all these things are evils.

We will only add that, properly speaking, *Odd-Fellowship is not a secret society*. Our Constitutions and By-Laws, our times and places of meeting, the names of our officers and members generally, the amounts and sources of our receipts, the items of our expenditures, our principles and objects, the proceedings generally of our National and State Grand Bodies, *all* these are as public as those of any legislature or other public department in the country. As well, therefore, might you call any individual or family, the United States Senate, or President's Cabinet, or a Grand Jury—*all* of whom have secrets—"a secret person," "a secret family," "a secret senate or cabinet," or "a secret jury," as to call us a "secret society," merely because *we* have secrets. Certainly something more than this is necessary to constitute a secret society.

Going thro' the World.

TUNE—"COMING THRO' THE RYE."

Going thro' the world, poor Mary,
 Going thro' the world,
 You 'll find how fortunes change, Mary,
 Going thro' the world.
 Oh! life's a sad, lone journey,
 Life is seldom bright,
 But we may make it good, Mary,
 Struggling for the right.

If the morrow bring a sorrow,
 Need our pleasure die?
 If the morrow leave a sorrow,
 Bid the sorrow fly.
 Oh! life's a sad, lone journey, &c.

If a sorrow come to borrow
 All our bliss in store,
 From the sorrow let us borrow,
 All it takes and more.
 Oh! life's a sad, lone journey,
 Life is seldom bright,
 But we may make it good, Mary,
 Struggling for the right.

Jealousy.

Of all the passions which corrode the unregenerate heart of man, this is the most fearful and often the most fatal in its effects. It combines the sting of every passion, without one solitary soothing thought; like a baleful whirlwind it sweeps along, and overwhelms its wretched victim in a torrent of the wildest excess of love, hatred, revenge, remorse, and despair—robbing him of man's last consolation, his self-respect, when he wakes to the conviction that he is voluntarily under the dominion of such a fiend. Tear it from your heart while yet it is in infancy; foster it not a moment there, but pluck it out and trample it under foot, as you value peace on earth and rest in heaven. Give it place but once, and though "'tis a monster of such hideous mien," it will so entwine itself around the chords of your heart that while it inflicts there its viper sting, you will still cherish and cling to it, as the blinded mortal to a treacherous friend, until it leaves you crushed to earth—every hope blighted, and every source of happiness turned to a fountain of bitterness.

My father was an officer in the United States Army. Of my mother I have but a faint recollection; she died when I was very young. About this period, my father inherited a considerable amount of property; consequently, being tired of the eventful life of a soldier, he quitted the army, and retired to a pleasant villa near the banks of the Hudson, taking with him his three children, the eldest a boy, and two girls, of whom I was the youngest. We were accompanied by a Miss Howard, a maiden sister of my father, whom he had invited to make her home with us, and assist him in taking care of his children. At this time I was about four years old, my sister six, and my brother nine.

Aunt Letty was the model of a kind and affectionate aunt, but, like all old maids, with reverence be it spoken, her children were to be, in her estimation, perfect, and all owing to her own perfect and unique plan of management. She seldom punished a fault, but generally held up to the view of the offender some model of propriety, and dilated upon the loveliness of her conduct, then suddenly and dexterously brought all the perfections of the model in glaring contrast beside the delinquencies of the offender; thus, in private, I was constantly urged to emulate my sister Olivia, my brother Alfred, and even my little cousins who occasionally visited us, little dreaming at the time that they were exhorted in turn to make *me* their *model*.

My sister was of a gentle and retiring disposition. She was more staidous and persevering than I, but not naturally as quick, nor had she as robust health as I possessed, consequently, although two years younger, I found no difficulty in keeping pace with her in all our pursuit. 1—19

suite, and with a jealous eye I measured every action by her's. Although entirely different in disposition, she loved me dearly, and I fully returned her affection, and I believe I felt everything a sister should, with one exception. Although I could not have endured to hear her censured or disparaged, yet, strange inconsistency of human nature, it often gave me pain to hear her praised; every word of commendation of her would seem like a reproach to me, and yet I was not conscious of envy, for these thoughts never found expression; nor was I aware of the fact myself, until a period when I had attained my tenth year, my sister her twelfth.

It was at the commencement of the summer vacation; my brother, now fifteen, had just returned from college, and his birthday was near at hand. Olivia and I were busily engaged, each in fabricating a little keepsake with which we intended to surprise Alfred. My sister was netting a purse, and I working a watch-pocket. One morning we were sitting at work together.

"O, Laura!" exclaimed Olivia, "a bright idea has struck me. I can weave the motto with my hair." And soon, under her nimble fingers, the golden threads were woven into bright letters, contrasting with the dark green silk. A feeling of discontent came over me as I glanced at my own jetty locks, which would be quite imperceptible in my work. I felt discouraged and disgusted with my design, and when we compared our little souvenirs, mine seemed so inferior in my discontented eyes that it was with a gloomy and discontented feeling at heart that I accompanied my happy and unconscious sister to show them to Aunt Letty.

"Very pretty indeed, my dears," said Aunt Letty, approvingly. "And I am glad to see this; it is a proof of affection to your brother, as well as an evidence of industry and perseverance."

"Which is the prettiest, Aunt Letty?" said I.

"Well, they are both pretty, but I like Olivia's design; this motto worked in her own hair speaks volumes—but, of course, yours being dark, would not have suited your work. Your brother, however, will undoubtedly prize them equally, for your sakes."

The cup was full, but this was the rose leaf that caused it to overflow. I burst into a passion of tears, and flung my work on the ground, exclaiming, "I knew it was not worth finishing; her's is ten times prettier, but it doesn't matter. I know Alf. likes 'Livia a great deal better than he does me."

"O, Laura! how can you say so?" exclaimed my sister, her soft eyes filling with tears of reproachful surprise. Aunt Letty opened her's wide with astonishment, and said sternly:

"Laura, you astonish me! You are not jealous of your sister, I hope?"

I am ashamed of you! Look at your cousins Emma and Caroline; they never think of such a thing as envy or strife. Try to emulate them, my dears, for there is nothing so lovely as affectionate brothers and sisters; and I should be sorry indeed to see a daughter of Colonel Howard give way to such a mean passion as jealousy."

My father at this moment entered. "What is it all about?" said he. "Didn't I hear the word jealousy? Beware 'the green-eyed monster.' And our two pets in tears! This is a sad business, indeed, Aunt Letty."

"There now," said she, softening; "dry your eyes, be good girls, and let us hear no more about it."

This was the first time I had ever been accused of jealousy, and was conscious of it myself for the first time. I felt deeply wounded and humiliated. It had been held up to me as something unworthy, mean and contemptible. I felt angry at myself, and mentally resolved that I never should be again accused of envy. Alas! too well I kept my resolution, though not in the right spirit. I should rather have snatched the viper from its throne, than sought to conceal it beneath the folds of deception. But I will not anticipate.

Three years had passed away. It was again the summer vacation. This time my brother had graduated, and brought home with him, to make a visit, his friend and college companion. Sidney Sinclair was the son of a wealthy planter of Georgia. His father had been an intimate friend and brother in arms of my father; they were therefore well pleased at, and encouraged, the intimacy of their sons. Sidney was a gay, high-spirited youth; his tall, slender figure was the model for a sculptor; his chesnut locks curled around a lofty brow, and eyes which sparkled with an inexhaustible fund of wit and good humor, which soon rendered him a universal favorite of the family. The summer days passed quickly away, for our father denied us nothing that was conducive to our healthful enjoyment and amusement.

One fine afternoon, Alfred sat writing some letters, when Sidney and my sister came in from the garden. "How can you remain in the house on such a delightful day?" exclaimed Sinclair.

"Indeed," answered Alfred, raising his pen and looking up, "I should be delighted to take advantage of it, but 'fate gives the wound and man is born to bear.' See what is before me, and I shall not finish long before evening. But I will tell you that there is a most delightful ride through the wood to the east. You have never been there. Order the poney out, and take one of the girls to help you explore it; believe me, it will repay you."

Sidney's eyes sparkled with delight. "Would you like to go, Miss Olivia?"

"Very much, if Aunt has no objection."

"Certainly not, my dear," said Aunt Letty, who was sewing on the sofa. Olivia disappeared to change her dress, and presently re-entered. She looked lovely; her bright ringlets and fair face contrasting sweetly with her dark riding dress; but I never thought her less pretty, for the demon was at my heart, and when I saw the involuntary look of admiration that my brother and his friend exchanged, I almost hated my gentle sister.

"But it is too bad to leave you all alone," said she to me.

"O!" I answered, "I could not be coaxed out this afternoon; I must finish this story," said I, resuming the book I had appeared to be perusing intently.

"Yes," said Alfred, "Laura and I are literary to-day; so leave us to our studies and be off." But while they were gone, the book I held before my eyes was but an excuse for a cloud of bitter, gloomy thoughts, the darkest of which was envy of my sister. Why had he not asked me to go? True, she was the eldest, but what of that? I was her equal in all our acquirements. Then I thought, she is handsomer than I; and I suppose it will be always so. Will every one always like her better than me? Little did I think how soon I should reproach myself for these thoughts, and the cold words with which I responded to her warm greeting when she returned. Toward evening she complained of a feeling of languor and oppression, followed by a violent headache, and by midnight she was in a high fever. She never knew me again, and I had no opportunity of entreating her forgiveness of my often wayward conduct to her; in two days she was no more. I then, for the first time, knew how much I loved her, and how much I had lost in her gentle and affectionate heart. I was kneeling beside her couch in a wild passion of tears, made more bitter by the self-reproach, as I recollected my last unkind words to her, supposing there was no one in the room, when I felt a gentle touch, an arm was around my waist—I started and looked up—it was Sidney Sinclair. The gay, habitual smile was exchanged for a look of the deepest and tenderest sympathy; and then he spoke such soothing words of consolation, in accents of kindness, that softened the heart. I threw my arms around his neck, and wept less bitterly than before. I was but a child not thirteen years old, but from that moment I loved him with a fervor that increased and deepened as I grew to womanhood.

My brother and Sidney Sinclair, after this, attended together the law school, and upon finishing their studies, entered into partnership in the city of New York, and consequently we often met; and when I reached my seventeenth year, and Sidney formally declared his attachment for me, I thought myself the happiest mortal upon earth; for he was my star, my idol and my dream, and my father promised that as soon as he had become established in his practice, he might claim me as his bride.

At this time, I had just returned from school, and my father, who ever sought my gratification, fearing I might become lonely, invited a young lady of my own age, who lived in the city of New York, to come and spend the summer months at our house. Ada Lee was a far-out cousin of ours, a perfect little fairy; her petite figure, small feet and hands, and bright little face, were the personification of prettiness. She played the guitar and sang like a little bird, and was always lively and gay as a lark. She was delighted to get out in the country, and we soon learned to love one another dearly. She was as affectionate and warm as the sunshine, and her bright locks reminded me of my angel sister.

One day I received a letter from Alfred, saying that he and Sidney Sinclair were coming shortly to spend a week or two with us. I was delighted, of course, and so was Ada. What delightful rambles we planned together, and how eagerly we anticipated the day of their arrival. Ada was in high spirits, and I saw at a glance, that the two young lawyers were highly pleased with her. Time passed on the wings of pleasure; and Ada immediately made friends with Sidney, who, amused at her childish simplicity, by turns teased and coaxed her; sometimes criticising her pet songs, unstringing her guitar, and then asking her gravely for a song. She would pout, and declare he was the most provoking person in the world, and then, a moment after, permit him to wreath her hair with flowers. With my brother Alfred she was more shy and reserved; and although she always chose her sweetest song for him, she spoke less to him, and often blushed deeply when he addressed her. I saw that Alfred loved Ada; he gazed at her with rapture, and seemed to watch every movement with delight. How could any one help loving her? Then the thought entered my head, would Sidney avoid the temptation? But he was as devoted to me as ever; yet this might be from a sense of honor. The thought was maddening, and fool that I was, forgetting the lesson my sister's death had taught me, I encouraged my vague doubts and determined to watch them narrowly. I observed with pain every look and word of attention, were it ever so trivial, on the part of Sidney to Ada; and that she would accept his arm in preference to my brother's. Every action was distorted by my jealous eyes, until my mind was torn with the anguish of doubt and suspense. Ada was not aware of my engagement to Sinclair, and I took care that she should not learn it at present. She was, on her part, one of the most confiding and candid girls I ever knew. One day, when we were alone, she looked unusually pensive and thoughtful. I rallied her upon the subject, and starting up, with a blush and a smile struggling on her face, she threw her arms around my neck and whispered: "Dear Laura, were you ever in love?"

The next moment she was gone, and I shortly afterwards heard her

talking and laughing in the garden with Alfred and Sidney. "She loves," thought I, "and, undoubtedly, it is Sidney Sinclair upon whom she has bestowed her affections. And he returns it, doubtless! she would not love without hope, encouragement. What then? He shall be free, but he shall never think I am jealous. I can be changeful, too. 'Tis better to scorn than be slighted." The more I thought, the darker grew my mind—the more fearful the struggle in my breast; but I crushed the feelings back into my heart, and shed no tear, breathed not a sigh, though my heart was breaking.

Ada entered hastily. I asked her in as indifferent tone as I could command, where she had been.

"Out walking with"—here she glanced at a rose-bud she held in her hand, blushed, stopped, and hiding her face in my lap, said, "You can guess who."

"Certainly, and he gave you that rose-bud?"

"Yes, and another which I broke off and returned to him."

"And what then?"

"Nothing, only he kissed it and put it in his bosom, and you can guess the rest, dear Laura."

"O! yes, indeed; it is very clear: he loves Ada, and Ada loves him."

I confess I expected this, and was not surprised. I could act no longer; so I left her abruptly, and hastened to my room, and spent half an hour in which the agony of a life-time was concentrated. But my resolution was taken, and when I felt that I could speak calmly, I went down stairs, and, inquiring for my friends, found that Ada had gone out riding with my brother, and Sidney Sinclair I found reading alone in the library. I entered softly, and directed a searching glance at him, to discover some evidence of his faithlessness. But he had hidden the rose-bud carefully, and sat calmly reading by the window. As I entered and spoke to him, a smile lighted up his countenance; he rose, and taking my hand, wanted me to take a walk with him. I drew my hand away firmly, and begged to be excused; but at the same time requested a few minutes' private conversation. He looked surprised, and demanded an explanation of this coldness.

"Certainly," I answered, "and in justice to yourself, I owe you an explanation. Mr. Sinclair, I feel that I have been wrong in engaging myself to you. I could never make you happy; it was unpremeditated, and therefore it had best be ended."

"Laura, dearest Laura, what does this mean?" exclaimed he, passionately. "How have I offended you? Only tell me how I can repair my fault, but do not condemn me unheard, for my every hope of happiness is bound up in your love."

I was unprepared for this, and highly incensed at his duplicity, I de-

terminated to match art with art. I replied coldly, therefore; rage and passion sustained me, though my heart seemed bursting.

"You have done nothing to offend me, Mr. Sinclair. On the contrary, it is I who have been wrong in forming an engagement without due consideration."

"Laura, you will distract me; only say one word. Have you ceased to love me?"

"Yes!" He was thunderstruck. Gazing at me for a moment, he exclaimed:

"And is this the return I expected for years of love and hope?" He kissed my hand, and hastily departed; I have never seen him since. He left that day, calmly bidding farewell to all, and returned to the city on the plea of urgent business. I remained seated on the sofa, where he had left me, until I heard the horse's hoofs on the gravel walk under the window. I looked through the curtain, and beheld my brother and Ada walking to the house. She was leaning confidently on his arm, and he seemed to be whispering or talking in a low tone to her; for he was leaning over her, and her bright curls almost brushed his shoulder. As they advanced, I caught a glimpse of a rosebud peeping out of his bosom. In an instant the truth flashed upon me, and I saw the fatal mistake that I had made while blinded by jealousy. This was too much to bear, and I fell back on the sofa insensible. I gradually revived, and made an effort to recover, and calmly bid adieu to Sidney Sinclair.

My own hand had done the deed, and I must bear the consequences. I could not undeceive him without exposing my pride, jealousy and duplicity, from which I knew his noble nature would have shrunk in disgust. His father gladly welcomed him home when he wrote, telling him that, disgusted with the North, he preferred returning to Georgia.

Alfred and Ada were married, and are living in New York. Not a cloud has obscured the sunshine of their life for many a year, and long may it be so. As for me, I am a confirmed old maid, and I have determined to devote my life to the happiness of my venerable father. I can never love again; Sidney Sinclair must ever hold the same place in my affections, and alas! I am doomed to feel the consciousness that my own evil passion of jealousy has laid waste and embittered two existences, for Sidney Sinclair writes my brother that the fair ladies of the sunny South have called him a confirmed old bachelor.

"For neither ever found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly wear away, I ween,
The marks of that which once has been."

To the Uninitiated.

We are sometimes asked why, if ours is an institution which inculcates charity and good will, we confine our charities and good will to the members of the fraternity? The question itself is sufficient to convince every intelligent Odd Fellow that the man who propounds it, knows little, if any thing, of our principles and customs. But in answer to the interrogatory we reply, that our charities, or our benevolence and good will, are not confined to the fraternity. True charity, or love and benevolence, is not confined to the few—it goes out all abroad and exerts its power. In suffering, in helplessness and distress, wherever either is found, there its sympathies, its labors, and its munificence are felt and enjoyed. The inculcation of the principle of benevolence in the mind of an individual, toward a small circle, will lead that mind to be benevolent beyond that few, wherever the individual sees an object which demands his sympathies, or his charities.

Odd-Fellowship may be said to inculcate universal love and benevolence, while, at the same time, it disposes the heart to particular acts of sympathy and kindness. A brother possessed of this amiable disposition is shocked at misery, let it be presented in whatever form or appearance it may. His pity is not only excited, but he is prompted, as far as is consistent with the rules of honor and prudence, to alleviate the pain of the sufferer, and cheerfully to contribute to his relief. But to the end that this may ever be done for a brother, we raise a particular fund and establish that and our benefits on the purest foundation. When a brother is in distress, we sympathise with him; when he is hungry we provide him food. We minister to his necessities, and fly to his relief when he is in any trouble, if he be one that proves himself deserving our particular benefits. Thus do we evince the propriety of the title we assume, and demonstrate to the world that the term brother, among Odd Fellows, is not merely nominal.

If these acts are not sufficient to recommend so great and generous a plan as that we have adopted—such a wise and good association, bound together by great and salutary principles, happy in themselves, and equally happy in the possession of every social and humane virtue, nothing which is truly good can be recommended and supported. The individual who resists arguments drawn from such facts must be callous to noble principle, and lost to a proper sense of honor.

Nor will the man of mind and heart denounce our institution, on account of its *particular benefits*. For he will readily know that the principle which prompts to these will not be confined, but reach far beyond the circle of covenanted brothers, and endeavor, by its sympathies and its

charities, to alleviate the woes of humanity. And when this is taken into the account, in connection with the fact, that we inculcate the kind and social and humane faculties in all the brotherhood, it must be acknowledged that Odd-Fellowship is one of the best calculated, among all human institutions, to promote that spirit which was so fully manifested by the Saviour, and which he enjoined upon his followers to cherish; and to prompt to deeds of excellence toward all men, as well as to the household of the faithful. We say to those who ask us why we confine our charities and our good will to the brotherhood, that we do no such thing. The very reverse is the fact. We have particular benefits, but we do most imperatively enjoin upon all brothers the cultivation and the exercise of that generous and God-like principle of charity and universal love, which knows no limits save those which encircle the vast family of man.

The Reconciliation.

It seemed as if in the case of his daughter's estrangement, the heart of Tindell, the stern soldier and general, was adamant. No one dared speak of that beautiful and erring one in his presence. Gloomily, day by day, he stalked through his ancient halls; there were no silvery voices to welcome him, nor eyes to grow bright with gladness at his approach. Years ago it was not thus. Two twin children blessed every hour of his life. In the garden they ran by his side, and plucked the rich roses, and then, sitting one on each knee, plaited them in his thick locks. And he would wear them where the helmet had rested—emblems of the peace he had found in the love of his little ones after a stormy and warrior life.

Together they grew to blooming girlhood, but no further. A fatal sickness blighted one bud, and laid it with all its beauty, an offering upon the altar of death. It seemed as if the great man's heart would have broken, for if it could be, she that was gone was his favorite—gentler, more angel-like, lovelier with the beauty of heaven, and more loving than the other. For weeks he walked his mansion in a passion of grief, hardly eating or sleeping, and in all that time the twin and living bud laid on his bosom. But her presence served only to remind him of what he had lost.

When his sorrow had grown still, though yet flowing like a deep river through his heart, he gathered all her robes with his own hand, every thing that had been prized by her—her little playthings, her books, her little prizes, and laid them in a strong and beautiful box. This he stood in his own room, commanding that it should be touched

by no mortal hand, and requesting that in case of fire, or any calamity that might happen in his absence, it should be sacredly preserved.

Alina, the only daughter, grew every year more lovely, and, advanced to the stage of womanhood, she was almost a wonder of beauty. Far and near, suitors sought her for a wife—not for money, strange to tell, for General Tindell was not rich, but for her transcendent charms and her mental superiority. To whom should he give his own jewel, the pride of his life? was the question often asked of his heart by the gray-haired man; but she had already anticipated his answer. One morning she was not to be found. The house and grounds were searched, the pond dragged, the river nearly drained, but no tidings of the lost one for days, weeks, months, and years. No wonder the old man shunned his kind, and lived voluntarily imprisoned, refusing to see or be seen by the world. No wonder his very gray hairs were bowed down to the tomb before their time. Often had he said in his loneliness, “If I could but hear from her, how this withered heart would leap!” And he *did* hear from her, and his heart *did* leap—but with the transport of rage. She was married. She had left her stately home—her father’s protecting arms, for a soldier’s love and a worthless husband. Ah! too often the unspoken ban of a parent’s malediction rests upon the heads of those who, forgetting the ties of duty, the bonds of love, and the hallowed precepts of filial obligation, rush into an unknown future with no sanctions from heaven or earth.

She plead to be forgiven—to be restored. Oh! might she come back, if only to die there—might she once more lay her poor head on his bosom, and win his forgiveness? Might she only tread the halls where with her beautiful sister she had danced in the exuberance of innocence and youth, or pluck one rose from her own rose-tree, or only come as a transient guest, and look once more upon the scenes of old, doubly endeared by her recent suffering?

No! no! the old man stormed and raved; he would disown her. All the pent up feeling of years burst its frail barrier, and what anguish, despair, fear, and horrible anticipations, had been forced back in his old bosom, swelled like a mountain torrent that inundates its sister bank. Never should she enter the home she had disgraced. He would die before he would see her. She might have the wherewithal to be clothed, to eat, to be sheltered, but on pain of his curse, let her dare darken his walls!—ungrateful, reprobate child!

The old housekeeper and her daughter, the latter bearing a pretty babe in her arms, took their way from Tindell mansion one fine morning, and walked towards a poor little cottage, sheltered by trees and romantic rocks. They reached it long before the sun had reddened the moss-cups in the hollows, or fired the dew upon the tall grass. Opening the door

they entered, and at that moment a pale face looked out from the poor curtains, and the lips murmured, "did you bring him?"

The silence of the nurse was full of meaning to the desolate woman. Her head fell back, and the long, glistening waves of curls hung from the mean pillow, and over her cheeks, making still more ghastly the whiteness of her face. The good nurse, with a movement or gesture of encouragement, softly turned down the coverlet, and disclosed the beautiful faces of two twin babes, so like and so lovely, that she stood lost in admiration.

For many hours the three held consultation, and before the nurse and her daughter left the cottage, Alina was sitting up, propped by pillows, with a brightness in her soft eyes that had long been foreign to them, talking, smiling, altogether a hopeful, beautiful being again. Since her return, strangely enough, the old general had become passionately fond of hunting, and sometimes for days together would he enjoy this sport. Enjoy! far from that—it was to allay the uneasy pangs of conscience; for strip him of his military pride, his false notions of influence and position, he had one of the most gentle of hearts.

All importunity had thus far been in vain, until the housekeeper's daughter, with the penetration of a mother, contrived a plan that seemed likely to succeed. But it was a daring one, involving the possibility of failure in more than one instance, for it might cost the place of both her mother and herself.

The old general had returned from the chase. His hounds were led away, his favorite charger stabled, and with his usual quick tread he entered the hall. A letter was handed him. He opened and read it on the way to his room. Pausing for a moment, he tore it in fragments, and angrily exclaiming "she shall not come," he threw open the door of his private apartment.

It wore a strange look. He entered, and gazed about him. Astonishment, tenderness, kept him mute. There on a couch were spread several little old-fashioned robes, that brought the tears to his prone eyes. A table held some pretty toys, tiny slippers, embroidery, many a little fragment that her hand made sacred—that dear little rose-bud who had gone to the better land. He lifted them one after another, and how his lips trembled! how all the father whelmed his anger, and the old love beat at the door of his heart. There stood even her little crib, with a costly covering of silk and lace thrown over it. He thought not to ask who had done this sacrilege. He looked at that little couch through his tears. The past came upon him; there they once slept; from that tiny couch they threw their rosy arms about his neck, and kissed him with dewy lips. Still as he gazed he trembled, his head bent forward. What held him as one entranced? What made his breath come short and quick, heavy

and gasping, as one struggling for life ? The covering of lace and satin, surely it moved ! it throbbed ! There was a palpitation unnatural to quietude. Or did he mistake ? Surely, surely his tears blinded him. Still, again a tiny movement ! the beating of his heart choked him ; the illusion grew till, springing towards the crib, he snatched away the drapery, and there, lying with their innocent little faces upturned, beaming with a sort of infant rapture, sweetly sleeping, were the twin babes ; to him they seemed of his early love. Emotion overpowered the father ; he burst into tears, and held his hands over them as if for a benediction. A sob startled him. He turned and saw his daughter, leaning, pale as death, against a massive arm-chair.

"For their sake," she murmured, but she needed to say no more. The outstretched arms enfolded her frail form, as the old man, in a choking voice, exclaimed, "Come to my heart, my daughter ; God be thanked that I am no longer childless."

The twins are very beautiful, two fond girls, who hover around the old man's chair, and follow his footsteps ; and every year is celebrated, in that famous house, the anniversary of the old man's twice-found treasures.

The Golden Chain.

There is a FRIENDSHIP dear to all,
But dearer still to friends ;
It never can the heart enthrall,
Though numerous hearts it blends.

There is a LOVE whose source is heaven,
Yet flows in streams below—
The greatest boon to mortals given,
And none but friends can know.

There is a TRUTH sent from above,
To guide our wandering feet,
Where, bound in FRIENDSHIP, TRUTH AND LOVE,
Our joys shall be complete.

Then let our great fraternal band,
Around the earth and main,
Be bound through life, in heart and hand,
With this our GOLDEN CHAIN !

And when the toils of life are o'er,
If we but faithful prove,
We'll meet again on yonder shore,
In FRIENDSHIP, TRUTH AND LOVE.

Plato and Aristotle.

Plato, who according to the superstitious belief of his times, was the son of Apollo, was a tall and handsome man. His name, he is said to have derived from his broad shoulders. He had a protuberance at the back of his head. He was of a grave countenance, and laughed but seldom. He had a shrill but pleasing voice. He was temperate in sleeping, eating, and drinking, but approved of occasional intoxication. The belief of the medical faculty for more than two thousand years was that an occasional debauch promoted good health; all the great physicians of the middle ages insisted on their patients getting drunk once a month. Plato lived in good health to the age of eighty-four. He excelled in all the Grecian exercises, having studied wrestling under Aristotle the Argive. He also applied himself to poetry and painting. Being a man of wealth, he used a decent splendor in his whole style of living, and did not think the use of gold and silver plate unbecoming a philosopher. He dressed genteelly, but reproved the effeminacy and vain adornings of Aristotle, as much as he did the proud sordidness of Diogenes. Notwithstanding the dreamy nature of many of his speculations, Plato was a man of the world, had the art of pleasing in conversation, and took particular care not to annoy his company by the introduction of philosophical questions.

The description left us of Aristotle is, that he was a man of slender form, with spindle shanks and small eyes. He had a shrill voice, and stammered in his speech. Diogenes Laertius, who tells us these things, as well as most of the particulars which we have gathered of Plato, quotes the authority of Timotheus, the Athenian, for the fact that Aristotle hesitated in his speech, and the circumstance is also mentioned by Plutarch. He delighted in rich apparel, wore a number of rings on his fingers, and was particular in shaving, and in trimming his hair. In the ornamenting of his person, he did not neglect his shoes, which were adorned with precious materials. He was much addicted to talking, and had a sneering and faultfinding expression in his face. Such is the portrait of him whom Southey calls "the most sagacious man whom the world has yet produced." No man certainly has ever lived whose writings, real or supposed, have exercised so tyrannical an authority over mankind. His reputation gathered strength for at least eighteen hundred years after his death; and during fifteen centuries of Christianity his word, with the learned, held divided empire with the Gospel itself.

READING AND THINKING.—You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

Education of Odd Fellows' Orphans.

The principles and teachings of Odd-Fellowship are very broad and comprehensive. They embrace, directly or indirectly, the whole duty of man to his fellow-man, and are entirely consistent with the moral law of God and the requirements of our nature. They require the cultivation of feelings and dispositions of the heart, toward our brethren and all the human race, which are exhibited in works of charity and love. There are none too learned to be instructed by the teachings of our Order, or too ignorant to appreciate, in some degree, its truths; none too independent to require its benefits, or too degraded to be reached by its benevolence.

In addition to the general lessons of charity, friendship and love, toward the whole brotherhood of mankind, and the carrying out of these heaven-born principles in practical life, there are some particular duties, regarding our brethren of the Order, which form an essential element in the genius of Odd-Fellowship. These are our fraternal duties—those which we owe to each other as members of one family of brothers, associated for mutual benefit, and having assumed, for this purpose, certain obligations. They are briefly expressed in the language of the Grand Lodge of the United States to the subordinate bodies and brethren, throughout the country: "We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan."

Our purpose, at this time, is to direct attention to the last of the above requirements—"educate the orphan." This command of the Grand Lodge is frequently referred to as a summary of the practical duties and objects of a working Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. And such it is. Each Lodge, both as a body and as individuals, should recur to it often, and ascertain whether its several injunctions are by them faithfully observed. Let us now inquire how far this duty respecting the orphans of deceased brothers is fulfilled. We do not propose to furnish an answer to this inquiry, either by charging the brotherhood with dereliction in this part of our duty, or by boldly assuming that the obligation is to a reasonable extent complied with. But the only object of these remarks is to call attention to the subject—to awaken inquiry in regard to what is and what might be done.

The last annual reports of the various Grand Lodges show that less than twelve thousand dollars were expended for the education of orphans in the whole country, during the year ending June 30, 1853, nearly one-third of which was expended in the single State of Maryland. But there is probably a considerable amount appropriated for this purpose by members of the Order, which does not appear in the accounts of the Lodges.

The State of Ohio reported but eighty-four dollars expended in this way. Bro. Glenn, the Grand Secretary, states that the amount is small, in consequence of the public school system affording such advantages in the education of children. The same remark may be made in reference to a large portion of our country ; but the requirements of Odd-Fellowship are not yet fully complied with : it is still our duty to see to it that the children of a deceased brother are enabled to attend these free schools. When a father in the meridian of life, whose family are in comfortable circumstances from the proceeds of his daily business, is suddenly called to leave them to depend upon their own resources, in the midst of an unfriendly world, it is very frequently the case, that the industrious and prudent mother is compelled to take the children from school, and place them in the work-shop, the factory or store, as soon as they can render a profitable service, and thus they "finish their education." Alas ! how many there are, especially in the larger towns and cities, in exactly this situation. And the question immediately arises, how many of them once claimed a father who was our brother, mutually pledged with us to assist the widow and educate the orphan, and who commended to the care of those who had been with him in health, watched by him in sickness, and were about to follow him to the tomb, his helpless orphans and their lonely mother ?

There are several institutions of learning in operation and in contemplation, conducted under the auspices of our Order ; but to what extent they may be able to assist the class of whom we have spoken, we are unable to say. The Grand Lodge of the United States, at its last session, passed a series of resolutions commendatory of the "Odd Fellows' Female Collegiate Institute," located at Rogersville, Tenn., and established by Hawkins Lodge, of that place. The enterprise has been successful, and the Institute is in a flourishing condition. A similar institution is being established in Abingdon, Va., by McCabe Lodge, of that place, and the brethren of Iowa City are now procuring the means for commencing one in the capital of the growing State of Iowa. G. M. Hamilton, at the last session of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, recommended the founding of a College in this State by the Grand Lodge, to promote the higher branches of education—a large fund to be raised by donations from individual members of the Order, and from Lodges, for the endowment of the institution, and establishing it upon a firm basis.

These higher institutions of learning are very proper, and we would award honor to the enterprise which conceived the plan, and the energy and laudable spirit with which it is, in some instances, carried out. But the great work of Odd-Fellowship is done in private. Each Lodge must be careful that the orphans of its deceased members are not deprived of the privileges of the common school. Colleges and seminaries, or even

free schools, unaccompanied by other means, will not accomplish the object which we regard as far the most important one connected with this subject, viz., to secure to the orphans of all deceased Odd Fellows, a good English education.

Our Order's Progress.

Whether our claims to antiquity be just, or whether our Order be of modern origin, the fact of its excellence and usefulness is unquestioned; and that it is advancing with great rapidity, and extending its influence in all directions, is a fact which none can dispute. Nor is it a matter of surprise that it should commend itself so strongly to public favor, or that its advance should be without parallel in the world's history. Wherever its benevolent principles are known, it must gather beneath the folds of its banner, a large proportion of those who feel an interest in the welfare of our race. By a recent statement, I find that Odd-Fellowship is making rapid progress in Great Britain. The Liverpool Times, commenting upon the Order and its prospects, observes that the number of members in the Empire is nearly, or quite, half a million. Among these are more than one hundred members of Parliament—besides clergymen and magistrates in abundance. It mentions quite a number of the nobility also, as having entered into this great work of cultivating the charitable and benevolent feelings of men. Its rise and progress in our land deserves our special notice. Less than fifty years ago, there existed within the limits of the United States, but *one* organized association bearing for its motto the significant terms of "Friendship, Love, and Truth," and the members of this solitary Lodge were looked upon with scorn and derision, and their feeble efforts to put into execution the principles which they professed excited no sympathy in the breast of those who openly opposed the scheme, or secretly endeavored to impede its progress. In spite of opposition, however, the sickly and unpromising plant, by judicious cultivation, became one of sturdy growth, and gradually extended its branches throughout the land.

And at this time, there is no State in our noble confederacy that has not erected within its borders temples dedicated to Odd-Fellowship, within whose walls are heard harmonious anthems breathing forth the noble principles of "Benevolence and Charity." Every year exhibits a vast increase of membership, and of course a proportionate amount of means to be appropriated to purposes of benevolence.

The feeble band which, thirty years ago, scarcely dared to lift its sickly head among institutions of a kindred character—scarce able to stand alone, and without confidence in its own strength—now boldly

comes forward to do battle in the glorious cause of humanity. With largely recruited numbers, with augmented knowledge, and renewed confidence, Odd-Fellowship no longer lingers timidly in the back-ground, but occupies a prominent position in the great drama of the world. Comparing the recent establishment of the Order in this country with the magnitude of the results detailed in its history, we find that, like a young Hercules, it has commenced its grand series of exploits while in the cradle.

"It had its birth in Heaven above,
 Its motto, SYMPATHY and LOVE,
 And with the flag of TRUTH unfurled,
 It came to triumph o'er the world ;
 To sooth the lonely widow's sigh,
 To wipe the tear from sorrow's eye ;
 To teach the heart oppressed with care,
 That blessed lesson, ne'er despair.
 The joys of age, the hopes of youth,
 Are linked with FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH."

Stella.

CHAPTER II.

Scarcely had Stella and her aged father reached the portals of their humble abode, ere the storm came on in all its fury ; quick flashes of lightning made luminous the heavens, and loudly the bursting thunder uttered its oracles of wrath. With a thankful heart the young child led her trembling parent up the rickety steps, and undoing the simple fastening of the door, they entered, and were sheltered from the raging elements. With every mark of affection, she placed a chair for him beside the fire, took off his time-worn hat, smoothed his furrowed brow, and twined her slight fingers through his silvered locks, and then, in a voice sweet with music of love, said :

"You are safe, dear father, thank God ! you are safe."

"I thank my Star for it," replied the old man. "Thou hast guided me in darkness, and in the midst of storms thou hast not forsaken me, but my night of years rejoiceth on account of thee."

"God maketh the night, and he made thy Star also ; he giveth us shelter from the rain, and his hand will sustain us in time of trouble. Shall we not trust him, father ?" Thus said the fair child, and the old man answered,

"Trust him, Stella, trust him, if it doeth thee so much good. I would not destroy thy innocent faith ; the world will do that soon enough ; but the storm rages fearfully without, it is cold within, and we have no more fuel, we have no food, and you are hungry. Do not these things appal

vol.1—20

you, and shake your confidence in the mercy of the being whom you call God?"

"No, father; he feedeth the ravens: he will feed us also."

"How, child? have you been to church, and do you believe all that silly priests have told you?"

"No, father," said the child; "I have never been to church, but mamma told me about God, and what he had done for us, and that we ought to love him, and he would take care of us; and father, something right here (and she placed her hand on her heart) told me this was true, and ever since I have believed it, and it makes me so happy. Let us be very patient, father, and we shall not suffer much. When the rain ceases, I will see if I cannot get something to do." So saying, she stirred the dying embers, till they emitted a feeble blaze, and then, telling her father to sit nearer the fire, she turned to look out of the window, when her eye fell upon the violet which had fallen from his bosom, and lay on the floor before her. With a smile of joy she stooped to pick it up, and hastening to a stand, took up her bible, and opening it, she placed the blossomed type of God's love close to the lettered inspirations of his holy apostles; and as she did so, her eyes fell upon the beautifully appropriate verse found in the sixth chapter of Matthew, which says, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." With a thrill of pleasure, her eye glanced over this passage, and then, going back, she perused the whole chapter. Words of consolation glowed in every line, and it was with a lighter heart that she closed the book, and passing to the window, looked out upon the storm. It was a scene to make the weak and the bad tremble, but Stella felt no fear. To the good, who are the only strong, Nature in her wildest operations brings no terror. Calm as truth, and as serene as purity, the fair child stood and watched the elements without. There was a grandeur in their power when thus manifested which had ever a charm for her, and often had she stolen on tip-toe from her mother's room, and sought the open porch to listen to the thunder's loud report, and watch the fury of the raging blast. Often before had her young heart expanded, and her soul drank sublimity from scenes like this, but never had she felt and thought as now. Still as a statue she stood, but not a trace of fear was visible in her countenance. It seemed as if all the collected majesty of hope and faith had settled on her soul. Louder roared the winds, and the thunder's peal on peal was heard till the earth shook, and the heavens seemed rent. Frequent crashing sounds, heard in the direction of the neighboring hills, told of fallen trees, while the dashing of the rain, and the flying of shutters, added to the uproar of the scene.

"Ah!" said Stella, at last, speaking aloud, though to herself, "there is a new grandeur in the storm now, since I can trace in it a resemblance to my own situation. The sky is dark, very dark, above, but way off in the east the light is breaking. So over the sky of my present life, the clouds lower, but I know it cannot last. The future will be bright, yea brighter for the darkness now surrounding the present!" So saying, she clasped her hands across her breast, and looked hopefully up to the sky again; then remembering their destitution, she turned away to look after her flowers, which she was going to take to market in the morning. They were very artistically and beautifully made, and for so young a child, manifested much taste. They had been the work of happier hours, and as she looked at them, the image of her who had taught her to fashion those delicate forms—of her loved but departed mother—arose before her mind, a tear started to her meek eyes, and she sank down on her knees, exclaiming:

"Mother, Oh my mother! where art thou, and dost thou love thy child? and wilt thou not guide her still? Far, far beyond the shining stars is thy home; and dost thou visit us no more? Ah! it can not be, my mother; I will believe thy last words, and wait thy silent teachings. Light comes when I think of thee; and when I pray, joy and peace glide into my heart like a sweet singing rill. Pretty flowers, I have loved you for her sake, and hoped never to have parted with you; but it must be, there is no other help now. May the one who buys you take as good care of you as I have, and perhaps I can make some more as fine, though I have no one to help me now."

As she said this, a flood of sunlight streamed into the room, and fell upon the flowers in her hand, and bathed her pale brow in its mild radiance. The storm had ceased, the angry clouds had disappeared, and nature once more resumed her smiles.

"Beautiful warm sunbeams," said Stella, "I love you; you too come to comfort and cheer me. Why should I despond, when all nature speaks of hope? I can not—I will trust and wait."

So saying, she returned to the room where her father sat, from whence she had gone to find her flowers. As she passed into the room, a rap was heard at the door, and, without waiting to have it opened by them, it was pushed rudely ajar, and a rough, stalwart man made his appearance. At sight of him, Stella started with surprise, and a slight tremor passed through her frame. It was the landlord, she knew, and their inability to pay him caused her to fear that he might have come to put his former threats into execution.

"Well, old man," said he, "have you that rent yet? If not, you and yours had better be tramping. Folks can't keep houses for the like of you to live in without paying for it. Come, hand over, if you've got

the shiners; and I'm thinking you can get them if you like. Let's have the rent, old man."

At these words, so coarsely uttered, the old man started to his feet. A deep crimson suffused his face, which was succeeded by a deadly palor; his lips trembled, and with a fearful imprecation, the first he had ever uttered in the presence of his child, he said:

"Fiend in the shape of man! there is no mercy in you; I have not one dollar in the world, and your rent I can not pay. We are cold and we are hungry; but I will ask no aid from man, neither will I keep your rooms longer. We can go; earth will not spurn us from his bosom, or the blue sky refuse to shelter us. More merciful than man, it will drop tears of sympathy above us in shame of his inhumanity. Come, Stella, child, where are you? Let us go out together; thou art too good for earth, and I should be better, could I perish with thee. Perhaps there is another — But, pshaw! why should I talk of any other world, when reason tells me this is all? 'Death is an eternal sleep;' welcome thy embrace, oblivious shade!"

"Father, father, say not so; talk not so wildly;" said Stella, coming like a good angel to him, and taking him fondly by the hand. "There is no need of this," she continued; "we must not go yet. This man surely will wait upon us till to-morrow evening, when I think I shall have the rent for him. He will not be so hard; he has little children at home, perhaps, and he will not, surely he cannot, turn us out now."

"You are right, pretty one," said the man. "You are right; I have many little ones at home, and it is my care for them which makes me harsh to others. But I love children after all, and I can never distress them; but I find so many idle, good-for-nothing persons trying to get their living from those who work hard, that I lose patience sometimes, and I fear get hardened. But stay, child, with your father, in these rooms to-night, and if you pay to-morrow, you can keep them. I think you are a good little girl; would you like a place to work?"

"If father could be with me, yes, sir; but I can not leave him," replied Stella.

"Oh! for that matter, I suppose that would be impossible. No one would hire a child like you, and keep an old blind man about too. He could go to the alms house, though."

"Never," said Stella, earnestly, her blue eyes for once flashing with indignation. "I love my father; I have promised to be his little Star, and I will never forsake him. I have a better way than that, sir."

"You've a brave heart, little one," said the man, "and I like your spirit. Well, I will not ask to know what you expect to do, but I hope, if it is not wrong, that you will succeed. If you should not, I will not be hard on you, but see if I can not get something myself for you to do."

I like those who are willing to work, and will not be hard on you, though I am not rich myself. But the old man said you were hungry; have you nothing to eat?"

"Nothing," said Stella, "but no matter now."

"Yes it is, child," said the man, whose manners softened the more he conversed with the child. "I tell you I am not rich, but here's a dime I will give you to get bread for your suppers; take it child, there is something in thy face tells me I shall not be a loser by this act. I must go now. Here, will you not have this, child?"

"O, sir," answered Stella, whose slight frame quivered with emotion, while her eyes were filled with tears, "O, sir, you are kind after all; for father's sake, for I know he needs food, I will take it, but only on the condition that I return it to you to-morrow; It would hurt me very much to take it on any other."

"Well, child," replied the landlord, "have it as you will; you are a strange little girl, and I shall want to see more of you, but I must go now. Good evening."

"Good evening, and thank you," said Stella, closing the door after him. With gentle step she now returned to the side of her father, who, since his first outburst of passion, had remained silent. He was weak from abstinence and physical infirmities, and not till she had spoken to him twice, did he seem to rouse himself. For some minutes she stayed by him, caressing him, and striving in many ways to recall him from his abstraction, but he relapsed again into silence, and stealing noiselessly from the room, she went out to exchange the dime which she had received from the landlord for bread.

She returned with two loaves, and after placing a part of one in a clean white napkin on the stand beside her father, and eating a portion of this simple repast herself, it being then near dark, they retired for the night to their humble beds—the old man in darkness, both of soul and body—Stella with the light of hope in her heart. Neither slept much: one was haunted by the images of the past; the other, in striving to penetrate the shadows of the future, felt her youth pass away, and her soul prematurely harassed by the cares and anxieties of life. Both rose in the morning unrefreshed. Stella rose first, and putting on her best clothes, and taking her flowers in her hand, she started for the market place.

Already crowds had gathered there, but, intent on her purpose, she passed on, regarding no one, to the part of the market where flowers and other ornamental things were placed. But she was observed, and many were the exclamations of those whom she passed, when they looked upon her graceful form, and glanced from that to the bouquets she held in her hand; but the most expressive of all their remarks, perhaps, was the following from the lips of a daughter of Erin:

"Sure, and she's a nate flower-bud herself, and she's got the prettiest flowers o' the lot to-day."

A *bud*, pure and beautiful, was she, indeed—heaven's own darling—on her young heart leaves, and already in the sight of angels were their delicate forms unfolding, disclosing to view the crimson hue of love, mingled with the light of purity and truth.

But unmindful of all remarks, modestly but firmly she passed on and gained the desired point. There she found many little girls and boys of her own age, and she noticed, as she passed among them, that an unusual amount of hilarity animated the several groups. But a stranger to all and to their sports, she sought the most retired place, and getting out a clean handkerchief, opened her flowers in it upon the frame-work which had been raised for the purpose of showing off to advantage such proofs of their taste and industry as the children of the poorer classes might wish to exhibit in view of a profitable sale. She would have felt much happier if she had had some one of these children for a friend, but as it was she anticipated no trouble. Her bright happy face, beaming with intelligence, won a smile from all beholders, and her flowers received the admiration of many.

An hour passed, but no one had yet offered to buy her bouquets; still she was not impatient, though uneasy at having to leave her father alone so long. At length, a crowd gathered around her, all talking, admiring, asking the price of her flowers, wondering how she made them, and then going away without purchasing any. It was hard, she thought, and her heart began somewhat to fail, when a sudden outburst of laughter from a group of children near, drew her attention. Loud cries of "April fool, April fool!" resounded on all sides, and in the midst of them, she perceived a little girl about her own age, weeping bitterly, while the others seemed to be adding to her grief by their jests. At the sight of another in distress, she forgot her own sorrows, and with that ready sympathy which springs spontaneously in every noble heart, she glided forward, and in a second was by the side of the weeping child. With tenderness she took her hand in hers, smoothed back her ruffled hair, and led her out of the circle of children that surrounded her, and immediately gave way before her gentle presence. Then, with much delicacy, she inquired the cause of her grief, and the child, inspired with confidence by her kindness, told her that the other children had played a trick on her; that it was the first day of April, when they always had a great deal of sport; that she would not have cared for the trick they played her, if in doing it they had not ruined a filigree basket which she had been several weeks in making, and which she hoped to sell at a good price, so she could get her sick brother some nice delicacies such as he could eat; but her work was ruined now, and she could get no more material to make

another; and here her sobs stopped her speaking. Again Stella sought to sooth her, telling her to come with her; that she had brought some flowers to market, and she would give her enough when they were sold to buy something for her sick brother. So saying, the generous child led the way to her former stand; but what was her consternation on reaching it to find no flowers there. They were gone; she looked all around, but they were nowhere to be seen. She inquired of the bystanders; some told her one thing, some another; none knew where her flowers were, and sickened at heart by this misfortune, she could not restrain the tears which, in spite of her efforts, coursed their way down her cheeks.

It was her turn to receive comfort now, and kindly did the young stranger who had been the unwilling cause of her loss, strive to cheer her, inviting her to go with her home, and she would find a welcome from her mother, who was very fond of children. But Stella could not be so comforted. What could she do? she thought. How could she pay their rent and the dime? Oh! how sorry she was, she had taken it, now that the means to return it was gone! Alas! alas, poor child! it was a sad thing indeed. For some time she gave way to her feelings, then, remembering that she had not told her father where she was going when she went out, and mindful how much of his comfort depended on her, she strove against her grief, and in a measure overcame it by forming a resolution to try some other means to obtain a livelihood without deserting her parent.

She turned to her young companion, and asked if her mother could not give her some plain sewing to do—telling her of her father, how he was old and blind, and that she must do something to help him. The little girl said her mother was poor too; that they had to do their own sewing and work for others too; but that she would tell her mother about her, and perhaps she could get her some work from the rich ladies.

This was sufficient to arouse the hope of Stella again, and telling her young friend where she could find her, she bade her a cheerful good-bye, and started for her home, resolved to tell her father nothing of her misfortune, but to hope on still, and be strong. But the thought of her lost flowers haunted her, and frequent tears bore witness of her grief for their loss, and it was with a sad heart that she entered the humble room from which, but a few hours before, she had gone so full of trust and hope.

As she stepped into the door, she glanced around for her father. He was not there, and a terrible pang shot through her heart, and she grew faint; but recovering her strength, she hastened to the sleeping apartment, expecting to find him there. But that room, too, was vacant; he was gone, and where?

"Father, father!" cried the agonized child; "your Star calls you,

father. Oh! my father, where art thou?" Thus did she call, but no father came, and no voice responded to her cry. In tears she rushed from the house, looked wildly up and down the street, where bright and happy throngs were passing, but all were strangers; her father was nowhere in sight, and overcome with emotion, she sat down on the broken door stone, and wept in agony.

The clouds were dark o'er the young child's life, but the Star's light was not dimmed, and in the midst of the storm she murmured, "Our Father who art in heaven."

Make One Happy Heart.

Have you made one happy heart to-day? How calmly can you seek your pillow—how sweetly sleep! In all this world, there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed—as getting a sun ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn. There is no moment that tears are not shed and sighs uttered.

Yet how many of those sighs, those tears, are caused by our own thoughtlessness? How many a daughter wrings the soul of a fond mother by acts of unkindness and ingratitude? How many husbands, by one little word, make a whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts? How many wives, by angry accriminations, estrange and embitter loving hearts? How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex each other, making wounds that no human heart can heal?

And if each one worked upon this maxim day by day—striving to make some happy heart—jealousy, revenge, madness, hate, with their kindred evil associates, would forever leave the earth. Our minds would be so occupied in the contemplation of adding to the pleasure of others, that there would be no room for the ugly fiends of discord. Try it, disconnected devotees of sorrow self-caused; it makes that little world in which you move an Eden, and strews your path with flowers, while all around you are cheerful and happy.

FLOWERS.—Flowers furnish gorgeous imagery and beautiful thoughts. They constitute the most touching and delicate language which affection could devise. They speak directly to the heart. No marvel is it then that woman loves them. They bear such touching similitude to her own history—repaying with grateful fragrance and beauty the hand which cherishes them, and dying beneath the blighting influence of this world's coldness and neglect. Without their presence, life would seem more cheerless, and nature would be disrobed of one of her brightest and most captivating ornaments.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF OHIO.—It will be recollected that this body, at the special meeting held in Zanesville, in February last, adopted the new Constitution which had been for some time pending, and which had received the approval of the Grand Lodge of the United States. As was stated in our last number, this Constitution provides for annual sessions only, abolishing the quarterly meetings. The Grand Encampment having commenced operations under its provisions, adjourned to meet in February next. A very respectable minority of that body protested against the whole proceedings in regard to this matter, at the special session, as illegal and invalid. The grounds of the protest we also stated in the April number of the Casket.

The 20th of April being the time of holding the regular quarterly session, under the old Constitution, quite a number of members from Cincinnati, Springfield, Chillicothe, Hamilton, Milford, and other parts of the State, met at Eagle Hall, in this city, and proceeded to hold a regular meeting.

In consequence of the absence of the Grand Patriarch and the Grand Scribe, those chairs were filled by the election of P.G.P. Isaac Hefley as M. W. G. P., and P.P. J. Griswold as G. S.

The minutes of the last quarterly meeting were read and adopted; nominations for officers for the ensuing term were made, and a committee of five was appointed to prepare a circular on the subject of the late action of the Grand Encampment at the called meeting in Zanesville, addressed to the members throughout the State, and calling their attention to the annual session in July next, in Cincinnati.

The proceedings were ordered to be printed, and the Grand Encampment then adjourned.

Previous to this meeting, a notice signed by Paxson Coates, Grand Patriarch, and A. R. Foote, Grand Scribe, appeared in some of the Cincinnati papers, stating that as certain persons had illegally given notice of a regular quarterly meeting of the Grand Encampment of Ohio, to be held on the 20th ult., it was officially announced that no session of that body could be held until after the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

The question of the validity of the proceedings at Zanesville, will undoubtedly be presented for the decision of the Grand Lodge of the United States, at its next session in September, when the difficulty will be settled.

VISITING CARDS.—The following resolutions were passed at the last session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and notwithstanding the proceedings of that body have been before the members of the Order and officers of Subordinate Lodges for some months, yet we apprehend that the provision contained in these resolutions is not generally complied with. It is a matter of considerable importance, and its observance will avoid difficulties which sometimes occur, owing to the various amounts of benefits allowed by different Lodges.

Resolved, That upon the issuing of a visiting card by a Subordinate Lodge or Encampment, the Secretary or Scribe thereof shall endorse upon it, the amount of weekly and funeral benefits allowed by the Constitution and By-laws of said Lodge or Encampment, and that it shall be bound for any relief extended to a brother holding such a card, to the extent of the benefits so rendered.

Resolved, That where a Subordinate Lodge, Encampment, or General Relief Committee, is applied to for relief by a brother holding a card, such Lodge, Encampment, or General Relief Committee, shall require the certificate of a respectable physician, showing the time the brother has been sick, and shall take a draft upon his Lodge or Encampment for whatever amount he may have received, which, with the certificate, shall be forwarded for payment; *Provided*, that in the event of the death of a brother, and his being buried by a Lodge, Encampment, or General Relief Committee, it shall only be necessary to forward the physician's certificate, or that of some other respectable citizen, together with his card, and a proper voucher for the amount so advanced. Payment of the same shall in all cases be promptly made.

Form of Indorsement.—This certifies that the Constitution and By-laws of the within named Lodge [Encampment], allow for weekly benefits the sum of — dollars per week, and for funeral benefits the sum of — dollars, and that brother — is entitled to the said benefits from the date of the within card, until the expiration of the same.

TEMPLAR LODGE, No. 17, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Bro. Wm. Addis, the enterprising regalia manufacturer of this city, has shown us a set of costumes and regalia, which he has just completed for this flourishing Lodge. It is the most superb and beautiful, both in regard to material and workmanship, that we have ever seen, and we believe surpasses any thing of the kind ever yet made in the country. It consists of a set of full costumes for all the officers participating in the ceremony of initiation, to be worn on such occasions, and a full set of working regalia, including that for officers, degrees, etc. The costumes are made of the finest French merino, profusely ornamented and elegantly finished, with

a cap of silk velvet richly embroidered. The regular official regalia is made of beautiful silk velvet, with the appropriate emblems of each, and other beautiful designs, elegantly embroidered with gold and silver bullion, and trimmed with the same material. The whole presents to the eye a most dazzling appearance, and gives strong evidence of the superior skill and facilities of Bro. Addis in this department of manufacture. It also evinces the prosperity of Odd-Fellowship on the shores of the Pacific, and is fitting to be sent to the land of gold.

IOWA FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—We learn with pleasure that the Order of Odd Fellows in the State of Iowa are obeying the command of the Grand Lodge of the United States, to “educate the orphan.” They have organized and secured a charter for the establishment of the above named institution, at Iowa City, the capital of that State. The charter secures to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows the exclusive control of the school, and gives to each Lodge subscribing one hundred dollars the perpetual right of one scholarship in the institution. They have commenced and are now engaged in the erection of a spacious and beautiful college edifice, which they hope to complete during the present year. The estimated cost of this edifice is thirteen thousand dollars, and the Order in Iowa have already raised eight thousand of that amount.

A dispensation was granted by the Grand Lodge of Ohio, at its last annual session, authorizing the agent of this institution to visit the Subordinate Lodges of this State, and solicit subscriptions for the orphan’s college, and Rev. A. R. Belden, President of the Board of Trustees, is now engaged in visiting the Lodges of this city for the purpose of securing their aid. We learn from Bro. B., who kindly paid us a visit, that his effort has been attended with very gratifying success, every Lodge that he has visited having subscribed according to its ability, to this most praiseworthy object.

An enterprise so benevolent as this has commanding claims upon every Odd Fellow, and should be promptly responded to. Our young sister State has set us an example worthy of imitation, and we trust that the practical workings of the Order may be made apparent in this direction all over the Union. We most cordially commend Bro. Belden, and the cause he advocates, to our brethren throughout the State, and hope he may realize the highest wishes of the friends of the enterprise.

THE principles of Odd-Fellowship are the immutable, ever living principles of Divinity, struggling in the bosom of every man, and seeking an outlet that they may flow into the ocean of our common brotherhood.

ODD FELLOWS' CELEBRATION AT VINCENNES, IA.—The members of the Order at Vincennes, Ia., had a celebration on the 22d of March, in which they were joined by brethren from Evansville, Terre Haute, Russellville, and Lawrenceville. Among the distinguished brethren present were Grand Master Edwards, of Terre Haute, and the Rev. G. B. Jocelyn, editor of the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine, who was the orator on this interesting occasion. We learn that the procession was the largest and most imposing ever witnessed in Vincennes. The services were conducted in the Presbyterian Church, and the exercises were enlivened and heightened in interest, by the choir. At the conclusion of the exercises in the church, the procession was re-formed, and marched to the American Hotel, where the members of the Order partook of a magnificent repast. The occasion was an interesting one, and, doubtless, will be long remembered by its participants.

The evening before the celebration, Professor Jocelyn delivered a most impressive and eloquent address on the subject of temperance, one of the cardinal principles of Odd-Fellowship.

VIRGINIA GRAND LODGE.—The annual session of the Grand Lodge of Virginia commenced at Richmond on Monday, the 10th of April, and closed on the 12th. A large number of Delegates from the different Lodges throughout the State were in attendance. The Grand Master, Bro. H. N. Gallagher, was present as presiding officer. In his annual report he congratulates the brethren upon the prosperity of the Order throughout their jurisdiction, and upon the advancement made in the dissemination of the principles of benevolence and philanthropy, which are the foundation stones of the temple of the Institution; and referred in feeling terms to the death of Grand Secretary David H. Reed since the last annual meeting. There are now over one hundred Lodges in the State. The following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing term:

J. Louis Kenzer, of Alexandria, Grand Master; M. Seagers, of Richmond, Grand Secretary; George W. Zoler, of Richmond, Grand Treas.; J. D. Kelley, of Petersburg, G. Chaplain; J. N. Edmonds, of Alexandria, and E. H. Fitzburgh, of Wheeling, Grand Representatives.

DIRECTORY.—For the convenience of strangers and visiting brothers, we have prepared a complete directory of the time and place of meeting of the various Lodges and Encampments of this city and vicinity, which may be found on the 322d page. The frequent inquiries made of us have suggested the necessity of compiling this table

NEW ENCAMPMENTS.—Marion Encampment, located at Delphos, O., was instituted on the 30th of March, by Bro. C. W. Cowan; and on the 4th of April, the same brother instituted Lima Encampment, at Lima, Allen Co., O. A correspondent writes us that every thing went off in good order and harmony, much interest was manifested, and quite a number of applicants for membership were received immediately.

We received from one of our fair subscribers a cheering letter. Among other things, she says: "I am very much pleased with the Casket. It is in truth a cabinet of jewels. In it I found most beautiful and precious thoughts on the various subjects embraced in its pages. Its ennobling motto, 'Friendship, Love, and Truth,' seems to be breathed on every page. But of all, I was most interested in the article entitled, 'The True Brotherhood,' the brightest jewel in the Casket, and worth all the imaginative productions of the age. 'The Casket' is an appropriate and beautiful name, most admirably applied to this publication. May it long live to receive and reveal, through its pure white pages and virgin type, the hidden treasures of the mind, and may a rich reward be theirs who labor for its prosperity."

We thank L. S. of C. H. for her flattering encomiums, and shall endeavor to merit them by a due devotion to the interests of our monthly, as well as to those great cardinal principles which it advocates. We have received encouragement from various quarters, but none that we prize more highly than the above.

EDITOR CASKET—DEAR BROTHER: In your April number of the Casket, in speaking of the Bible Presentation to Palmetto Lodge, No. 175, you say that I responded to the presentation address of Miss Brown. This is a mistake, and as I would not willingly take from my bachelor friend, Bro. H. H. Edwards, the credit of having performed that duty, and having so gallantly defended the ladies in their declaration of rights, I hope that you will correct the error; and as Bro. Edwards so honestly admitted the claims of women to their rights, in his speech on that evening, I hope that you will set him right before your readers, that they may know that his is not a hopeless case of bachelorism.

Fraternally yours,

THOS. W. FARRIN.

Most cheerfully do we acknowledge the error, and if Bro. Epply, the Grand Marshal on the occasion, had only given us a hint, as he was kind enough to do in regard to some other matters pertaining to the order of exercises on that evening, we would not only have been correct in our report of the proceedings, but would have secured the admirable speech of Bro. H. H. Edwards for publication. But it is past, and we will endeavor to be wider awake next time.

THE KENTUCKY GARLAND.—The publication of this journal, which has been suspended for some weeks, will be resumed in a few days. Sister Lindsey, the editress, is well and favorably known as a good writer, and the Garland, we feel sure, will sustain its former reputation. Being a Daughter of Rebekah, Sister Lindsey appeals to the fraternity to sustain her enterprise, and we hope the members of the Order will rally to her support. The Garland will be a large and neatly printed weekly sheet, devoted to general literature and the news of the day. Mrs. Lindsey is the widow of our deceased brother, R. R. Lindsey, the founder of the *Whig*, at Mount Sterling, Ky., and exhibits a true spirit in this effort to support a dependent family by the labors of the pen. We commend her to the kind consideration of Odd Fellows everywhere, and will take pleasure in receiving and forwarding subscriptions.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—The series of articles upon the motto of Odd-Fellowship, by the Rev. Dr. Jameson, are completed with this number, and we will have the pleasure of presenting our readers with an essay from his pen, in our next, entitled, "The Companionship of Books." We had expected articles from Rev. Bros. Young and Conrey, but other engagements prevented them from redeeming their promises; we hope to hear from them in time for our June number. The author of "Reveries of a Student" is ever welcome to our pages, and we trust he may frequently favor us with articles. The beautiful song of "Going thro' the World," by our fair contributor, "Arabella Clement," will be cordially received by all lovers of true poetry. "Licinius" again enriches our pages with a poem; and we are sure our readers will gladly receive all contributions from its well-known author. We hope to be favored with several contributions from the pen of "Molly Bawn," one of the most gifted writers of the West. Bro. Gaddis, of Dayton, has promised us something from his fluent pen.

HILLSBOROUGH FEMALE COLLEGE.—We have received from our friend and brother, Judge Emrie, editor of the Hillsborough Gazette, a slip containing proceedings of the Official Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church in relation to the establishment in Hillsborough of a Female College of the highest grade, to be under the patronage of the Church.

Notwithstanding the disabilities under which the Oakland Female Seminary has labored, yet, from the distinguished talents and perseverance of its accomplished principal, Rev. J. M'D. Mathews, no institution in the West has sent out from its halls a more thoroughly educated class of young ladies than has from year to year graduated at this institution. The buildings are entirely inadequate for such an institution,

and trustees have been appointed, and a new organization formed for the purpose of selecting grounds, and erecting thereon a college edifice and boarding house sufficiently capacious to meet the rapidly increasing educational wants of the community of Southern Ohio. Hillsborough is perhaps the most desirable location to be found in the southern part of the State for such an institution. The proverbial intelligence, morality, and enterprise of its inhabitants, render it peculiarly desirable in this respect. With such men as Messrs. Thompson, Trimble, and our truly enterprising friend, Judge Emrie, we confidently expect success to crown the efforts of the friends of female education in the highlands.

Literary Notices.

THE ODD-FELLOWS' POCKET MANUAL : a correct guide in all matters relating to Odd-Fellowship ; and containing a complete Directory of the Lodges in the United States in 1853. By JAS. L. RIDGELY, G. S. of the G. L. U. S., and PASCHAL DONALDSON, Past D. D. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Northern New York. Philadelphia : Moss & Brother.

The above is a duodecimo volume of 304 pages. The authors have fully and clearly explained the objects and practical workings of Odd-Fellowship, the duties of officers and members of a Lodge, and the regulations, rules, and ceremonies of the Order. The lessons and charges of Odd-Fellowship, together with the signification of the various emblems of the Order, are beautifully explained, and accompanied with illustrations. An appendix is attached, containing an Odd-Fellows' Directory, but its inaccuracy greatly impairs the value of this part of the work. The authors have bestowed great labor upon it, and for their contributions to the literature of the Order, deserve the thanks of all members of "the true brotherhood." For sale by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati.

PETERSON'S FAMILIAR SCIENCE; or the Scientific Explanation of Common Things. Edited by R. E. PETERSON, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. Cincinnati : Applegate & Co.

How often have we heard parents rebuke a child for asking what they term "silly questions," when they were unable to answer their artless inquiries. The desire for knowledge is ever leading children into asking questions, which, from their novelty, are set down as foolish, when, in reality, they can be answered on scientific principles. This little work is designed to explain many of these things; it contains much useful and practical scientific knowledge, in a very popular and entertaining form, sufficiently plain to be understood by a child, and yet affording instruction to persons of mature years.

It is divided into parts, each part treating of a separate subject. A copious index is added to the work, thus readily enabling the reader to find any particular question he may wish to solve. The work is arranged in the form of questions and answers, with all the important words italicised, thus adapting it either to schools or the fireside. We regard this as a very valuable work, and most cordially recommend it to all as the most complete scientific explanation of common things that we have ever examined.

Odd Fellows' Directory for Cincinnati and Vicinity.

Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Third and Walnut streets.

Ohio Lodge, No. 1.....Monday. Franklin, No. 4.....Thursday.
 Washington, No. 2.....Tuesday. Cin'ti Degree Lodge, No. 1...Friday.
 Cincinnati, No. 3.....Wednesday. Wildey Encamp. No. 1, 1st & 3d Friday.

Magnolia Hall, corner Sixth and Walnut.

Magnolia Lodge, No. 83...Monday. Cin'ti Encamp, No. 22, 2d & 4th Fridays.
 Crystal Fount, No. 176...Thursday.

Eagle Hall, Mechanics' Institute Building.

Eagle Lodge, No. 100,...Wednesday. Metropolitan, No. 142.....Tuesday.
 Makatewah Encampment, No. 32,...2d and 4th Fridays.
 Philadelphion Encampment, No. —.....2d and 4th Saturdays.

Wm. Penn Hall, corner Eighth and Western Row.

Palmetto Lodge, No. 175...Monday. American Lodge, No. 170...Wednesday.
 Wm. Penn, No. 56.....Tuesday. Union Degree Lodge, No. 2, 2d & 4th Thurs
 Washington Encampment, No. 9.....1st and 3d Thursdays.

Germania Hall, Court street, near Main.

Teutonia Lodge, No. 177..Monday. Mohawk Lodge, No. 150,...Wednesday.
 Woodward, No. 149,...Tuesday. Germania, No. 113,...Thursday.
 Queen City Encampment, No. —.....1st and 3d Fridays.
 Schiller Encampment, No. —.....2d and 4th Fridays.

Hall, corner Wade and Western Row.

Fidelity Lodge, No. 71,...Monday. Herman Lodge, No. 208,...Friday.
 Hesperian Encampment, No. 37.....2d and 4th Thursdays.

Vulcan Hall, East Front, opposite Rolling Mill.

Vulcan Lodge, No. 178,...Monday.

Hall, corner Eighth and Freeman.

Queen City Lodge, No. 229.....Monday.

Temple Hall, Fulton.

Fulton Lodge, No. 112.....Thursday.

Covington.

Hall, corner Scott and Fourth streets.

Washington Lodge, No. 3, Wednesday. Kenton Lodge, No. 24,...Tuesday.
 Olive Branch Encampment, No. 6,...alternate Fridays.

Newport.

Odd Fellows' Hall, corner York and Jefferson.

Noah's Dove Lodge, No. 20, Monday. North Star Lodge, No. 76,..Tuesday.
 Manna, No. 55,...Thursday.
 Noah's Dove Encampment, No. —.....alternate Fridays.

CINCINNATI RELIEF COMMITTEE.

A. R. FOOTE, Secretary.....H. HAINER, President.

Odd Fellows' Literary Casket.

Office, No. 130 Walnut street, between Third and Fourth, Cincinnati.

Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH"

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1854.

NO. 6.

The True Brotherhood.

CHAPTER VI.

Michal, though guarded by her present husband, and watched with jealous eyes, was nevertheless, through the influence of her brother, made acquainted with the return of David, and the evil intentions of her father in relation to him. Though she was prevented from rendering him assistance and comfort in the time of his calamity, her heart was true. Though claimed by another, her affections belonged to but one, and that one was her early love, her brave and faithful David. She knew of the place of his secrecy, and was aware of the interview which he held with Jonathan; and had she not been confined to her room, and guarded by ever watchful menials, whom, with their master, she despised, she would have fled to him, and joined her fortunes with his; but alas! it was only for her to know that the idol of her heart, before which only next to her God she could ever bow, was a friendless wanderer. Surrounded as she was with all the splendor of a court, with the possession of every luxury, and hundreds to fawn around her, or flit in her presence like summer butterflies, she could only regard her condition as a species of splendid misery, realizing in all the extent of her bitterness that only where the heart is can happiness be found. She saw how vain, and poor, and heartless were all the trappings of royalty, and the pleasures and blandishments of a court. Such scenes only the heartless can enjoy, but to her they brought no smile, no joy. The spring was dry, or if the stream did flow, it was poisoned at the fountain. There was a worm in the bud of the unfolding flower of her life, and sooner or later the decayed and withered leaves would indicate its fearful and fatal work. Most bitterly did she lament the unguarded moment, when, to screen her loved one, she conceived a deception which had resulted so disastrously. Hope still, however, faintly lingered in her womanly

vol.1—21

heart, and to keep that spark alive, she sent a secret messenger to watch the interview, and if David was commanded by Jonathan to flee, she enjoined her servant to fly with him, and assure him of her undying love.

Having fled to Nob, the city of the priests, and having obtained hallowed bread from Ahimelech, and the sword of Goliath, which had been placed in sacred keeping, behind the ephod, he went to Achish, the king of Gath, well knowing that an Edomite whom he saw at Nob, would discover him to Saul. Indeed, he scarcely knew what to do, or where to go. Like one bewildered in the midst of surrounding danger, he realized that action of some kind was necessary, but what, he was at a loss to know, and, thus confused, he gave himself up to the guidings of Providence. He well knew that his father's house was too weak to afford him a protection from the malevolent spirit of Saul, and not wishing to involve his family in distress, and perhaps ruin, he did not choose to go to Bethlehem. While wandering about the palace of the king of Gath, in a state of wild uncertainty, he was recognized by one of the king's soldiers, who immediately went into the royal presence and informed him that David, the anointed king of the land was without the palace walls.

"Is this he," said the king, "that the people sang about in their dances, saying:

'Saul hath slain his thousands,
But David hath his ten thousands slain?'"

"The same, my Lord."

"Why cometh he hither? Bring him into the palace."

When David was introduced, with the huge unsightly sword of Goliath dangling at his side, his grotesque appearance, added to his wild and haggard look, induced the king to believe him deranged, and he said: "The man is mad; wherefore have ye brought him unto me? Have I need of mad men, that ye have brought him before me? Let him depart."

At this, David left the palace, and directed his steps towards the cave of Adullam, a wild and solitary place, where he might shut himself up to his own melancholy reflections. Here he commended himself to God, and earnestly sought that direction which his distressful circumstances required. Alone with himself, he thought of the peaceful days of his childhood and youth in his father's house at Bethlehem, of the time of his anointment by the aged and venerable Samuel, of his introduction to the king and the court, of the love of his lost Michal, and the equal, if not stronger love of the faithful Jonathan. Pictured upon his fevered brain, were the many successful battles he had fought for his king and country, and the wonderful Providence which had presided over his fate. These last reflections re-awakened hope, and nerved him with courage.

He could not think that God would forsake him in this the hour of his calamity, or that he would allow his promise to fail.

He had not been long in his rocky retreat until intelligence reached his father's house of his location, and all his brethren, arming themselves, flew to his relief. With his brethren came a multitude, amounting to four hundred men. The most of them being in distress themselves, they knew how to sympathize with David, and when they arrived at the strong hold, they unanimously gave themselves up to him, espousing his cause and appointing him as their commander. Regarding this as an indication of favor from the Lord, he assumed the command of this unexpected army, and went immediately to work to drill them into service.

Unwilling, however, that his aged father and mother should be subjected to the rigors and dangers of the camp and field, he left his army in charge of one of his brothers whom he had appointed as a sub-officer, went to Mizpeh and besought the king of Moab to take them under his protection, until he should see how the fortunes of war would determine. The king generously accepted his proposal, and took the aged couple under his protection.

David had not remained long in his rocky fortress until he was visited by the prophet of God, who admonished him to leave his strong hold, and march his army into the forests of Hareth, in the land of Judah. Had he been governed by his own judgment, skilled as he was in the arts of war, he would have remained in his present position, but believing that the prophet spoke by inspiration, he was well assured that it would be safer to follow his directions.

The wrath of Saul, already great, was increased in tenfold violence, when he heard of the multitude who espoused the cause of David, and summoning his army at Ramah, he took his position under the wide-spread branches of a tree. When all his officers had assembled around him, he stretched forth his spear and said :

"Hear now, ye Benjamites: will the son of Jesse give every one of you fields and vineyards, and make you all captains of hundreds and captains of thousands, that all of you have conspired against me, and there is none that sheweth me that my son hath entered into a covenant with the son of Jesse, and there is none of you that is sorry for me, or sheweth me that my son hath stirred up my servant against me, to lie in wait, as at this day?"

At this, one of his officers, an Edomite, advanced forward, and touching the spear of the king, said : "Nay, my Lord, I will discover to thee thine enemy, and those who have assisted him. The son of Jesse came to Nob, and the high priest inquired of the Lord for him, and gave him the shew bread to eat, and armed him with the sword of Goliath."

"Let Ahimelech, and all the priests, be forthwith summoned to my presence," said the excited king.

The commands of the infuriated king were speedily executed, and soon the priests, to the number of eighty-six, were in his presence.

Saul, addressing Ahimelech, said: "Why have ye conspired against me, thou and the son of Jesse, in that thou hast given him bread and the sword of Goliath, and hast inquired of God for him, that he should lie in wait against me at this day?"

Ahimelech, astonished at the saying of the king, David not having made him acquainted with his condition, said: "Who is so faithful among all thy servants as thy servant David, who is the king's son-in-law, and goeth at thy bidding, and is honorable in thine house? Why should I not inquire of the Lord for him?"

"Didst not thou know that he has conspired against me, and seeketh to wrest the kingdom from my hands, and that even now he is intrenched in the strong holds with a large army to fight against me?"

"No, my lord, I knew nothing of all this, neither more nor less, and I pray thee, impute not to me and my father's house so wicked a thing."

"Hear me, Ahimelech; thou and all thy father's house shalt die for thy rebellion." So saying, he commanded his guard, which stood near him, to draw their swords and slay the priests because they had withheld from him a knowledge of the movements of David. But the soldiers feared to lay violent hands upon the priests of the Lord, and would not obey his command.

At this, Saul became much incensed, and calling upon Doeg, the Edomite, he commanded him to slay them. Doeg commenced immediately the dreadful work, and the unoffending, unresisting priests fell before his murderous arm. Nor did he stop here, but hastening to Nob with a detachment of his men, he slew all the men, women and children, and all the flocks and herds, and desolated the city.

While David was reviewing his troops in the forest of Hareth, he was surprised at seeing a priest approach the army in haste, invested with his sacerdotal robes. It was Abiathar, the son of Ahimelech, who, on hearing the sanguinary orders of Saul, fled from the assembly and sought the Lord's anointed. David received him with all respect and kindness, and after listening with a sympathetic heart to his tale of woe, he took him under his protection and care. "Alas!" said he to himself, "I have occasioned all this! The priests of the Lord have been slain on my account."

Little did he think that the wo predicted of the house of Eli, the terribleness of which should make the ears of all who heard it tingle with astonishment, would come upon it through his instrumentality. But who can tell by what agencies God will effect his purposes and

carry forward his inscrutable designs? Sometimes the wickedness and wrath of man is made to work out the righteousness of God, and then, again, he selects his own chosen ones to be the medium of his heaviest judgments. Samuel was gone, and his descendants in the sacred line were slain, Abiathar alone being left to tell the tale of their doom.

"Come thou with me," said David, addressing the priest of the Lord. "Fear not, Abiathar, I will protect thee from the wrath of him who seeketh thy life and my life also. With me thou shalt be safe from all thy foes. By my right arm I will defend thee, and death only shall separate between thee and me. Now that he had in his camp a priest of the most high God, he could not at any time be at a loss in regard to the course he should pursue. The man of God would keep him apprised of the divine counsel in regard to him and his movements.

While encamped, waiting for divine direction, and having his army, which was receiving continual accessions from the surrounding country, in readiness for any action the occasion might demand, intelligence came to David that the city of Keilah was besieged by the Philistines, and they were devastating the country, plundering the threshing floors and robbing the people. Abiathar was directed to inquire of the Lord in regard to this matter, and received divine instruction that David should go with his army and save Keilah from utter ruin. When this was noised abroad, several of the army said unto David:

"My lord, we are yet weak and afraid here in Judah. How much more so if we go to Keilah, against the mighty Philistine hosts." At this he again besought the Lord through the priest, and was assured in answer that the Philistines would be conquered by his arms.

Soon the note of war was sounded, and every preparation was made for marching forth to battle. Confident that victory would attend his arms, the valiant general encouraged his men. The distance was not great to Keilah, and when the army arrived they found the Philistines reveling amidst the spoils. Taken as they were by surprise, a hot contest ensued; but the besiegers, unable to withstand the shock of arms, fell beneath the valorous band of David, and the whole Philistine army was routed with immense slaughter. Just as the victory was gained, Abiathar was seen approaching the victorious general with the ephod, in which Goliath's sword had been enveloped at Nob. Now this ephod contained the urim and thummim on which were engraven the names of the twelve tribes of Israel, and which uttered oracular responses when consulted.

Saul having heard that David had conquered the Philistines, and had taken possession of Keilah, seemed flushed with the idea that he was now in his possession. Knowing that Keilah was a town fortified with gates and bars, and fully persuaded that he had force sufficient to besiege

and take it, he exclaimed in fullness of transport, "Surely God hath delivered David into my hand, for he is shut in."

When David heard that Saul was on the march with his army to attack him, he summoned Abiathar, with the ephod, into his presence, and said, "O, Lord God of Israel! thy servant hath heard of Saul's approach to destroy the city for my sake. Answer, I pray thee, will Saul come down, and will the men of Keilah deliver me up into his hand?"

From the sacred oracle the response was heard—"He will come down."

"Then," added David, "will the men of Keilah deliver me and my men into the hand of Saul?"

"Again from the urim the response is heard—"They will deliver thee up."

Immediately David marshaled his forces, consisting now of about six hundred men, and marched out of the city, and went into the wilderness of Ziph, where he made for himself strong holds in the mountain. When Saul heard that David and his men had fled, he gave up the pursuit. Aware that it would not be long until his fortress would be discovered, David resorted to every means that the greatest skill could devise to make his position safe. In addition to the natural defenses which the mountain afforded, he had all the passes well guarded by faithful sentinels.

While the army was here encamped, none were allowed to go out and none permitted to enter, without the pass-word of David himself. This word was only known to David and his sentinels, and upon them was enjoined the utmost secrecy.

Knowing that David would seek another place for the encampment of his army, Saul sent out spies in every direction, and resorted to every means in his power to find out his position. He was also busily engaged in reinforcing his army, and making every preparation for conquering his rebellious subjects. He was well aware of the disaffection that already existed, and he knew it would increase every hour, as the fame of the conqueror of Goliath had spread every where throughout the land, and no prince was ever more beloved by the people. Not a moment was to be lost in quelling this rebellion, and the entire force of Israel was mustered for its accomplishment.

On a certain day, while David's army was occupying the strong hold of the mountain, an officer in full dress, but an entire stranger, rode up to one of his sentinels, and giving the true pass-word, he entered the lines, and hurried on to the garrison. Soon David and Jonathan were again in each other's embrace.

"Whence comest thou, my brother?" said David, after the mutual congratulations had ended.

"From my father's army have I come, that I might give thee encouragement and strengthen thy hands."

"I greatly fear, my brother, that we shall be overcome by the general army, should our strong hold be besieged."

"Fear not, for the hand of Saul shall not find thee, and thou shalt prosper and yet be king over Israel, and I shall be next to thee in the kingdom. All this my father knows full well."

After this conversation between these tried friends was ended, they renewed their covenant in the presence of the God of heaven and separated.

While David was engaged in making every preparation for an anticipated attack from the enemy, the Ziphites, who dwelt in the land, and were friendly to Saul, went up to join his forces, and make him acquainted with the place of his retreat. They assured the king that they were acquainted with the position of David, and that by making an attack according to their direction, he and his army would fall an easy prey to the forces of Israel. The intelligence was joyfully received by Saul, and he pronounced upon them a blessing, saying: "Blessed are ye of the Lord, because ye have had compassion on me. Go, I pray you, and make further investigations, and learn all about the nature of his fortress, and the extent of his army and munitions of war. Enter, if possible, his lines, and seek out his preparations for defense, for I have learned that he hath planned the same with the greatest wisdom and prudence."

Jonathan had returned to his father's army, and being acquainted with the visit of the Ziphites, and the intelligence they had communicated, immediately dispatched a trustful messenger with the pass word to David, that he might acquaint him with all the facts, and thus prepare him for the attack of the army of his father. When he received the intelligence that all his plans were known, and fearing that he should be overcome by the superior forces of Saul's army, he immediately called a council of war, and, as the result of their deliberations, concluded to remove his army to the wilderness of Maon, where there was an immense rocky fortress on the side of a mountain. Scarcely had he intrenched himself in this strong hold ere the vast army of Saul was seen darkening the surrounding plain. Nearer and nearer they approach, and after discovering the position of David with his small handful of men when compared with the mighty hosts of Israel, the larger portion march round to a side of the mountain more easy of access. To all human appearance, David and his men must now be cut off, and, as the mountain was surrounded, there was no way of escape—flight was impossible, or if attempted, death must be the result.

Just as the proud and haughty king was drawing up his lines to make the attack and storm the fortress, a messenger, mounted on a fleet horse,

is seen emerging from the distant wood, in the direction of Gibeah, and crossing the plains. Saul's attention being directed to the approaching messenger, he delayed the attack until he should know with what intent he had come. Accordingly he hastened to meet him. When he came near he addressed him, saying:

"Whence comest thou, and what message dost thou bring?"

"Sad news, O King! The Philistines have invaded the land of Israel, and the people are falling by them on every hand. Haste thee, or all is lost."

Instantly returning, the king ordered the army to march back to Gibeah, and David and his chosen men were saved from destruction.

Gen. Monk, the Restorer of English Monarchy.

The eminent services of General Monk have never been duly appreciated by English historians. They have misrepresented his conduct, and have considered his name worthy only of ridicule and contempt. They have aimed the shafts of calumny at his reputation, and endeavored to trample his fame in the dust. He has been denied the attributes of an honorable man, and the honor of a soldier. He has never been regarded as a hero, though he freed the English people from anarchy, and secured to them their constitutional freedom. He has never been regarded as a patriot, though he risked his life and fortune to rescue his country from the dominion of that army which had become invincible under the discipline of Cromwell.

We propose to examine some of the most weighty arguments which these authors have urged for the condemnation of the conduct of General Monk. They condemn him for so cautiously concealing his intention. In answer to this charge, it may be asked, were there not reasonable considerations to impel him to pursue just such a course as he did—considerations which may now be presented in justification of his conduct. It is stated by those very historians that hypocrisy prevailed among the English of the seventeenth century beyond any example of ancient or modern times. An honest man knew not whether he was pressing to his bosom a harmless animal or a serpent. It is also well known that the soldiers in the army of Monk were republicans. If his intentions of restoring the monarchy had been made known to them it is very probable that not only his own army, but also the army of the Rump would have arrayed themselves against him. We see, therefore, that the disclosure of his intentions to a single individual might have proved disastrous, not only to himself, but also to the fates and fortunes of the English people.

Nor was it expedient for him to attempt a communication with the king; for on the one hand his dispatches might have been intercepted, and on the other, Charles himself was surrounded by spies and deceitful men. Fortunately for Monk, nature had favored him with a cautious disposition. It was this that enabled him to cross the Tweed, and to make a successful march into England. Yet it is on account of this very caution, to which his success can only be attributed, that he has been blamed by these writers.

Another accusation preferred against him is, that it is doubtful whether Monk had any plan in regard to what he should do. It may be asked, can it be reasonably supposed that such a man as Monk would enter blindly upon an enterprise of such magnitude, without a well defined plan and fixed purpose? It is well known that he held a council of his officers before he commenced the expedition. Surely it is not an essential element of a plan, that it must be made known before it is carried into effect. Is it necessary that an inventor should make known his plan before he begins to fulfill its conditions? On the contrary, when we see an individual adapting certain means to certain ends, and those ends to the accomplishment of a particular purpose, as is true in the whole conduct of Monk in the restoration of the monarchy, we may well suppose that he had a plan. To assert that Monk had no plan would be just as reasonable as to suppose that the captain of a vessel would leave a port without a compass, or without knowing to what harbor in the wide world he intended to direct his course.

Furthermore, to show that his intention of restoring the monarchy can not be doubted, when the reins of the government were in his own hands; when the crown of England lay at his feet; and even when the members of the Rump promised to invest him with the dignity of chief magistrate, he indignantly refused all of their proposals, and disclosed his intentions to Charles. If he had entertained a design like that of Cromwell, or any other than that of restoring Charles to the throne, why did he not make at least a single effort for its consummation? It cannot be reasonably asserted that he could not have maintained a government for a short time, and it may be presumed for life, if he had conducted the ship of state with his characteristic caution. For all men longed for repose, and they would willingly have exchanged the rule of the army and the Rump for the administration of Monk.

But the most severe accusation which these writers urged against the conduct of this injured man, and the only one which seems to have any just foundation, is that he restored the king without any stipulations in regard to the security of the liberties of the people. Even in this respect all just critics must pronounce Monk blameless. The conditions proposed by the Republicans of the new Parliament were the same that had been

urged upon Charles I. They had been the means of creating civil war, and of causing the execution of the king, and were such as would have completely annihilated monarchy itself. We admire rather than blame the rejection of such conditions. Besides, the people would not listen to any proposals to negotiate with the king. The kingdom had been oppressed by tyranny, distracted by discord, and distressed by religious contentions. They now wished to hasten the time of peace, and looked forward with joyous anticipations of the future. And surely it might have been reasonably expected by Monk, that a prince, who had experienced all the reverses of fortune, and who had been taught in the school of adversity, would have learned many lessons of practical wisdom in his exile, and been ready to advocate the liberties of his own subjects, and the rights of mankind.

Thus, although Monk entered London in triumph, and declared for a new Parliament, and restored the monarch to his throne, and advised the king to pass an act of indemnity on all past offenses of his subjects, and did all in his power to restore peace and happiness to the English people, and on this account was entitled to the highest respect and reverence of Englishmen ; yet it is a sad reflection that his countrymen have grossly neglected his services, and have endeavored to heap injury upon insult. They have treated Monk with the basest ingratitude. The services of Monk, like the works of Milton, seemed to have been in advance of his age. They were too lofty for that age of hypocrisy. It is to the judgment of posterity that we must appeal. When we have rightly considered the conduct of Monk, and the character of the times in which he lived, we shall have become prepared to estimate his merits, and award due praise to the Washington of England.

A WORD TO ODD FELLOWS.—Seek not to cloak your sins under the secrecy of Odd-Fellowship ; there is an all-seeing eye which beholds all our thoughts, words, and actions. There is a degradation in store for those who willfully transgress ; and as there are some, who, feeling the due solemnity of the obligations they owe their Order, will govern their conduct thereby, they will not be found in association with those who are regardless of these obligations. Brother, we warn you, if you should be unworthy, that the day of retribution will come when you least expect it ; the cause of your unworthiness will be exposed, and your boasted privilege will be snatched from you to conscious degradation. But if you pursue the path of rectitude, of temperance, soberness, and chastity, we may comfort ourselves with the prospect of being a peculiar people, zealous of good works, and live in the grateful consciousness of how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

The Companionship of Books.

"Give me

Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy
Deface their ill placed statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No; be it your care
To augment a heap of wealth; it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge." FLETCHER.

If but a single human being had been formed in the beginning, that one would have sought companionship among the flowers of the field, the insects of the dust, the birds of the air, the beasts of the wood, or even among the trees of the forest. It is an unalterable fact that man cannot be alone and be happy. The Creator saw this inherent demand in the nature of the first man, and, in his benevolence, gave him a companion like himself, and of himself. With this companion, he could stand up, the prince and princess of creation, and look out upon the universal animated nature. And looking deeper into the mysteries of the universe, he could see a companionship varying from the humble flower family to the trees of Eden. And looking still deeper into himself, and upward to the place of departure, he could think of the companionship of the spirit world. Perhaps he had early aspirations for that higher, that more intelligent, and that more refined society. One link of a chain of creations, he was formed for the companionship of worlds—the present, and that which is to come—the visible, and the invisible.

We may not be suspected of a fondness for speculation when it is said that a desire for knowledge, as well as for society, is inherent in the very nature of human beings, and constitutes a distinctive attribute of our intellectual and social nature. This manifests itself in the early periods of life, in the ten thousand promptings and desires of the unfolding mind to understand the manifold phenomena by which it finds itself surrounded. To the thousand questions too profound for the wisdom of Solon, the best answer may be that of Pascal's mother, "My son, read, and you will know." That advice was the first sparkling gem that sat in the golden diadem of that good man. It was placed there by a mother's hand—his maternal companion. "Read," for what? For knowledge, "and you will know"—your most instructive companions

will be your books. If a man's character is formed by the companionship of men, may it not be formed by the less evil, and more instructive companionship of books?

That society has very much to do in the molding of human character, and in giving direction to the pursuits of life, all will agree. The vicious will corrupt, and the virtuous will sanctify; the foolish will make fools, and wisdom will make wise; the ignorant will debase, and the intelligent will elevate; the one will stand dumb before the thousand instructive lessons of nature, while the other will see an organized world in a pebble, will sing a golden anthem with the evening bird, and dance with the stars of heaven. If the teaching and example of men are so powerful in the formation of character, surely good men should be chosen for our companions.

We make this distinction because it is every man's duty, as well as his privilege, to do his part in making mankind better and more useful. It is not meant by this that the young shall associate exclusively with the grave Christian, or the wise philosopher, or retreat from the innocent amusements of youthful life. Society has much to do with the culture of the conversational powers, as well as with the development of the finer feelings of the heart. Every young man should learn to esteem and love the companionship of refined and dignified ladies. But for the want of this, and Sir Isaac Newton would have found a better and more noble use for a lady's finger, than to stir up the fire in the head of his tobacco pipe.

Books and society should be used in their appropriate places. Intense thought and exclusive attention to books, on the one hand, may greatly injure the intellect, while on the other, too much indulgence in the companionship of men may so dissipate the mind that books will be entirely discarded. In the pursuit of knowledge and health, the advice of wisdom and experience should always be regarded.

In further urging our appeal for the companionship of books, we shall not plead for the indulgence of one of those artificial wants which follow in the train of civilization and refinement, but for the cultivation of a taste at once the purest, the most rational, and the most ennobling; and which, to a certain degree, renders those who possess it independent of all other earthly sources of enjoyment.

The importance of books, and a love for reading, may be proved by many considerations. They are essential to mental culture and intelligence. No one will read much, or to any good purpose, without a love for the companionship of books. This is just as true as it is that no man will profit by the society of men, unless he loves that society. Without a love for the company of books, the mind must be empty, the judgment must be immature, and all the faculties of the mind miserably dwarfed

and distorted. Books furnish an exhaustless source of mental enjoyment as well as of improvement. In reading we may converse with the greatest statesmen and philosophers, and the greatest divines, and orators, and poets of all past time. We may read the revealed secrets of great hearts, written out in solitude and obscurity, and converse with the brilliant thoughts of departed spirits. And we can visit distant lands, travel on their seas and rivers, gaze on their mountains and cities, eat at their tables, and worship in their great cathedrals, while we are thousands of miles distant from them. Rome, Athens, Alexandria and Jerusalem, are in sight, while the Holy Land is drawn out in map lines before us. And what adds greatly to our enjoyment is the fact, that though our fellow beings may wound and disturb our feelings, while in the soothing and calm companionship of books, all is tranquil and pure happiness.

Who is it that can spend an hour with such men as Moses, David, Isaiah, St. Paul and St. John, and not be happy as well as greatly improved in the moral feelings? And who can spend an hour with such men, in later times, as Luther, Milton, Young, Wesley, Watts, Cowper and Montgomery, and not thank Heaven that such men were intellectual gems in the world of mind. These men force us to *think*, and this is no small advantage at the present day. And although these men were splendid ornaments of literature, yet it may not be forgotten that they consecrated all the talent they had to the adornment of the temple of virtue and religion.

But the companionship of books fortifies the heart against the influence of vice, dissipation, and licentiousness. It occupies the leisure hours, by furnishing food for fresh thought, and rational entertainment, while it creates a virtuous influence against the seductive glitter of worldly and sensual indulgences. And at the same time, it tends to elevate the soul far above the mere enjoyments of sense, and to give reason and conscience a triumph over the passions.

To see the effects of this companionship we may visit that affectionate and intelligent family. The book case is well furnished with well selected volumes; the parlor table is the proud bearer of the Divine Oracles, while the family room is furnished with a magazine, and a few well chosen newspapers. This is a reading family; it is an intelligent family; it is a happy family. On the contrary, where no such messengers of elevated thought have a resting place, there the ties of natural affection are weak; and instead of the sweet emotions of love and friendship that are constantly gushing out of pure fountains in the happy home of books and readers, there is hatred, bickerings, ignorance, and the selfish propensities and animal passions always in the ascendancy.

"The burning soul, the burdened mind,
In books alone companions find."

But what shall we say of the choice of these companions? Intelligent and virtuous parents, the natural guardians of the young, will surely superintend the selection of society for their children. They will avoid the low, the ignorant, the foolish, the vicious and the profane, as they would the poison of the upas, or the sting of the adder. And children thus educated will seek companionship among the intelligent, the virtuous, the wise and the honorable. In this age of increasing population and activity, our towns and cities and country places, are crowded with masses of human beings of every shade of faith and character, from the infidel and the bloated sot, to the man of sound faith, pure intellect, and pure morals. Nor is it without remark, that some persons of a fair exterior, showy life, and good address, are full of rottenness—pit-falls of iniquity and walking hells—their breath is poison, and their smiles are daggers of death. By an easy turn of the mind, the same facts are found in books. The fascinating cover, title page and size, the chaste and elevated style, the subjects—it may be some particular view of theology, of science or morality, of human rights or philanthropy—but within and deep down in the current of design, is the moral death weapon. Some book authors assume the ground that the scholars and divines of past ages were either entirely ignorant of the different bearings of science, or were bound down to such a narrow creed that liberalism and free thought were suppressed. Others, again, assume that because the human head was not regarded as the great center of religion and morality, all the theology and morality of past ages must be wrong. Phrenological bumps are more relied upon by such authors, than inspired doctrines, and Mesmerism is said to be more rational and reliable than inspiration itself. Such books may be avoided without loss.

The time was when there were but few books, and those very costly. Then the common people were ignorant of the very name of literature, and regarded by those above them as mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water." But a brighter day has dawned. With the discovery of the art of printing, the mind has been unchained, and men have awoke from the sleep of ages, with the proud consciousness of mental power, and with a delight in its exercise which seemed more like the jubilee of nature, when spring-tide unbinds the icy chains of tyrannical winter. And now, in the summer time of our history, the multiplication of books is equal to the demands of the growing millions of our race. But alas! while one is engaged in writing books designed to purify the heart, and educate the people in the great principles of truth, morality and righteousness, there are scores of others, many of whom are men of talent and education, catering to the worst appetites and passions of corrupt human nature. Infidelity and licentiousness, though generally forming an under current, run through most of their writings, blotching the heart and intox-

icating the brain, wherever they are read. To the careless and unobserving, all may seem bright and sparkling, and full of enchantment; and while they are fascinated by their seductive brilliancy, they are drawn into the under current of death, and lost to their country and the world. As the corrupt woman or the vicious man is avoided, and denied the companionship of refined life, so should the companionship of such books as only tend to evil.

That there are works of fiction which may be read with safety, and even profit, we are ready to admit. And to those who have leisure for an extensive course of reading, they may not be denied. These may be to the intellect what good society is to the social feelings. To laugh with a book is the same, taken by itself, as to laugh with a person. But there are many young persons who have but little time to bestow on books, and that little they devote to works of fiction, and too often to works decidedly objectionable. Such persons are in bad company. Such books will never improve the intellect or beautify the heart. They will neither make them useful, intelligent or happy. Why not make choice of works of biography, of voyages and travels, of natural history, or of profane and sacred history? These present a rich variety of both useful and amusing reading which may safely be placed in the hands of all. And while companionship with such books secures a private good, it works out a public benefit. It prepares the rising youth of the country to be good and useful citizens, and thus the country may be fortified against the thousand dangers of a corrupt people.

This cannot be urged with too much zeal in a country like ours, where the people are the acknowledged source of power. Every thing that tends to weaken the intellect, or corrupt the passions, must lessen the capacity for self government, and is therefore a public injury. When intelligence and virtue cease to be the qualities of any people, then are they fitted to become the tools of unprincipled aspirants. And when such men control the affairs of our republic, our free institutions will soon be exchanged for anarchy, or the iron rule of despotism. Such a state of things may result from ignorance, arising from the want of books on the one hand, or from the corruption diffused by infidel and corrupt books on the other. Books of the right kind are the natural companions of a free and virtuous people, and are necessary to the healthy growth of the public good. And may it not be our first and last duty, to be very familiar with the Bible? Its doctrines are the foundation of civil and religious freedom, and its morals will ennoble any nation. Beginning with such a companion, and clinging to such a teacher, it will never fail to be well with us.

“Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.”

Song of the Sciot.

Upon our peaceful homes and hills
He looked with glad surprise,
And something joyous seemed to wake
In the proud flash of his eyes.
He watched the Summer sunset fade,
Along our forest aisles,
And the glory of the parting day,
Seemed melting him to smiles.

I thought the loveliness, the light,
And the beauty of our shore,
Would win him to forgetfulness
Of the memories of yore.
I thought his lips would speak in praise
Of our mountains, lakes, and hills,
Or the ancient honors of our land,
Bright with a thousand rills.

I told him of the glorious West,
Of its prairies stretching wide,
Of the Father river sweeping on,
With a mighty, chainless tide;
I sang of the brightness of our skies,
The treasures of the mines,
And the wildness of our forest scenes,
"Columbia's rocks and pines."

And when he touched his tuneful harp,
And waked the chords of song,
I thought his dreams could only be
Such pleasant scenes among;
But not of these, O, not of these!
Was the weary wanderer thinking;
The music-spirit of his soul,
At other founts was drinking.

And when each voiceful cell o'erflowed
With sounds of Memory's bringing,
Thus for the home of other days
He waked the voice of singing:

SONG.

Far away, o'er the waves
Of the tremulous deep,
By the billow rocked caves
Where the mermaidens sleep,
There's a beautiful isle on the lap of the sea,
And there is the home, merry maiden, for me!

As a gem on the breast
 Of the goddess of light,
 Or a star in the crest
 Of the ebon-browed night,
 So slumbers my home 'mid the foam of the waves,
 Where fall the soft dewa on my forefathers' graves.

Its amber-lit skies,
 O'er its valleys of green,
 Are bright as the eyes
 Of the loveliest queen;
 And gay is the heart of the minstrel Sciote,
 Who dwells by the shores where the sea breezes float.

There joys never fly,
 From the love-lighted bowers,
 And sweet is a sigh
 From the lips of the flowers,
 And wild is the war cry that summons the brave
 To the hosts on the field, or the foe on the wave.

Oh! sweet, on the hills,
 Is the voice of the lute,
 Or the musical trills
 Of the shepherd's low flute,
 And the breeze of the morning enchantingly strays
 Where silver-lipped fountains re-echo its lays.

Though in exile I roam,
 O'er Columbia's strand,
 Yet I dream still of home,
 Of my dear native land;
 And brighter by far is its image to me,
 Than the smile of the sky in the land of the free.

He ceased, brushed from his eye a tear,
 And every trace of grief was gone.
 But thrilled as with a magic power,
 The harp, the harp, kept trembling on,
 And wildly from its inmost cells,
 Flowed tones of silvery melody,
 Whose ringing changes oft repeated,
 "Dear home, I still remember thee—
 My island home, beyond the sea."

THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power! They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

Odd-Fellowship and Morality.

FROM GRAND MASTER HAMILTON'S REPORT TO THE GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.

We profess to war against vice in all its forms. Influenced by the pure principle of Friendship to our fellow man, we are prompted to make commendable efforts to exterminate the evils which afflict society. Love supplies the weapons, and Truth consecrates the effort which will lead to certain victory. In our Lodge meetings, indecorous language is punishable by our laws; and we claim the privilege of watching over each other's actions in our intercourse with the world at large. It is true that perfection is not found among the members of those institutions which claim a higher order than ours, and hence it cannot be expected that perfection will be found among the members of our Order. However, if in morals and good manners we fall below the level of other institutions, we will suffer by the comparison and lose our influence. The good and prosperity of the Order require that we should, by example, carry out practically the principles and precepts, the teaching and design of our Institution.

Of all the vices the wickedness and ingenuity of man has been able to invent, there is none that furnishes a more melancholy evidence of moral degradation and depravity of mind, than the practice of swearing in common conversation, because it is attended with no possible advantage or pleasure. With respect to almost every other vice that can be named, it may be easily traced to some passion in the human breast, and in the momentary pleasure attending the gratification, we perceive the cause, though not an apology for the crime. The unchaste, the glutton, the drunkard, etc., may plead in their behalf the pleasure resulting from sensual indulgence and the strength of temptation, arising, perhaps, from some constitutional bias. We may, however, venture to assert, whatever predisposition to certain vices may be connected with particular constitutions, no person was ever born with a propensity to swearing or blasphemy, or ever experienced a moment's pleasure from it.

I well know that profane swearing is too generally considered as an offense of the most venial kind, and altogether below notice. But I take the liberty of saying, this is the language of folly and inconsideration; for if the question be examined on the ground of reason or revelation, it will appear to be a sin of peculiar aggravation as it respects the Supreme Being, and of infinite mischief as it respects our fellow creatures. Permit me here to observe that in reading over the Ten Commandments, which is a part of our ritual, the difference of expression in which they are delivered is discernable and striking. When murder is forbidden, it is said, "Thou shalt *not* kill," etc.; but when profane swearing is forbidden,

it is in language vastly more pointed and emphatic. It is written, "Thou shalt *not* take the *name* of the Lord thy God in *vain*;" and an alarming reason is added to *this* case, and in no *other*, as if to show a greater degree of transgression and *certainly* of punishment—"for the Lord will not hold him guiltless;" that is, according to a Hebrew mode of expression, he will most assuredly punish him "that taketh his name in vain." In short, if the entire absence of all temptation to vice, and the utter exclusion of all pleasure in the commission of sin, necessarily enhance the guilt of an action, we can be at no loss to account for Heaven's pointing its most dreadful thunders against swearing and blasphemy.

With respect to the more than brutal rudeness of common swearing, what shall I say of it? It has been remarked, and truly, that politeness and good manners are displayed in an easy deportment and conversation, that render a man agreeable to all around him. Slighting and disrespectful expressions of an absent friend, are acknowledged to be inconsistent with every idea of good breeding and civility, because they excite uneasy and painful sensations. For the same reason, to traduce to your face the character of one who is notoriously your patron and benefactor, has been always esteemed indecent and offensive.

But however impious towards Heaven the offense of swearing may be, and however contrary to every maxim of politeness and good breeding among men, yet neither its impiety or rudeness has been a sufficient ground for the interference of State Legislatures, to make it punishable in human tribunals. It must be something more than rude or impious, to warrant their inserting it in the catalogue of crimes against social order.

Another evil of considerable magnitude, and antagonistic to the pure principles of morality and our Institution, is the practice of gaming, with the long train of evils generally resulting from it, which have been pointed out and deplored, not more frequently by the Divine and Moralists, than by the Statesman and Patriot. Whether the love of this pernicious amusement be deeply implanted in human nature, as some have supposed, or be altogether the effect of habit, as others believe, it is certain, when once it gets possession of the mind, there is no vice that tyrannizes over its miserable votaries with more uncontrolled sway. Such is the infatuation which often attends it, that innumerable instances might be mentioned of persons who, by venturing their all upon this ocean of chances, have been reduced from opulence to poverty and wretchedness, in the short space of a few minutes. And though such desperate scenes of guilt and folly do not often occur in our country, yet, as all vice is in its nature progressive, and we are making rapid advances in every kind of luxury, there is reason to fear we shall, ere long, rival our European

brethren in this, as well as in every other mode of criminal dissipation. There is, however, a species of gaming conducted on a lower scale, which abounds extremely in our country—is chiefly carried on at taverns, and practiced by persons of almost all descriptions, high and low, rich and poor, old and young. It is to this scandalous violation of the laws of the land—this open insult upon government—I mean at this time to turn your attention, as to an evil of growing magnitude, which threatens our country with very calamitous effects.

It would consume too much time, and is not my intention, to go into a full discussion of the innumerable evils flowing to society from the practice of gambling. They are so obvious, as to present themselves to the understanding of the most unreflecting person. Let it suffice to observe generally, that as it springs chiefly from idleness, the fruitful, the inexhaustible source of almost every vice, so it has a natural tendency to *produce* idleness. When the heart is once thoroughly possessed of this passion, every thing is sacrificed to its gratification. In the mad pursuit, health and constitution are gradually destroyed by irregular hours and disorderly conduct. Sleepless nights, corroding passions, and a neglect of business, accompanied with the intemperate use of ardent spirits, soon plunge both the gamester and his family into one common ruin. Then, who must provide for them in their destitution? and who are taxed to support pauperism produced by this evil?

It would be a fortunate circumstance if the detail of mischiefs ended in the destruction of the constitution and temporal concerns of the gambler. But the case is far otherwise. The fatal effects of gaming extend beyond the grave. The mind is deeply contaminated, and sentiments the most hostile to its final peace and happiness are harbored and indulged. The gambler is frequently tortured with paroxysms of rage against Heaven—the effect of raised expectation being suddenly dashed at a critical moment. Meanwhile his countenance is almost as much distorted with agony as that of a person suffering on the rack. From which we may form a pretty correct idea what must be the sensations that are tearing his heart, and how infinitely injurious their effect must be on the temper and disposition of the soul. In short, I must be permitted to remark, that a gaming table generally exhibits a scene of great immorality, where the most criminal passions rage uncontrolled, and dreadful oaths and imprecations burst from almost every tongue. That this is not a false or exaggerated description, candor itself must acknowledge. And I think it must, at the same time, be as readily acknowledged to be the duty of every friend of virtue and his country, to abstain from an amusement pregnant with the strongest temptations to avarice, fraud, lying, cursing, swearing, contention, fretfulness, and every emotion that can disorder the heart. Even the stern philosopher who is supposed to consult noth-

ing so much as the tranquility of his own bosom, would do well to avoid it as dangerous, if not destructive to that serene and unsullied enjoyment of mind, which he affects supremely to pursue. He who voluntarily and unnecessarily places himself in a situation where his innocence may be lost, or his feelings become the sport of blind, imperious chance, acts a part neither compatible with the character of sound wisdom or virtuous circumspection.

Impressed, no doubt, by these or other considerations still more forcible, the Legislature of our State have endeavored to abolish every species of gaming. The Legislature have decided the point, that gaming is injurious to the social and moral interests of our country; and to this decision every citizen is bound respectfully to submit, unless he means to set himself up above the government in all those cases where they differ in opinion.

Now, if I understand Odd-Fellowship aright, it is the friend and patron of civil government, and the defender of every provision which is designed to remove the evils that afflict society.

Having several sections of art. 18, of our laws, under review, I cannot, in justice to the Grand Lodge of Ohio, and the Order in general, omit noticing section four of the same article: "Any member who shall enter the Lodge in a state of intoxication, shall be suspended or expelled, as the Lodge may determine." This, in connection with the instruction given to members, proves conclusively that our Order is the patron of temperance. Hence it will not be considered out of place for the executive officer of the Grand Lodge of Ohio to direct your attention to the evil of intemperance, in order to secure, by further legislation, the protection of our Subordinates against the admission of those who use ardent spirits as a beverage, and also those who are engaged in the disreputable traffic. The good of the Order demands some stringent expression from this body, relative to the suppression of the evil of intemperance. Religious and benevolent societies are engaged with commendable zeal in this holy work, and it is high time for our beloved Order, professing to war against vice in all its forms, to take a conspicuous part in exterminating the pernicious vice of intemperance. Our State Legislature has enrolled itself in the cause of suffering humanity, and will continue to have the subject under advisement, session after session, until the evils of intemperance are mitigated, or the scourge entirely removed. Surely, then, this philanthropic body will rally its thousands of members and its noblest efforts to the last grand struggle for victory over this formidable foe. This noble cause calls for the mightiest exertions of its valiant supporters; and, as a compensation for unwearied exertion in the cause of suffering humanity, it promises to its supporters, and to the world, the health, the wealth, and the happiness of a reformed—a sober age.

For very good reasons, all civilized countries have agreed to punish drunkenness as a crime against social order and the public good. I believe it may be asserted with truth, that from this source originate almost *all* the enormities that produce distress in private families, and the most destructive outrages on the public peace. It is this vice that makes so many helpless widows and distressed orphans—that fills our streets with wandering beggars—that crowds the sheriffs' dockets with executions, and is productive of innumerable quarrels, assaults, batteries, riots, and manslaughters. "Who hath wo? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? They that *tarry long* at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." A moment's consideration will be sufficient to convince you that the various breaches of the peace that are daily brought before the courts, are all derived, in a greater or less degree, from this infamous and mischievous vice. It is impossible, therefore, to withhold our warmest approbation of a measure that has any tendency to check it; and, indeed, when we coolly reflect upon its infinitely pernicious effects on the peace, order, and moral happiness of the world, it is natural to express our surprise that governments have not gone further—laid the ax to the root of the evil, and exterminated it at once by a strong and vigorous arm.

I am, however, perfectly aware all this passes with *some* persons for hypocrisy, enthusiasm, and mere cant. But who, I ask, are they that thus calumniate us? They are the profane, they are the vicious, they are the very profligate of the earth—men, whose censures, in my opinion, deserve no more notice or regard than the clamors of a gang of highwaymen against law, order, and government.

If, indeed, it be enthusiasm to discountenance those vices that threaten to deluge our country with ruin—if it be enthusiasm to labor with zeal and ardor in the cause of virtue and our country's good—if it be enthusiasm to discharge an obligation with fidelity and honor—if it be enthusiasm to legislate against existing evils, and enforce obedience to those laws, it must be confessed it is that *kind* of enthusiasm which *ought* to be the pride and ornament of every philanthropist.

KEEP TROUBLES OUT OF SIGHT.—Southey says in one of his letters, "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as possible, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

Stella.

CHAPTER III.

Grief loses half its poignancy, when, in the midst of affliction, we are able to recognize the hand of a merciful God, and it is always well with that heart which in sincerity can say, "Father, thy will be done;" but it is a difficult lesson for poor humanity to learn—difficult even for the lips of age to stammer one word of the heavenly language; then how much more difficult for youth to repeat this hymn of the Savior's teaching, "Father, thy will, not mine, be done." It is a holy prayer, but who, of all earth's children, hath been able to reach that state of entire self-abnegation which its meaning implies. It is a sublime song which the progressed spirits of higher spheres are not ashamed to sing, but, from harps fanned by celestial breezes, its choral numbers roll, and throughout the many mansions of God, from circle to circle in a spiral path, up, up to the highest sphere, wander the heirs of immortality, repeating the blissful strain till in the heaven of heavens its diapason rings. Of all created intelligencies, man, man alone, forgetteth his Creator; he keepeth not the counsels of wisdom, nor knoweth the music of heaven. Sweet to his ear are the sounds of earth, and the tinkling of gold and silver drowneth the harping of angels. In vain they come to him, in vain are all their gentle ministrations. Pride dwelleth in his heart, and deceit goeth with it. Ignorant of the divine attributes, he maketh a God like unto himself, and armeth him with vengeance, instead of love. From earth proceedeth the feeblest notes of praise, and gratitude and humility are virtues so rarely seen as to excite rather our wonder than our emulation.

It is for this reason that we are accustomed to make heroes and heroines of those persons in whom we perceive superior manifestations of these noble sentiments; and happy am I, when, in looking over the great masses of human beings, I am enabled to single out one bright spirit, one unsullied flower, upon which to rest my eye, amid the rude, misshapen, sin polluted forms, which thickly line life's solemn shore. It is for this reason that we feel a thrill of pleasure in returning to the history of the unfortunate Stella.

There was a beauty in her grief, a something to relieve the feelings that otherwise would lead us to a powerful sympathy with her in her double bereavement. She was not a withered, blasted pine, which, when the lightnings of heaven have rent it, or the fierce whirlwind torn it from its roots, lies prone upon the earth, an irrecoverable wreck, but she was the spotless lily, bending to the storm awhile, then raising its graceful head, to let the shower drops in upon its heart leaves, that the

returning sunbeams may not find it wanting in jewels to reflect their brightness. Her grief was none the less deep, that it did not crush her. The heart that would suffer and grow strong, must bear a double pain. It hath the storm to brave, and a wild current of dark and gloomy passion, beating angrily against the citadel of hope and faith. But there are a few spirits equal to the task, and such a one was Stella. Quick and impulsive as was her nature, it is no marvel that for a time she should give way to feelings of the deepest anguish. A little while she sat by the desolate house and wept; then the voice of her father calling on his lost Star to return and save him, seemed to come to her ear, and startled, with a thrill of joy, she sprang up, hoping to clasp him in her arms; but, strange delusion, he was no where to be seen, and bewildered by her disappointment, she was about to sit down again, when the voice of one afar, crying, "Stella! Stella!" once more fell upon her ear; and "Father! Father! I come!" was the involuntary reply, as like a glad fawn she started up and hastened on in the direction from whence the sound had seemed to proceed.

She had gone but a few rods when she was arrested by some one calling after her. Looking around, she saw her little acquaintance of the morning coming to meet her. Stella waited till she came up, and, with a face radiant with joy, her young friend asked her to come home with her, saying:

"I have told my mother about you, and she has promised to obtain work for you, and she wishes you to come and stay with her own little girl, because," said the artless child, "I told her I knew you were very good, for you tried to comfort me in my trouble, when others only laughed. Come; I have no sister, and I would like one; will you not be my sister, and live with us? then, when little Herbert dies, for the doctor says he must, I shall not be all alone. But you do not answer me; you are in tears," she said, looking for the first time into Stella's face. What is the matter? You are in trouble; it is my turn to console you now. Tell me what has happened?"

In a few words, but with much emotion, Stella related to her young friend the unaccountable disappearance of her father, and her own determination not to stop until she had found him.

"Well," said Rose, for that was her friend's name, "is not your father very old?"

"Yes," said Stella.

"And you told me this morning that he was blind?"

"Yes, he has been blind now several months; but do you know him? Have you seen him? Oh! tell me quick," said the poor child, nervously seizing hold of her young companion's arm. "Tell me, have you seen him?"

"I do not know whether it was him or not," said Rose; "but I saw, when I was going home, after I left you this morning, a very old man, and he was blind, and two men were leading him along. They were rude to him, and he seemed to go very unwillingly, and as I passed him, I thought I heard him speak very sadly to one of them, and ask him if he would not wait for him to find his little Star, and they would not, but hurried him on faster, and I thought he must be a crazy man."

"No no," said Stella, "it was father. My name is Stella, and that, you know, in some language, I think the Latin, for father knows a great many, means a Star, so he has always called me his little Star, and he says I am all he has to love, and I promised never to forsake him, and I never will. I'm so glad you saw him. Come, you will show me where it was, and I shall soon see him, I hope," said the dutiful child. "But I wonder," she added, "what those men were going to do with him—where they were taking him?" and a shade, as if an unpleasant suspicion had entered her mind, passed over her fair face, and she heaved a deep sigh.

Rose, like herself, was of a tender, sympathetic nature, and seeing her young friend suffer so much, readily assented to accompany her in search of her venerable parent. They walked rapidly, and soon arrived at the place where Rose had met the old man. They walked on in the direction she had seen him led, till the street turned off. There four roads met, and eagerly they looked every way, hoping to see some trace of him, but he was no where to be seen. They then separated, each taking a different route, hoping if one failed the other might be successful, and promising to meet again at the cross road after they had gone the length of the several streets. They did so, but they were both unsuccessful. They inquired of those they met if any one had seen an aged blind man pass, but all were in too much of a hurry to answer the inquiries of children. In vain they wandered from street to street, and looked from house to house. Three hours they continued their search, then nature, exhausted by the excitement and fatigue of the day, compelled Stella to accept of the renewed invitation of Rose, and she accompanied her home.

It was a neat little cottage where she lived, and as they entered the gate her mother came out to meet her. It was four o'clock, and she had been very anxiously waiting the return of her Rose, as she called her little girl. She was a kind woman, who felt no degree of humiliation in entering fully into all the feelings of innocent childhood, and when she met her daughter it was with a mother's sweetest smiles, though she feared she should have to reproach her for her long absence. But she was too considerate to do so until she had inquired into the cause of her delay, and when Rose had told her all, instead of a reproof,

she gave her a sweet smile of approval, and a mother's warm kiss of love. Then, turning to Stella, she drew her toward her, and led her kindly into the house, and seeing her very pale and weak, she placed some refreshments before her, and told her to eat, and then she might lie down and rest, if she liked, adding that if she would be a good girl, as she hoped she would, she might stay with her and be a sister to her own Rose. "But," she said, "we are poor, and you will have to help us work; though that is but a pleasure when one tries to do right."

Poor Stella! This kindness was too much for her in her excited state, and she was obliged to turn away from the good lady without saying a word, in order to hide her tears. Composing herself, however, in a few moments, she thanked her for her kind offer, and said she should indeed be very glad to have a sister like Rose, and have a home with them. "But," she added, "I must find father first, and I must stay with him. I can never forsake my father."

"I think you are right, my child," said the woman. "I can not persuade you to desert one whom our heavenly Father hath commanded us to honor. I am sorry I can not give you both a home with me, but Providence has seen fit to deprive me of the means of doing the good which I have it often in my heart to do; but I suppose it is all for the best, and it is our duty to submit cheerfully to whatever seems to be His will."

"Oh! that is so like what my dear mamma used to say," said Stella. "I think of it so often, and it makes me so happy! But I fear I have forgotten it to-day, and have not been so patient as I should have been, but I will try to do better in future."

Rose's mother was surprised to hear one so young speak so intelligently, and she felt a strong desire to assist her. She was an excellent woman, a good judge of character, and had she possessed the means, would have delighted in making glad the hearts of the wronged and oppressed. As it was, she always found some way to comfort the afflicted, and in this case her feelings were strongly enlisted, and when Stella, after resting awhile, having answered with simplicity all the questions concerning her former history which the delicacy of the woman would permit her to ask, proposed to return to the house where she had been living, in order to take care of their few remaining things, she would not let her go until she had made her promise, if her father did not return, and she could not find him, to return with Rose, who, she said, might accompany her. "For," said she, "there is a little cottage close by which I think might be rented for you and your father to live in; and I can get you work enough to pay for it, and support you both, I think, if you will be industrious."

Stella was rejoiced at the near prospect of so much happiness in store

for her, and became doubly anxious to hasten back to the deserted home, that she might the sooner be able to realize the anticipated joys, and resisting all solicitude on the part of Rose to stay a little longer; and look at her flower beds and her young Canaries, one of which, she said, she should call Stella, after her new sister, she urged the necessity of her immediate departure, saying: "I must hasten to find father. Come, let us go, quick."

Poor child! and where must she go to find him? The good lady kissing them both, and wishing Stella success, they set out. On the way Rose diverted Stella by telling her about her brother Herbert, how good and handsome he was, and how they all grieved so because he was so ill. She said she still hoped he would get well, notwithstanding what the doctor had said. "And then, if he should," said Rose, "he would love you, I know; and we shall be so happy."

Then Stella talked about her dead mamma; how she often dreamed about her, and thought she saw her bending over her and smiling on her when she slept. "But," she added mournfully, "I can never see her in the day time, and that makes me so sad."

They talked on thus, until they arrived at their destination. A feeling of the deepest sadness came over Stella as she opened the door and stepped into the gloomy apartment now made doubly desolate by the absence of one around whom the tendrils of a child's affection were closely entwined. She wept as she stood by the silent hearth and looked on her father's chair, now vacant, and on his staff, which he had left beside it, and which had supported him in many a pleasant ramble they had had together. Silently, and in grief, she gazed on them, and should she ever see him again, and where? was the thought which troubled her young brain. Her companion, seeing her emotions, retired to the window and sat down. For a few minutes did Stella indulge her feelings, then remembering how much depended on her efforts, and that it was her duty to take care of their things, to wait there till the landlord should come, to tell him of her disappointment, and then, if possible, get him to wait till she could find her father. Thinking of all this, she resolved to subdue her grief and be strong. "A little girl can have a brave heart as well as a stout man," she said to herself, "and I will have it." She expected the landlord every moment, and the idea that she could not pay him still distressed her very much. In vain she strove to throw it off by saying to herself that she would explain every thing to him, and he could not blame her. She grew nervously sensitive about it, and shrank from the thought of meeting him. She communicated her feelings to Rose, and asked her what she could do—how she could tell the man? Rose studied a moment, then asked her if she had nothing which she would be willing to sell that would bring a good price. She

had heard of persons in distress doing such things, she said. This set Stella to thinking. Her flowers were gone; she had not much left; the few articles of furniture in the two rooms were of but little value. What had she left to sell?

"Ah! I know!" she exclaimed eagerly, her face lighting up with a new hope, "I have something!" And she started up and ran toward the other room. On her way, in her haste, she ran against a stand, and flung a bible which lay upon it down on the floor. She picked it up quickly, and as she did so, the cover came open, and on the fly leaf, written with a lead pencil, in beautiful characters, were the following words: "All things work together for good to those who trust in the Lord;" and below this was written, "Believe this, my daughter, and you will be happy."

She stopped and read it. Many times had she perused these sacred words, penciled for her by the hand of her angel mother, and never had they given her such strange feelings as now. They seemed to accuse her of forgetfulness and unbelief. She had not remembered them in all that day's trouble. "Ah! if I had," she said, "I should have done better. But I do not see how any good is to result from my trials, and yet I will wait and see."

Putting down the book, she went to her trunk, and taking from thence a small box, returned to Rose with it, and opening it, showed her a few trinkets which she said her mother had given her. The only thing of any value among them was a lady's pin. This was very beautiful, composed of three links, with two sets at the place where the links were joined, and an olive leaf, partly unfolded, between them. On the back of the pin were engraved the words, "Mary Linwood." It had been presented to Stella's mother by her only brother, Albert Linwood, previous to his departure on a sea voyage, in which he was supposed to have been lost, as no tidings were ever received of him afterwards. The pin had been carefully kept as a sacred souvenir of a dear departed brother, and on her death bed, Stella's mother entrusted it to her, with the injunction never to part with it; and through many former difficulties had the noble hearted girl adhered to her resolution to obey her dear mother. But she was in a greater strait now than ever she had been. It was the last thing of any value remaining. What could she do? Could she make a sacrifice of so holy a trust? For truth and honesty she could, and must, she said, "and my mother in heaven will forgive me." With this, she put on her bonnet again, and asking Rose to stay till she returned, she went out to dispose of the pin to the nearest jeweler. She showed the pin to the goldsmith, and having answered all his questions in a way to satisfy him that she had come honestly by it, and that she knew nothing of its value, he handed her a five dollar bill, saying

that was all it was worth. This, to her, seemed a large sum, and she took it gladly, and hastened back to tell Rose of her great fortune.

As she neared the house, she heard voices, and going in, she found the landlord there, and a young gentleman, a stranger to her, engaged in conversation with her friend. She was much abashed at their presence at first, but quickly recovering her self-possession, she stepped up to the landlord and said:

"I have your rent, sir. O, I am so glad!" and she was about to hand him all she had, when he, putting her hand aside, said:

"Stop a moment, my little girl. Your friend has been telling me what you have just been doing, and while I admire your honest independence and pride, I am sorry you did not keep the pin until I had seen it. As it is, I've no doubt you have been basely cheated. At what place did you sell it?"

"At the market street store," was the answer.

"And to an old skinflint jeweler. Just as I thought," said the landlord. "How much did he give you for it?"

"Five dollars, sir," said Stella.

"Five dollars!" rejoined the man, "and he'll make twenty on it, if it is what I think it is, from your friend's description. Well, well, we must see to this, by and by; there are other things to talk about now. Do you know, my little girl, where your father is?"

"No, sir," said Stella, and her eyes filled with tears, as she proceeded to tell him of her long search for him.

He interrupted her to exclaim: "Confound those ministers of the law. Is it not enough to tear an old man from his child, that they must leave her in uncertainty as to her fate? Out upon them for beggarly knaves! I'd have them all lashed for it. Come to me, child, I can tell you where your father is."

"You, sir!" said Stella.

"Yes."

"O, then, tell me quick," she exclaimed, her breast heaving, her eyes dilating, and her whole frame quivering with the intensity of her emotions. "Tell me quick; where is he? Let me go to him."

"Calm yourself, little girl," was the reply, "or I can't tell you." And the stout man wiped a tear from his eye.

"I'll be calm, sir. Tell me now."

"Well then, if I must, I must. He is in prison."

"In prison! My father in prison! Oh! sir, how could you be so cruel?" said the poor child, looking as if an arrow had pierced her breast, and supposing he had been placed there for the rent.

"It was none of my doings, child."

"Oh! whose then, and what has he done? Tell me all, and take me

to him. Let me go to my father, he cannot live without his little Star; where is he?" she cried. "It's getting dark. Tell me quick," she added. Then nature overcome by her excitement, gave way, and she fell into the arms of Rose, murmuring, "Father, father, I come—your Stella, your little Star!"

The Purpose of Odd-Fellowship.

When we look around us in the world, we find poverty, misery and wretchedness, in all their loathsome and haggard forms, and with their pale visages, walking our streets and craving our charities. And oft we are called to the bedside of some poor sufferer, whose pallid brow and emaciated countenance intimate that the destroyer is fast approaching, and that, without some kind friend to administer to his necessities and to extend the healing balm of relief, he must soon finish his earthly career, and mingle with the pale nations of the dead. And upon almost every breeze that sweeps along there comes the "widow's cry and the orphan's wail." The tears, the sighs and groans of the poor, the sick and the afflicted, are constantly filling our ears with tales of wo and horror that sicken the soul and sadden the better feelings of the human heart.

Ours is a world of change and vicissitude, and he whose hopes seem brightest to-day may be doomed by disappointment to-morrow, and a cruel reverse of fortune may sink him beyond the reach of recovery; while others, who seem almost hopeless and helpless, may suddenly rise to unexpected affluence and undeserved greatness. To-day we may ride in the silken car of pleasure—honors and riches may crowd thick upon us, and when assured that our greatness is ripening we may be cut down as the grass that falls and withers at the touch of frost. Our honors may be forgotten when we lie moldering in the grave—our riches may take wings and fly away—and those we leave behind, dependent upon us for support, may be left to the cold charities of a grudging and unfeeling world, to find a shelter from the darkness and danger. How oft, alas! do events like these occur. And even while the lamp of life continues to burn—while the day star of hope continues to shine upon the pathway of our existence, and when wealth and honor flows in upon us like a tide, how often do the gathering storms of adversity break upon us in a flood of fury, sweeping away our brightest hopes as with the bosom of destruction—robbing us of every earthly treasure, and leaving us like the old oak, when the hurricane has passed, bare and stripped of all its foliage. And Oh! when such an hour of darkness and sadness comes over us—when we are thus cast down from the high walks of life to the lowest condition in society, and are left destitute of the blessings and comforts

of life, how welcome will be the hand of friendship and relief, that speaks peace to the aching heart, and supplies the pressing wants of nature.

Amid the revolutions and changes of time it is impossible to tell through what new scenes we may be called to pass. A beggar's portion may be the lot of him who to-day rolls upon the couch of ease, and feasts at the table of luxury. He who to-night retires to his rest surrounded by pomp and splendor, and in the enjoyment of every blessing that wealth and honor can procure, may, ere the rising of the morning sun, be driven from his bed by the devouring flames, a houseless, homeless, penniless, friendless object of charity, upon whom even the humble poor may feel it a duty to bestow their alms. How sweet, at such a time, will be the friendship of those who gather around us like brothers, to sympathize with us in our sufferings, and to extend to us those charities which will make us comfortable and happy, until the wheel of fortune shall again place us in a situation where we can provide for our own wants. He who once stood up at the hymeneal altar with her whom he had chosen as the companion of his days, and there pledged himself to love, to cherish, to protect, and to support her, may soon feel the cold damp of death gathering upon his brow, and the beating pulse grow faint; and when about to print the parting kiss upon the cheek of her who watches over him with an angel's care, and to bid farewell to those children whom God has given him, Oh, how bitter! how cruelly bitter, will be the reflection that they will soon be left fatherless and friendless, and destitute of those blessings which it was his business and his pleasure to provide, to be tossed upon the tempestuous sea of life, subject to the winds and the waves of fortune, exposed to the scorn and contempt of a pitiless world, and dependent upon its uncertain liberality to supply the wants of nature. I say, how bitter would be such reflections at such a time! And yet how many are called to leave this world, and to part from their wives and their little ones under the same or similar circumstances, with nothing to leave them except a good reputation and a virtuous example. And even where the widow and the orphan are left with a comfortable patrimony, enough to provide for all their necessities, how often are they deprived of their rights and cheated out of their just dues by the treachery and fraud of relatives and guardians.

Such circumstances are not uncommon, and he who feels a proper regard for those who are dependent upon him for a subsistence, will endeavor to provide for their protection and welfare, so far as may be in his power, when he is called hence, to be here no more. And he can depart in peace who feels assured that there are those who will protect and provide for his widow—who will support and educate his orphan children—who will watch over them and defend them from their enemies, and preserve them from vice and infamy.

The traveler when far from home, and wandering in a land of strangers, is liable to sickness and misfortune. The dullness of the times, or the want of employment, or some other unavoidable circumstance, may have driven him from the home of his fathers and the land of his nativity, to seek a livelihood in some distant country. Perhaps he may be a young man, just stepping upon the stage of active life, and, in common parlance, he may have gone to "seek his fortune." Perhaps he may have gone to the far West, there to level the old forest trees, and to convert the howling wilderness into a fruitful field. Or perhaps he may be wandering among the ruins of ancient grandeur, that still linger upon the soil of Europe. There the hand of poverty may overtake him—disease may come upon him, and he may be stretched upon the couch of sickness in a foreign and unpropitious climate, with no mother's voice to sooth his aching heart—with no loved sister to cheer and to comfort him with her presence, and no kind friend to administer to his necessities. There he may linger and die, unheeded and unpitied; his mortal remains may be cast out as the beast that perisheth, with none to follow him to his long home—with no pitying hand to rear a monument over the spot where his ashes sleep, and no messenger to bear the tidings of his departure home to his father's house, that his bereaved parents may learn the fate of their absent and long-looked-for son.

These and a thousand other "ills that flesh is heir to," may come upon us whilst sojourning here below; and it becomes us as intellectual beings, to prepare while in health and strength—while the sunshine of prosperity is pouring its radiant beams upon us, for the stormy and the cloudy day, when we shall be unable to bear against the ills of life without the aid of some friendly hand to assist us.

For this purpose has the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows been established. Its grand objects are to meliorate the condition of mankind—to relieve the distresses of suffering humanity—to aid the traveler, when sick or unfortunate among strangers and far away from the home of his youth and the land of his birth—to protect and provide for the widow in her afflictions—to guard, support and educate the orphan—to make men social and humane—to cultivate kind feelings of charity and brotherly love, and to unite in friendship and brotherhood those who are divided by political or religious sentiments. These are the great, the grand and the glorious objects of our Institution; and where is there a benevolent heart who can find ought to say against them? Where is there a mind, however selfish and contracted it may be, that will dare to speak out against principles like these? If such an one exists, let him hide his face and blush with shame, and sink in infamy, until his heart shall be touched with a live coal from the altar of benevolence and humanity.

If the objects of our Order, as stated, are carried out to their fullest

extent, our Institution can be second to none, except Christianity itself. "Pure religion, and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widow in their afflictions, and to keep unspotted from the world." This definition of the term religion, we presume, will be admitted to be correct by all, whether Christians or skeptics. It follows, then, that *pure religion* lies at the bottom of our Order. We have told you that one of its principal objects is, to provide for the wants of the widow and to protect and educate her orphan children. This is religion—pure and undefiled religion—stripped of all party names and sectarian animosities, and shining forth in all its naked loveliness and beauty. *Thus* is the corner stone of our Institution based upon the eternal principles of truth and righteousness—and if we are but faithful in the performance of those duties which it imposes upon us, it will stand as an everlasting monument of glory when Egypt's pyramids shall have crumbled into ruin, and when their memory shall be forgotten and lost in the lapse of ages.

"Odd Fellows' Literary Casket."

AN ACROSTIC.

O! who would see our "Casket" close,
Designed to scatter jewels round,
Delight its friends, and vilest foes
For ever silence and confound?

Enriched with gems of various hue,
Let this our "Casket" take the lead;
Let all mankind, Gentile and Jew,
O'er all the land, receive and read.

When widowed mourners need relief,
Some friendless orphan asks for bread,
Let heaven-born love assuage their grief,
In pouring blessings on their head!

Truth opes the "Casket" in our sight,
Enduring Friendship grants supplies,
Redeeming Love imparts delight,
And points to jewels in the skies.

Resplendant gems are free for all,
Your eyes may all their beauty see;
Come then at wisdom's gracious call,
And find this precious jewelry!

So shall you claim the golden gems,
Known but to those who're pure and kind
Enough, without earth's diadema,
To calm the heart and cheer the mind.

An Hour of Life.

CHAPTER II.

"All tragedies are finished by a death,
 All comedies are ended by a marriage;
 The future states of both are left to faith,
 For authors fear description might disparage
 The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
 And then both worlds would punish their miscarriage.
 So having each their priest and prayer book ready,
 They say no more of death or of the lady. BYRON.

Abel had made rapid advancement in his studies, and when he had attained his majority, he had come to Vienna to complete his education under the eyes of the doctor himself, who thought that the time was come when he should recall to the empress the services of his father. But the young man always recoiled at the idea of such a step. His timidity became such, that when pressed upon this matter, the doctor considered it an absolute mania, of which he had despaired the cure. He had attempted every thing to accomplish this end. He had even gone so far as to have Abel insulted by some young fools, promising himself at the same time that he would take care of the consequences to which such an event might lead.

Abel had replied to the insult with a gentlemanly challenge, appeared fearlessly on the ground, and after having disarmed his antagonist, had granted him his life. It was thus, by no means, courage which he wanted; but the affair had no sooner thus ended than he relapsed into that unfortunate timidity which followed him throughout the most ordinary pursuits of life. Judge, then, of the hope which must have awakened in the mind of the doctor, when the young man, who had gone out early in the morning with his Horace, which he read and re-read incessantly, returned to his friend and related to him the adventure of the morning, and exalted himself in his opinion by describing the beauty of the young girl whose life he had just saved, and that with such minuteness that the doctor could not but recognize the daughter of his friend Baron Ludwig.

"By saving her you have saved yourself," exclaimed Staunders, who perceived in Abel a dawning love, and trusted to that sentiment as a means of conquering the most implacable enemy of the young man, his almost incurable timidity.

It was with the idea of assuring himself of the effect that our young hero had produced on his obliged, that the doctor had related in the presence of her father, the event of the morning. And then there was a chance at stake, for Staunders had conceived immediately the project of an alliance between the two young people, who were both equally dear

to him. This explained the joy of the doctor, when he heard Marie say that she had observed the light hair, blue eyes, and awkward timidity of Abel. The satisfaction which this afforded him, caused him to indulge in the following soliloquy:

"Well, well, all right. If I do not deceive myself, and that does not often happen, before two weeks these children will adore each other, and as a matter of course, the next thing will be marriage, and the timidity of my poor Abel will at length be overcome. Thanks, my God, for I behold your hand in all this, and by your Almighty assistance poor humanity is saved."

Then he added, laughing his own peculiar little laugh: "Well, well, what am I saying? If any one should overhear me, my reputation as a disciple of Satan would be mightily increased!"

But, alas! in thinking that the timidity of Abel would give way to his new-born love, the poor doctor had reckoned without his host. Three months have passed away since the opening of our history, and Abel's timidity has not one whit decreased. It is not that he is undesirous of obtaining Marie as a partner for life; far otherwise. Since the day that he saved her life he had not ceased thinking, every hour of the day, of the baron's lovely daughter, and early every morning he would post himself before the chateau, to witness Marie's departure on her usual morning ride; but as soon as he thought that he was perceived by her, he would make off as fast as his legs could carry him, and disappear in the underbrush, to the great disappointment of the young girl, who began to be provoked at her preserver's giving her no other than this novel proof of his affection.

"How very absurd!" exclaimed Marie to herself. "I see plainly that he loves me, and I feel that he does not altogether displease me—but what prevents him from calling on my father? I have not the slightest doubt that he would be well received, for my father is always speaking of my preserver in terms which lead me to think that he would by no means object to him as a son-in-law. And he contents himself with hiding in the bushes, and stealing a glance at me as I pass out."

Once, however, pressed hard by the doctor, Abel took a memorable resolution. He determined to call at Baron Ludwig's chateau; and on arriving there, without much forethought, rang the bell. On seeing the grating open before him, and a servant showing him the staircase, he felt the blood rushing to his face, his eye sight became obscured, and his heart failed him. However, the die was cast, and follow the servant he must; the door of the parlor was open—he was announced, and retreat became impossible. He threw himself into the room as a man precipitates himself into a fire. There he perceived Marie blushing deeply as she heard the name of her preserver announced. He stammered out

some unintelligible words, and regarded the baron, who assumed towards him his most benign air; but meeting the eye of the old man, he lost all command over himself, and succeeded, not without difficulty, in pronouncing these words:

"Sir, the doctor sent me—sent me to know how you were."

Then, without waiting for a reply, he went out, overturning in his way two arm chairs, and crushing the paw of Marie's favorite lap dog.

"To the devil with the cowardly fool!" exclaimed the baron furiously, for he looked very complacently upon the prospect of the marriage the doctor had projected, and had hoped that the young man had called with the view of making a proposal. "He's no man—he's a girl!"

Meanwhile the poor young man had returned to Vienna at the top of his speed, and shut himself up in his room.

"Oh, no, no! I shall never dare!" he cried, with tears of rage and impatience flowing down his cheeks.

The doctor on learning the ill result of Abel's step, decided on striking a decisive blow. "He loves," said he to himself. "There can be no doubt of that. Let us see what jealousy can do."

He called that same evening on Abel. "Well," he began, "I understand that you have not yet made your proposal, and I come to congratulate you."

"How?" said Abel, surprised.

"To congratulate you with the most cordial sincerity."

"You are laughing at me, my dear doctor; but you are wrong, for I am very miserable."

"No, I am not joking, my dear Abel; but I have just learned that Frederick d'Alsten," (this was the young gentleman with whom Abel had fought, and whom he had often since met,) "recently promoted to a company in the body guard of the empress ——"

"He is a captain?" interrupted Abel, with a sigh.

"By his simple request made to the sovereign herself," continued the doctor, intentionally laying stress on each word.

"He had the courage!" said Abel, almost to himself.

"Yes, indeed," replied the doctor, in the same tone; "and as courage in one point is generally added to courage in another, he appears to have had the boldness to ask in marriage M^{lle} Marie Ludwig."

"What do you say, doctor?" cried Abel, suddenly starting from his seat.

"The truth, my friend—the sad truth. Thus it is for him that you saved the life of the baron's daughter."

"But that is awful, my dear doctor, do you know?"

"Certainly, my friend; the more awful as being a man of decision, he made his proposal without hesitation."

"He will be accepted; indeed, who could doubt it?" continued Abel, upon whose countenance the doctor could discern a slight tremor.

"Alas! I fear so," replied the latter. "Happily you will never see the accomplishment of your rival's good fortune. You can never witness his supreme joy."

"True, indeed!" cried Abel, in a sudden fit of overwhelming despair. "Never; I shall have blown out my brains before that day."

And Abel precipitated himself towards the table, whereon lay a pair of pistols. The doctor stopped him, and led him gently to his seat, saying coolly: "That is altogether useless."

"Unless to blow out my brains," exclaimed Abel. "Indeed, suppose I desire death?"

"Death will come soon enough, without that, you may be sure," replied the doctor, taking out his watch and appearing to consult it, while he felt with one hand the pulse of the young man.

"How? what do you say?" replied Abel, suddenly calmed.

The doctor continued his examination for several minutes, without replying; then, replacing his watch in his pocket, said: "My friend, my dear Abel," said he, in a penetrating tone, "you remember that I foretold to your father the period of his death, and that he had reason to believe me, for my prediction has come to pass, and he had me to put his affairs in order before the sad event. Well," continued he, with hesitation, "I am about to render you the same service to-day, and spare you the iniquity of a useless crime, in preventing you from blowing out your brains. You are afflicted with the same disease which killed your father, and I here announce to you that you have left but AN HOUR OF LIFE! Farewell, farewell!"

After these words, pronounced with every semblance of deep emotion, the doctor left the chamber as it were to conceal the emotion which choked his utterance. Abel remained a few moments overwhelmed by the shock of so unexpected an announcement. "One hour of life!" exclaimed he, at length, for he could not for a moment doubt the word of the doctor, whose penetrating accents showed but too truly the sad truth. "One hour of life! Well, so much the better. I shall never, then, witness the good fortune of my rival. Frederick d' Alsten, captain in the guards, husband of the beautiful Marie! A grace which is my due, a woman whom I might have won! Oh, fatal timidity! I shall die without name, and my poor father whom I am about to meet—he ought to be ashamed of such a son. O, no, no! I can not endure that thought. I must at least die with a title that the devotedness of my father has but too well won for me. In an hour I have time to see the empress. And after all, what risk do I run, since my fate is determined? Let me run! And Marie the wife of another, without whom she had

never known that I loved, that I adored her, and that the happiness of my life would have been to have obtained that hand which is so soon to become another's! O God, grant that this last hour may be the happiest of my life!"

With these words, Abel threw himself down the stairway, and was soon in the street, rushing towards the palace. The guards were under arms, and the band playing; the empress, advancing from her cortege, was in the act of stepping towards her carriage, when Abel, pushing aside the guards, who attempted to debar his passage, precipitated himself towards her majesty.

"Imperial Majesty!" exclaimed Abel, immediately, in a firm voice, for there was no time for bashfulness now. "I am Abel de Burgmall, son of Count Hermann, and I come to solicit a commission in your body guard."

"Count Abel," immediately replied the empress, "I promised your father before his death to treat you with the distinction to which a Burgmall is entitled whenever you should present yourself before me. I appoint you captain in my body guard, and this evening you shall receive your brevet."

And the train moved on. Meanwhile Abel had disappeared, and was already on the road which led to the mansion of Baron Ludwig. "To Marie now," he exclaimed, "and may she know at least that I loved her to the last!"

He ran, he flew—space disappeared before him; the bell sounded, the grating opened before him. Behold him in the drawing-room, where, as usual, sat the baron and his daughter. He bowed gracefully, and dropping on one knee:

"Mademoiselle Marie," said he to the young girl, whose heart beat audibly, "since the day when God threw me across your path, to save your life, I have never ceased to think of you. I have beheld you in every sleeping dream, and in every waking thought. Perhaps your hand may soon be another's—still I could not part forever from you without telling you that I never have loved but you, and never can love another."

Then turning to the baron, he added: "If I permit myself to speak thus to Mademoiselle, Sir Baron, it is because you are there, and that your presence encourages me. Once before I appeared in this room, where I was guilty of a thousand acts of clownish awkwardness. I only came to ask the hand of Mademoiselle, for the wish of my life was to become possessed of such a treasure."

"All right there, young man," exclaimed the baron, who, not happening to have the gout just then, arose and offered his hand to the count: "Consider yourself most welcome to the hand of my daughter."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Abel, in an ecstasy of joy. "Can it possibly be so?"

But suddenly changing his tone: "Oh God! That prediction!"

"Look at the clock, Abel," muttered a voice behind him.

Abel turned himself suddenly, and perceived Dr. Staunders, who, with one finger, pointed to the dial. Two hours had passed over the doctor's prediction.

"The hour has passed!" exclaimed Abel, gasping for breath. "What does that portend?"

"That signifies, my friend," replied the doctor, smiling, with his own peculiar smile, which you well know—"well, that signifies that I have hoaxed you—that you never were better in your life—that you never had any other malady than an eternal and obstinate bashfulness for which I have found a remedy. Ah! ah! my poor boy; to be happy throughout life, it was necessary that you should have but one hour of existence.

* * * * *

That same evening, Count Abel de Burgmall received his brevet of captain in the guards, and a short time after, he became the happy husband of the fair Marie. And the old baron, who began to grow young again under the influence of the happy countenances of his children, often repeated, as he beheld the doctor:

"Well, if he is an emissary from the infernal regions, at all events, he is a good devil."

A Beautiful River.

On the banks of a beautiful river,
How sweet 'tis in summer to stray;
While the willows in melody quiver,
And in gladness the stream glides away.

Where the breeze sings a song in the rushes,
That the waves echo still as they flow,
While the tide rocks the stem as it gushes,
Of the lily that's sleeping below.

On the banks of a beautiful river,
How sweet 'tis to gaze on the tide,
Like life, flowing onward forever,
Or man, in the noon of his pride.

To feel, as the sunshine smiles o'er us,
How gloomy life's current would be,
Had we not a heaven before us,
Beyond dark futurity's sea.

Religion and Science.

Ours is termed a progressive age. But what is progress? It is not new creations, but simply the discovery of hidden truths, and the happy adaptation of them, by genius, to useful purposes. The measures, means and combinations are all new; old material is newly combined. Earth, air and water, are old elements, but in our age of progress, they are contributing as never before, to the intelligence, power and wealth of the world. No equal period of the world's history records the discovery and bringing into use so many useful facts and machines, as the last half century.

The spirit of progressive improvement is the spirit of the age, and every new success accelerates its force over the minds of thinking men. It is the spirit of inquiry, of investigation, of research—and who will “set it bounds that it cannot pass?” All partake of this spirit, and when the masses of mind receive a powerful impulse in a given direction, either ascending or descending, it is most natural for some of them to shoot off in wildest devotion, with some imaginary dream, and pursue it until all the good old things are lost sight of, and the foundations of their faith and principles all upturned. Progress leads them onward, and onward they go, carried about with every wind of new doctrine, until their works, hopes and thoughts, are mere “castles in the air.” If he feel for the foundations, where are they?

We should learn that all is not progress that assumes the name of progress. In this age of railroads and telegraphs, of steam power presses and pin factories, much of the progress, especially in morals and correct Christian principle, is retrogressive. It is progress from good to bad and from bad to worse.

We would not check free inquiry and the closest investigation. All truth in morals and religion invites examination, and, like gold, shines brighter from being handled. But we should remember that there are some things in this world that do not admit of improvement. Among these are Nature and Revelation. Nature cannot be made more beautiful or lovely; her majesty and grandeur, her voice and melody, cannot be improved by human progress. Revelation is the fountain of truth to man, eternal and unchangeable. Wondrous book, the Bible!

“Star of eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man can navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coasts of bliss securely;
This book, this holy book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last; this ray of light,

This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
 Mercy took down, and in the night of time,
 Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow.
 Many believed, but more the truth of God
 Turned to a lie, deceiving and deceived."

The Bible is a well-spring of life, and is a rock of truth that will grind to powder all error with those upon whom it shall fall. Its truths can not be improved by progress, and must not be added to or diminished from. Natural and revealed truth do not utter different voices, but one. Their teachings are one and inseparable. Truth is a unit.

When children of small brain are half educated, they think wisdom lives with them, and that their parents who continue in the "old paths," are fools. And grown up children of this description, and even men of strong but unbalanced minds, whom a little knowledge hath made wild, who cannot progress but to worse, drive madly on, abusing the spirit of the age, uprooting and overturning every thing that was, if for no better reason than it is not new. And if the staid, wise counsels of God and revealed religion, do not aid them in their favorite projects, they too must be uprooted and thrown aside as things that were, and are unworthy the spirit of the age. The Bible and revealed religion are small obstacles in the way of their progress. Strides of progress of this kind are taken by not a few, and in a great variety of ways. Infidelity is infidelity, no matter how reached, and when reached, becomes subtle and wily for evil. Infidelity usually puts on a Sabbath-day dress to appear in public, and makes her best bow to religion, while concealed is the deadly dagger, and in the heart the feeling, "crush the wretch;" and while they professedly kiss the cross, and tender services for religion, and would give a more healthy tone and action to the members of the body, they are secretly and under a mask, mixing and administering deadly poison.

In this brief paper, I can only look after and expose one of the subtle thrusts of some speakers and writers of this age, at revealed religion and the established truths of the Bible. There are on the one hand, those who array science against the facts of the Bible, and her philosophy against experimental piety. But those to whom we refer resort to a very different means of accomplishing the same end. They bow down with most devout reverence to the grand Christian idea of the unity of truth, that the teachings of God in nature and revelation are one, but when understood, nature must explain revelation, and they must explain nature; and understanding as they do, the truth of that maxim of revelation—"a house divided against itself cannot stand"—they represent that the teachers of the religion of revelation, the teachers of Christianity and her votaries, or many of them, array themselves and revelation against the teachings of nature and science. These allegations are generally made

by insinuation or influence, so as to avoid an open and manly issue. A fact in science is assumed, not proved; the assumed fact is one that unsettles the meaning of very plain scripture, or requires an interpretation that in itself tends to discredit the authority of the Bible. And when strong men armed with the truth oppose these deceptions, and remove the mask, and show that their theory and declamation, will not stand the test of true philosophy, science or revelation—then the cry is raised, these ministers and the church are against science, against progress; they array the Bible against nature. We do not charge upon all who may cater to the vulgar ear and heart, and affect to appear wise by hurling slang at religion and her ministry, infidel design, but for the sake of appearing wise, they become accusers of the brethren falsely.

Christianity and her teachers do not array themselves against true science. Scientific truth does not differ with revealed truth, and the ministers of the sanctuary find no necessity for opposing scientific research, and so far from opposing science, history will show that she has been wooed and fostered as the handmaid of religion.

If by Christianity is meant the superstitions, the ignorance, the idolatry of papal Rome, then I grant the truth of these assertions; but who in this country understands by Christianity Romanism? By Christianity we all understand Protestantism, pure Protestant religion. Now will the history of that pure Christianity which sows broadcast over the earth the "leaves which are for the healing of the nations," sustain these allegations in the smallest particular? If a quack in the practice of medicine should vend nostrums that were not scientific in their compound, would we brand the whole profession as illiterate?

The sciences, aided by revelation, unseal and make plain the teachings of God in nature. Now, where is science fostered, and where does she find a most congenial climate for healthy action and development? And where do the arts flourish to the greatest extent? The present history of the world furnishes an answer to these questions. In countries, and those only, where real Christianity, the Christianity of the Bible, is most permanently established, and her influence most widely diffused. The truths of philosophy, astronomy, physiology and geology, are not questioned or opposed, but taught and believed by the teachers of religion, and the church of Jesus Christ, for which they labor, but they are not unfrequently represented by disguised infidel teachers in any other than the true light in their support of scientific truth.

We should not fail to look at another class of facts upon which we open our eyes all around us, that repel these slanderous and mischievous accusations back into the faces of those who make them. In this country, where there is no alliance between the church and state, most of the institutions of learning rear their walls, endow their chairs, and form their

libraries, by individual contributions. Now, through what agency, and with whose money, are these literary institutions that proudly adorn our country created? Some of the States have one or two supported by appropriations of land, but the vast majority are builded by the churches of the country. Scarce a denomination, however weak, is without her academies and colleges. Here is a large outlay of men and means. Now, would she give them, were it true, as charged, that she is opposed to science? The accusation is false, and the man who makes it, if he be sincere and not designing, betrays a very narrow compass of thought and observation, and that he is blind, being led by the blind. Science is the handmaid of religion, and the facts show that the teachings of Christianity do not labor to destroy her, but to adorn and beautify her person, and clothe her with manly strength. "Honor to whom honor is due."

Mus ic.

Oh! music, friendship, love and flowers,
 Are all that's left of Eden's bowers,
 To cheer the wayward fate of man,
 Throughout life's weary, changeful span.
 But friendship, love and flowers will fade,
 And leave behind a dark'ning shade,
 While music is the sunshine still,
 That cheers us on through good and ill—
 Ringing a sympathetic chime
 To all the changing scenes of time.
 Its numbers lull the infant's rest,
 And fill with joy gay childhood's breast;
 It tells a tale to trusting youth,
 Of futures bright with holy truth,
 And sighs a requiem o'er the past,
 When sanguine hope is crushed at last.
 Familiar music has a spell,
 The chords of memory to swell—
 Rousing to life each by-gone scene,
 That half-forgotten long has been.

The Switzer from his own loved home,
 Condemned by fate afar to roam,
 Resigned, his weary exile bears,
 Until the "Reng des Vaches"* he hears.

* It is a well known historical fact, that Napoleon Bonaparte issued an edict forbidding the "Reng des Vaches" to be played in the bands of his army, in consequence of its causing many cases of desertion among the Swiss, many of whom were enrolled in the ranks of the imperial army, and proved faithful through flood and fire, until they heard the irresistible strains of their native land.

That song of his dear native hills,
Recalls his cot and mountain rills
Unto the longing heart again,
That beats responsive to the strain.
Vainly he seeks to die in war—
No more can live from home afar;
So, leaving fame and glory, flies
To greet once more his native akies.

But music does not live alone
In tutored lays' artistic tone;
And Nature's notes, than those of art,
Are oft far dearer to the heart.
I've heard them in those southern bowers,
Where fled my sunny childhood hours.
The whispers of the sighing breeze,
That gently moved the tall palm trees,
Breathed like some soft angelic choir,
Or distant fairies' magic lyre.
The murmuring waves that kissed the shore
Chanted a solemn anthem o'er,
And when the shades of evening fell,
The nightingale's sweet voice would swell,
Filling the twilight air around
With floods of rich melodious sound,
Till all the soul o'erflowed with light
Of mingled sadness and delight.

But one loved sound that met my ear,
Was to my youthful heart more dear
Than sighing of the softest breeze,
That gently whispered through the trees,
Th' eternal ocean's endless wail,
Or chanting of the nightingale.
It was my mother's gentle voice,
That ever made my heart rejoice;
In mild reproof, in praise or blame,
Breathing affection still the same.
But Oh! my simple, falt'ring lay,
Alas! would vainly seek to say
How cheering, when through life we rove,
Is music from the lips we love;
And all have felt, though few can tell.
The magic power of music's spell.

WHAT good old English worthy was it, who said: "I would try to be virtuous for my own sake, although not one were to know it on earth beside myself: just as I would be clean for my own sake, although nobody were to see me."

Our Fraternity.

To lay by a store of bounty for suffering and needy brethren, is to treasure up love and happiness in the heart; it is a work of principle far surpassing the acts of a temporary compassion; it is the foundation stone on which the sublime structure of Odd-Fellowship was raised, and finally became the formidable edifice we now behold. Nor could a more suitable plan be brought into operation for expressing our filial attachment to that portion of mankind whose reciprocity of feelings demand our aid. Whatever plan might be adopted, we arrive but to one conclusion; we are bound, not only by the law of nature, but by the law of Christ, "not to see any Christian brother have need, and shut up our bowels of compassion from him." Odd-Fellowship is constructed upon as divine principles as those which sway other institutions. Every votary at its shrine is expected to love and exalt its precepts—to love them for the sake of their Christianity—to love them for the sake of those benefits which we all in common enjoy—to love them in this life for the sake of that heavenly communion in which we hope to dwell hereafter. Odd-Fellowship is loud in prohibiting all jealousies, all rejoicings in the evils of another, all encouragement to vice, irregularities and vicious propensities; it encourages all good deeds, and condemns all frail habits; it advances man in the social scale of life, and retards, by avoidance, him whose absolute viciousness requires admonition; it requires us to cherish love towards all mankind, though not immediately connected with them; not that it requires us to neglect the officers and brothers of a Lodge with whom we are directly allied—no, this would be to destroy our membership in a particular coterie, and lose our social privileges, and the peculiar advantages therewith attended, in a vague generality of communion. The very fact of our entering one particular Lodge intimates our preference for that Lodge in distinction from the rest, and requires our participation and exertions in its services; still, while such does not merge our membership in a vague indifference to its privileges, we are not to lose our feeling of catholicity in the restrictiveness of a general communion. Here Odd Fellows maintain a *visible* bond of union in the world. An individual unites himself to a Lodge, that Lodge is united to other similar bodies, and thus has arisen universal association, whose praiseworthy efforts to do good is augmented by each individual putting his "shoulder to the wheel." It must be remembered, that a union with one particular society does not dissociate us from the general body; we are members of a *community*, though immediately connected with a particular *family*; we belong to a kingdom, as well as a city within it, and are not allowed to lose either our patriotism in our citizenship, or our citizenship in our pa-

triotism. All Lodges are to be regarded with the same benevolent feelings which characterize its uniformity, notwithstanding our intimate connection with one of them in particular. In an army are many companies, yet one great fraternity, "distinct as the billows, yet one as the ocean." So with Odd-Fellowship; we belong to a Lodge, yet are accountable to the Order for our actions; and it appears but reasonable that one Lodge should thus recognize a sister Lodge similarly consisting of individuals acting under the same cause. In this spirit Lodges are allowed to visit each other as brethren, and even receive each other's members as brethren. They *co-operate* for the good of the Order, and thus recognize each other; they reciprocally seek and render advice; they contribute to each other's necessities, and in various ways are esteem and confidence exhibited and expressed. The principles of Odd-Fellowship emphatically hold forth, that however useful, and delightful, and legitimate it may be to hold communion with other Lodges, regular attendance to our own is obligatory, is indispensable.

In a word, "universal love to all mankind," and a mutual sympathy with the wants of our fraternal brethren, are the two great pillars that support the laudable capitol of Odd-Fellowship. Long may they stand—long may they remain an impenetrable barrier to rebut the attacks of the prejudiced and the unprincipled—long may they flourish in the refined sculpture that now decks them—long may they serve as a beacon-light to guide the hesitating and the waverer unto where true felicity may be experienced—and long may they prove a source of relief to the afflicted, the needy and the oppressed.

Nothing to Do.

It is a common boast with certain classes of would-be gentlemen, that they have nothing to do. Young men, whose fathers perhaps worked at the forge, drove carts or blacked boots, as servants of all work at a country hotel, profess to despise honest labor, and pride themselves on a life of wealthy indolence. Others, born of families that have enjoyed a competence for several generations, look down contemptuously on those latter pretenders to gentility, and like Spanish grandees of the first class, think their blood purer than that of the others, because it has flowed through drones for a century or more. Yet it is the working man, not the idle one, who is a benefit to the community. It is a curse to a people to be idle, and no less deleterious is it to an individual. Nature never intended human faculties to run to waste, as they do when a man has no occupation. A life of indolence is an almost sure precursor to a life of vice. The boast should be, not that one does nothing, but that one never passes

a useless moment. Every true man wishes to die in the harness, as Adams, Clay and Webster did, and not to trifle away life in empty amusements or vicious excitements. Recreation is necessary to all, and no man can work sturdily without it; but a life which is all recreation is a fatal blunder, to use the mildest phrase. It devours the individual with ennui, retards instead of advancing his developments, contributes nothing to the benefit of society, and often ends in crime itself. If a man wishes to pronounce his own degradation, let him boast of having nothing to do.

The First Day of Summer.

What an extensive field for thought our subject opens upon our view! In glancing over it, the mind at once is filled with most pleasing emotions of our early youth, with scenes of innocent pleasure and happiness, when our sunny brows had ne'er been shaded by care. But with steps and hearts light and free as summer air, we roamed amid the wild-wood flowers, and drank the unmixed cup.

We might descant upon these scenes of our childhood, which, though past, can never be forgotten, for they form in memory's chain the brightest link—they are the oases in the desert of the past—but this is not our intention. We would leave for a while the past, close the doors of the future, and contemplate the present, the first day of Summer, in all her loveliness and beauty. But O! it needs a pen far more fluent than ours to tell the beauties of the shady dell, the flowers so bright, from out whose lips the bees their honied dew drops sip, yet we would employ our feeble powers to speak of the creations of Him who gives us freely all things beautiful to enjoy.

The first day of Summer, the mother of innocence and purity, has again come, heralded by a myriad of birds and bursting buds. The earth has once more unfolded her treasures. Nature has assumed her richest robes. Let us go forth, then, in the rosy light of the morning, amid her beauties, ere the sun, with thirsty beam, has kissed the sparkling drops from the flower cups, and enjoy this ever welcome day. Let us hasten and catch those wild notes of enchanting melody that swell from the minstrelsy whose orchestra is the surrounding forest; these warblers are singing their morning praises to God, their Maker, for it is said "all thy works shall praise thee."

And now, with the calm blue sky above, and the soft rich carpet beneath us, we are again dwellers amid birds and flowers. The fresh morning air comes floating by, laden with the redolence of locust blossoms, whose milk white petals contrast so beautifully with the dark green

foliage. The busy bee, already here, is waking the flowers from sleep, and, from their overflowing nectaries, sipping its winter store. O, how delightful and refreshing to the invalids of our neighboring city, would be a morning like this, could they, as we, inhale the air as it comes sweet and pure from heaven! Shall we not, then, thank and praise God for his mercy and goodness to us? Yes,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

But let us seek the inviting shade, for Sol is fast climbing up the azure heavens, and soon, with scorching ray will dry from the earth all signs of dew. Let us enter the homes of the birds, and again with them celebrate the anniversary of this day of youthful gladness. All nature is free, and O! what a privilege is this to enjoy! But hark! what thrilling melody comes stealing through the deep dark shadows! 'Tis the voice of the murmuring brook. O, who does not love the music of the waters? Come, let us seek its retired home. And here we find it.

A mossy bank on either side perfumed with violets white and blue,
The trillium with leaves so wide they hide her flowers from view,
The nodding blue bells, in whose dream
So sweetly kiss the murmuring stream;
And hair bells too, with forms so slight
And butter cups, with eyes so bright,
Here in mutual love combined
To charm the eye and please the mind.

This is the home of the fairies, but the purling streamlet heeds it not, but like an impetuous youth, rushes wildly on. But whither art thou bound, wild streamlet? Thine is not a fruitless errand—no; thou dost revive the fainting flowers; thou givest life to those tiny bright forms that glide so swiftly and gracefully along thy bosom; thou seekest out the old man's cottage, now gamboling about his door, then floating away to some sequestered rock, that the shepherd's flock may slake their burning thirst. And the traveler, far away from his highland home, at sultry noonday, finds thee, thou fountain of nature, to moisten his crust of bread. But when thy humble course is finished, thou wilt glide gently and peacefully to the bosom of the mighty ocean, and here we leave thee. May we as calmly and peacefully enter our eternal rest.

Now let us ascend this steep and craggy bank at whose summit is our favorite seat, from whence we'll view the doubly beautiful scene below, for "distance lends enchantment." These venerable beeches spread so widely their protecting branches and giant roots, that we have ease and luxury equal to that of a drawing room, and much more preferable. Here, then, we'll rest our somewhat weary limbs, then away to our homes, for duty calls us now. But we'll take the last fond look at the rocks, and flowers and streamlet below, and at the timid squirrels who

jump from branch to branch on the neighboring trees. We look around, above and below, and exclaim, if this is earth so lovely, what is heaven?

"But this delightful season must decay;
The year rolls on and steals its charms away;
Swiftly the gay, the transient pleasure flies,
Stern Winter comes, and every pleasure dies.

"While pensive thought the fleeting bliss depletes,
The mind in search of nobler pleasure soars,
And seeks a fairer paradise on high,
'Where beauties rise and bloom and never die.'"

God and History.

Memory has cast her lengthened shade, and the scenes of the past rise vividly before us. As we unroll the scroll which contains the history of ages, one page will acknowledge the existence of a new empire—the next will tell the mournful tale of its decay. One will speak of the reign of some great Solon, or a Nero—the next will tell of their mortal frames being consigned to their last resting place. One will dwell on the tranquility existing between nations; how peace and plenty walk hand in hand by every proud castle, and lowly cottage—the next will portray in colors bright the battle scene, and from every hamlet on the plain the sad cry rises, which tells us that a dear one is gone.

The dead are strewn thickly through the fields; the weeping bend o'er the weeping partner, and watch the last feeble movement of the lip, and hear the faint farewell; the Angel of Death stoops and brushes the shadow from the brow, and the spirit has passed away. Are these changes the result of chance, and are they to be received merely as facts? No! In them the power of the Supreme Ruler of nations, as well as individuals, is recognized.

When Mount Vesuvius thundered up volumes of smoke, and cast her burning lava over the city of Pompeii, encasing it in all its gaiety, to stand a monument of the power of the Infinite for time to come, was there no reality in this? or was it caused by chance? When proud Babylon, with its high turrets, almost reaching the skies above us—yes, when Babylon fell, was there not One who, with a breath, might have made its foundations firm again? It was a lesson to last forever; for God showed by overthrowing it, that, though it had folded the garments of strength and pride tightly around it, yet He was not pleased, and 'twas humbled to the dust.

Sodom and Gomorrah, the cities of the plain, were the recipients of a shower of fire and brimstone. The shafts of death flew thick and fast,
vol. i.—24

and with hope still clinging to them, Death urged his claim. The greatness of God was fearfully exhibited, and to the traveler now, naught remains to tell the exact spot where these ancient cities stood, save a calm and unknown sea which flows over the supposed ruins.

And Tyre, thou art also a doomed city! O'er a portion of thy ancient splendor the billows are bounding, and as each dashing wave rolls onward, it tells the sad tale, "Thou shalt be built no more." The land which once flowed with "milk and honey," each vale filled with products of a mild climate, the hills crowned with clustering vines, is changed, and inhabited by the wild Arabs; it is become barren and unfruitful. Do you ask the cause of its decline? Wonder not that the land which was watered by the blood of our Savior, should be unfruitful.

Rome was built. But who wove the regal garbs? Were they men of integrity? This city was the refuge of fugitives, and with a few good persons, robbers and other degraded men were mingled. Religion at that time had no firm footing in the land of the Romans—without God at their head they could no longer exist as they were. The flames rolled over that great city, devouring all that crossed their path. The cries of slaughtered children rose and died on the air; there were none to relieve; columns of smoke issuing forth from the heaping ruins, and curling to the skies, told that Rome had fallen.

But our own dear native land, have we forgotten thee, while reveling 'mid scenes long since past? Our thoughts still turn to thee, noble band, who landed on Plymouth Rock—the howling storm and the eagle's cry, thy only salutation, thy only welcome! We think not lightly of thy dangers, hardships, and deprivations, but with eager eye review each step of thine, and behold with joy how thou wast cherished and protected by the outstretched arm of Him who is ever ready to save.

THE TRUE ODD FELLOW is not the proscriber and denouncer of his brother, for opinion's sake. The broad platform of Odd-Fellowship guarantees the largest liberty of individual thought, and the most unlimited freedom of individual right, subordinate always to the "Good of the Order." The true Odd Fellow is not one who denounces, and perhaps "damns" the great moral reformatations of the day, and on the plea that it would "take away his liberty," and remove the power of evil in his own person, and that of his neighbor, would obstruct the advancement of a cause, calculated to benefit all mankind. Odd-Fellowship inculcates no such doctrines, and such an Odd Fellow's heart has never been warmed by the genial fires which burn on the altars of our Order. We need not add, that the true Odd Fellow must be a man—not only within the Lodge room, but he must carry his philanthropic spirit into general practice.

GLEANINGS.

TRUE HOPE is based on the energy of character: A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit rests upon itself; and is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last, all should be lost, it has saved itself, its own integrity and worth.

LORD BACON beautifully said: "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."

THE rum-bottle, says Douglass Jerrold, is Satan's crucible, in which he melts down all the fine gold of man's nature.

MEETING a negro on the road, with crape on his hat, a traveler said: "You have lost some of your friends, I see."

"Yes, Massa."

"Was it a near or a distant relative?"

"Well, putty distant—'bout twenty-four miles," was the reply.

As in a man's life, so in his studies, I think it is the most beautiful and humane thing in the world so to mingle gravity with pleasure, that the one may not sink into melancholy, nor the other rise into wantonness.

"**MY** goodness alive, Bridget, what are you doing? here's my fine new tea-kettle with the bottom melted out!"

"Didn't yees tell me to put it on the fire for tay? an' I did, and I thought it was strange that yees said nothing about putting water in it."

As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant moments, and fills up the chasms of thought with ideas of what is past, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is to come. These are the passions of hope and fear.

DEATH OF WEBSTER.—This fine stanza is from a poem in the *National Era*, on the death of Daniel Webster:

"How well he fell asleep!
Like some proud river, widening toward the sea,
Calmly and grandly, silently and deep,
Life joined eternity."

EMERSON says: "The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charms of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven whilst he pursued her as a star—she cannot be heaven if she stoops to such a one as he.

PUNCH defines a court house as the place where a penny's worth of justice is purchased with a shilling's worth of law. There is only one thing less profitable than suing people, and that is, going their security.

INSTINCT OF SPIDERS.—It has been observed that some spiders, with an instinctive sagacity, select, as the greatest security from disturbance, the lids of the poor-boxes in churches.

MAN is like a snow ball. Leave him in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like fresh butter in hot days; but kick him around, and he gathers his strength every revolution till he grows to an avalanche. To make a figure in the world you must keep moving.

SCOTT says that the most disagreeable of all things is "a vain, cold, empty, beautiful woman, who has neither mind nor heart, but only features like a doll."

ALCOHOL was first invented and used to stain the cheeks of the ladies of Arabia—nine hundred and fifty years ago. It still reddens portions of the human face.

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington. "What will the importance of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that the man had six heads in his hat?"

NEGRO ANECDOTE.—A zealous clergyman had taken these words: "And Satan came also among them." At the moment of his reading the text, an old decrepit negro entering the sanctuary, supposing himself aimed at by the parson, and with a degree of resentment, looking the clergyman full in the face, retorted, "You glad to see your fadder?"

CHILDHOOD is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

SENTIMENTAL.—"Behold, my Flora, how glorious Nature looks in her bloom! The trees are filled with blossoms, the wood is dressed in its green livery, and the plain is carpeted with grass and flowers."

"Yes, Charles; I was thinking of the same thing. Those flowers are dandelions, and when they are gathered, and put into a pot with a piece of good fat pork, they make the best greens in the world!"

A **GROG SHOP** in Cincinnati rejoices in the name of the Custom House. Money paid into its coffers, however, can hardly be considered in the way of *duty*.

"What are these Odd Fellows, John?"

"Professors of modern *Lodge-ic*," answered John, with a serious look.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.—With this number the first volume of the Casket is completed. In reviewing its pages, we cannot but feel that we have fulfilled all our promises made at the commencement; and having now been before the public for six months, all can judge for themselves of the merit of the work. Our support from the fraternity has been very liberal—exceedingly so, when we consider the number of new publications which have ceased to exist after a few numbers have been issued, and the prejudice which is thereby excited against them.

We shall continue to introduce occasional illustrations, and fill our pages, as heretofore, almost entirely with original matter. Our list of contributors comprises many widely known in the literary world, and with the assistance of the fraternity, every member of whom is solicited to correspond with us, we hope to make the Casket a welcome visitor at every fireside, where the motto of our Order is recognized as the guiding star. As we wish to add interest to the department of news of the Order, we respectfully invite our friends throughout the country to send us brief notices of the progress of the Order in their respective localities. Every Odd Fellow is invited to write for the Casket. Will our patrons also endeavor to increase its circulation by each one sending some new names? Subscriptions may commence either with January or July. Club subscriptions must all commence at the same time, and none received for less than one year. We can still supply back numbers.

A NEW MOVEMENT.—At a regular meeting of Ohio Lodge, No. 1, held on the 22d of May, 1854, the following preamble and resolutions offered by P.G.M. Wm. G. Williams, were adopted:

Believing that it would be for the benefit of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Cincinnati, to aid in the erection and support of an Association (under the control of Odd Fellows) for the establishment of a Lyceum, embracing the departments of a Reading Room, Library, and a general system of public Lectures, because—

1st. An Odd Fellows' Reading Room would be a general meeting place, whereby all information relating to the interests of the Order would be accessible to every member.

2d. It would enable brothers to become better acquainted with each other; thus knitting together more closely the bonds of our fraternity.

3d. By affording the means of rational entertainment, it would induce members of the Order to cultivate the God-given gift of intelligence—to

enlighten their minds and enlarge the sphere of their usefulness—instead of, as is too frequently the case, spending their time in idleness and frivolity.

4th. It would form the nucleus of an organization for the erection of a hall, worthy of our prosperity, and gratifying to our pride, as citizens of this city and State.

5th. It would enlist in our behalf, the feelings and influence of ladies, by enabling them to be present at our Lectures, and by knowledge appreciating the proper mission of Odd-Fellowship. Therefore,

Resolved, That a Committee, on behalf of this Lodge be appointed to act in conjunction with similar Committees from other Lodges, for the purpose of considering the propriety of establishing an Odd Fellows' Lyceum, and the arrangement of a course of public Lectures, to be delivered during the winter of 1854-'5.

Resolved, That the co-operation of all the Lodges of the city, is earnestly requested.

The Odd Fellows of Cincinnati now number about four thousand five hundred active men, who, with their families, form a population of more than twenty-five thousand persons directly interested in the moral, intellectual and social advancement of the members of our Order. We know of nothing that would be better calculated to aid in carrying out and reducing to practice the teachings of our Brotherhood, than such an institution as is contemplated in the above proceedings; and we do most sincerely hope that the various Lodges in the city will take hold of this matter in the right spirit, and adopt the proper measures to push forward immediately so laudable an enterprise. Such an institution would not only be the pride and glory of the Odd Fellows of Cincinnati, but it would be a direct and certain benefit to each individual and his family. Already there have been several propositions made for erecting a new Odd Fellows' Hall—such an edifice as would be worthy the numbers and character of the Order in the largest inland city in America, the Queen City of the West. And how much would be added to the interest and importance of such a structure, by providing in it suitable library and reading rooms, lecture hall, etc., for an institution of the character above described! Odd-Fellowship is not an organization which extends its benefits no farther than the relief of physical distress, but its broad principles of benevolence embrace within their appropriate sphere, every thing that is calculated to promote the happiness and elevate the character of ourselves, our families, and each other.

BRO. M. L. BROADWELL, of Fulton, O., D. D. G. M. of District No. 12, has suffered the loss of his wife, who died on the 3d of May, of congestion of the brain. Bro. Broadwell is an active and faithful Odd Fellow, and has many to sympathize with him in his bereavement.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER IN OHIO.—Odd-Fellowship is marching onward with such rapid strides throughout the western States, particularly in Ohio, that the leaders of the Order in the East are now pointing to us as an example worthy of their imitation. The Grand Master of this State, Wm. G. Neilson, has furnished us with a list of the new Lodges which have been instituted since the first of March, exhibiting an extension of the principles of Odd-Fellowship almost without precedent.

Temple No. 227, Washington, Fayette Co.	Sylvan, No. 240, Loudonville.
Wood Lawn, No. 228, Putnam.	New Lexington, No. 241, N. Lexington.
Queen City, No. 229, Cincinnati.	Mineral, No. 242, Pomeroy.
Mechanics' No. 230, Zanesville.	Mad River, No. 243, Fairfield.
Angola, No. 231, Williamsburg Cler. Co.	Sycamore, No. 244, Montgomery.
Shiloh, No. 232, Goshen.	Principal, No. 245, Clarksburgh.
Phoenix, No. 233, Ohio City.	St. Paris, No. 246, St. Paris.
Dove, No. 234, Mt. Washington.	Tippecanoe, No. 247, Hyattsville.
Cascade, No. 235, Bedford.	Burton, No. 248, Burton.
Rock River, No. 236, Berea.	Millcreek, No. 249, Cummins ville.
Crestline, No. 237, Crestline.	Delhi, No. 250, Delhi.
Evergreen, No. 238, Kirkersville.	Van Wert, No. 251, Van Wert.
Prospect, No. 239, Grafton.	Greenwood, No. 252, California.

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.—An association has recently been organized, composed of some of the most influential ladies of this city, the object of which is to furnish a home and suitable employment for that class of youthful females who are friendless and unprotected. Founded, as it is, in the purest benevolence, it commends itself to every philanthropic heart. Most sincerely do we wish it success. The following preamble and resolutions were presented at a large and respectable meeting of ladies and gentlemen held at Smith and Nixon's Hall, and unanimously adopted; and as they express fully the objects of the institution, we give them to our readers.

WHEREAS, We, ladies of Cincinnati, have noticed with deep sympathy a class of unprotected youthful females, always numerous in large cities, whose imperfect early education, both of mind and fingers, unfits them hopelessly to struggle with poverty and want, and renders them an easy prey to the tempter; therefore,

RESOLVED, That, in the spirit which prompts us to shelter our own daughters beneath the maternal roof, to shield them from harm, we will open a house to be denominated the "**HOME FOR THE HOMELESS**," where all these friendless ones may be congregated, and where they shall be furnished with instructors, who shall teach them the various branches of useful needle-work, and thereby qualify them to earn a comfortable living, and to become respectable members of society.

2. That there shall be such suitable boarding accommodations provided in the same building as the work-rooms, as shall secure to the inmates of the institution a full realization of a wanderer's idea of home; and that here they shall be exempt from errand service, which has proved so ruinous to many apprenticed in our large shops—a service which keeps young girls in the street a large portion of their

time, and often requires them to visit shops and houses where unwittingly they are decoyed into ruin.

3. There shall be a library of wholesome and instructive reading for the use of the inmates during hours of recreation.

4. There shall be regular religious instruction on the Sabbath, and family worship morning and evening, to be conducted by the matron of the establishment.

5. It shall be the especial care of the ladies having the governance of the institution, by every means within their power—by maternal counsel, choice of reading, the promises of holy writ—to inspire each girl with hope and self-respect, assured that when these light the eye and nerve the will, the victory is gained.

ODD FELLOWS' CELEBRATION AT RIPLEY, O.—The occasion of this celebration was the presentation of a Bible to Lamartine Lodge, No. 118, by the daughters of Rebekah.

The Lodge convened on Thursday, the 18th day of May, at 1 o'clock, in its new and beautiful Hall, in the building of our old friend and brother, J. Bennington, and with the Daughters of Rebekah, consisting of a large company, proceeded to make arrangements for forming a procession. We noticed several visiting brethren, among the number of whom were Bros. Reed and Trainor, the former from Aberdeen, and the latter from Dover.

When all things were in readiness, the procession, accompanied by the ladies in their appropriate and beautiful regalia, headed by a band of music, marched through the principal streets, to the Methodist Episcopal Church. The procession was under the superintendence of Bros. Palmer and Wylie, who performed well their part on the occasion. On arriving at the church, which was crowded with an intelligent audience, Bro. Jolley, the Noble Grand, called the meeting to order, and the opening ode being sung, the Rev. C. R. Lovell, the pastor of the church, addressed the throne of grace in an appropriate and impressive manner, invoking Heaven's choicest blessings upon the Order. After prayer, the band played an appropriate piece of music, which was followed by the presentation of a beautifully bound copy of the Holy Scriptures. The Bible was a gift from the Daughters of Rebekah to Lamartine Lodge. In presenting the Bible on the part of the ladies, Mrs. Kellogg delivered the following highly appropriate and beautiful address:

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF LAMARTINE LODGE:

Allow me, on behalf of the Daughters of Rebekah, to present to you this Bible as a memento of our friendship, and the high esteem we have for your Order. It is with feelings of pleasure I perform this duty, knowing that in the perusal of this book you will obtain and treasure up many important truths. It is from this sacred volume you have taken the principles upon which your noble institution has been founded. With such a guide as this, you can not fail to succeed in your holy mission. It is indeed a sacred cause. To visit the sick, relieve the distressed, and educate the orphan, is not of earth's teaching, but comes from the

Father of Light himself. If all the operations of your society are governed by the teachings of this Sacred Book, you can not be in error. From these pages you will find encouragement in the performance of every good and noble deed. Let this book occupy a prominent position in your Lodge room, and do not fail to live up to its holy precepts, and show to the world the usefulness of your fraternity. May you ever be governed by the pure sentiments expressed in your motto, "Friendship, Love, and Truth." May they shed their pure influence on all around, until each thought and feeling shall flow from the heart, pure and holy. May the smiles of Heaven rest upon you, and when all earthly things shall fade, may you find a home in a brighter and better world. Please accept this Bible as an offering from the true and honest hearted, who will ever rejoice in your success and happiness.

The Bible was received on behalf of the Lodge, by the Rev. J. F. Conrey, of Cincinnati, in an address of great force and beauty, which was listened to with great attention and interest by the numerous auditory. The Reverend brother discussed the principles and practices of Odd-Fellowship, illustrating both by touching incidents of every day life which had fallen under his observation. There were none present who listened to his remarks, but what felt there are times when it is good to belong to such an association.

After the address of Bro. Conrey, the band performed another piece of music, and the editor of the "Casket" was called upon to gather up the fragments that might be left in the rich and beautiful field where the preceding speakers had been gathering choice flowers and ripe fruits. What he said, or how well he said it, does not become us to write, but suffice it to say, the whole affair passed off very pleasantly. In conclusion, we would say, that there is no place we love to visit more than the beautiful town of Ripley, among whose enterprising and hospitable citizens are many whom we hold dear to memory.

Mrs. E. A. WHITRIDGE, manufacturer of Masonic and Odd Fellows' Regalia, No. 128 Walnut street, in the Casket buildings, has recently fitted up a neat establishment adjoining our office, where she is prepared to fill, with elegance and dispatch, all orders in her line. We hope brethren in want of Masonic Badges, or Odd Fellow Regalia, will give her a call.

VISIT TO COLUMBUS.—We took the cars on the Little Miami, Xenia and Columbus Railroad, than which there is not a better road, nor one more efficiently managed in the whole country, at six o'clock, A. M., and it being the lightning train, reached Columbus in a few hours. Since last in the metropolis of the State, we noticed many improvements of a valuable and permanent character. The State House looms up before us as we sit in front of the Neil House, one of the most massy but chaste

and beautiful specimens of architecture the country can boast. Dr. Hoge's church has undergone a thorough remodeling, and presents a fine appearance. The old "Zion Meeting House," on Town street, occupied by the Methodists, has been torn down, and a large and beautiful structure raised upon its ruins. The audience room will be the largest in the city, and when finished, will be a splendid affair. We wish the enterprising pastor, Rev. A. Bruner, and his worthy church members, success in their praiseworthy undertaking.

We called to see the editor of the Ark, Alex. E. Glenn, Esq., and found him in his orderly, well arranged sanctum, where he greeted us with a welcome. After a short but pleasant conversation on various topics connected with the enterprise in which we are both engaged, we left to visit a few old friends and return.

PERSONAL.—We received a visit, last week, from the Rev. George C. Jocelyn, of Centerville, Ia., senior editor of the Odd Fellows' Magazine, and right sorry we were that we were not in when he called, as it would have afforded us pleasure to have taken him by the hand. Bro. J. is not only an Odd Fellow, but he is a thorough going temperance man, and delivered in our city, to a large audience, an address on the subject which was listened to with delight. Odd Fellows should be ready for every good word and work, and while actively engaged, as is Bro. Jocelyn, in preaching, lecturing and writing, for the promotion of human happiness, they are carrying out the great principles of the Order.

BRO. WILLIAM HOPKINS.—It gives us pleasure to learn that Bro. Wm. Hopkins, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Northern New York, has received a professorship in Genesee College. Bro. Hopkins has been Principal of the Auburn Academy for eighteen years, and is thoroughly fitted for the new duties which he has been called upon to assume. He was initiated into our fraternity in 1843, entered the Grand Lodge in 1844, and was elected Grand Master of Northern New York, in August, 1850. He is now one of the Representatives to the U. S. Grand Lodge.

At the Quarterly Session of the Grand Committee for the District of Cayuga, of which Bro. Hopkins was a member, held at Odd Fellows' Hall, in Auburn, New York, on the 25th of March last, resolutions expressing their appreciation of his worth, and their regret at his departure and separation from them, were adopted, and a copy ordered to be sent to the papers of the Order, for publication. We wish Bro. Hopkins every success in his new field, and hope that his efforts for the advancement of education may be appreciated by the community among whom he is now called to labor.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL IN NEWPORT, KY.—We are pleased to announce that this edifice is so far advanced that the Lodge room is completed, and now occupied by the several Lodges of that place. The building is three stories high—the first story being designed for stores, the second for a concert hall, and the third includes the Lodge room, which is large and handsomely furnished, and a commodious library room. The brethren of Newport are now making efforts, with good prospects of success, to establish a Library Association, and for this purpose they have wisely provided a suitable room in their new edifice.

LADIES' PICTURE GALLERY.—We are indebted to the lady proprietors of the Picture Gallery now open on Fourth street, for a season family ticket to their gallery. There are many choice collections of paintings in this gallery, several of which we had seen before, but which will never lose their interest. Of this class is the allegorical picture of the Voyage of Life, by Cole, the American artist; Elijah in the mouth of the Cavern; The Magdalene of the Lamp, and others. The ladies certainly deserve great praise for the manner in which they have gotten up this enterprise, and we hope their efforts will be crowned with success.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—This body held its annual session in the city of Philadelphia, on the 16th of May, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Addison Hines, M. W. G. P.; Geo. A. Simpson, M. W. H. P.; Richards Muckle, R. W. G. S. W.; John S. Heiss, R. W. G. J. W.; Wm. Curtis, R. W. G. S.; Jos. S. Langer, R. W. G. T; Henry Lambert, Representative to the Grand Lodge U. S.

MEETING OF THE GRAND LODGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The semi-annual session of this body was closed on the 20th of May, in Philadelphia. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

Thomas Helm, M. W. G. M.; Caleb E. Wright, R. W. D. G. M.; F. C. Conel, R. W. G. W.; Wm. Curtis, R. W. G. S.

As a good eye does not constitute vigilance, so talent does not of itself make a prudent or successful man. The Argus with his hundred eyes, was once betrayed into relaxation of vigilance, and it is a humiliating fact the histories of our greatest men, so called, do not show us that the large majority of them with all their advantages, acted wiser in ordinary life, than this gifted watchman.

Literary Notices.

CLARKE'S COMMENTARY AND CRITICAL NOTES on the Old and New Testament Scriptures. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co.

This is a splendid super-royal edition of the commentary on the Bible by that erudite and critical scholar, Dr. Adam Clarke. However persons may differ with Clarke in regard to his peculiar theological views, no one, we are assured, who is competent to form a judgment of his biblical and philological labors, will call in question his competency for the task he has performed, and we hesitate not to say that for laborious research no work of the kind has ever appeared, or perhaps ever will appear, exhibiting a more profound and extensive acquaintance with the whole range of Biblical literature. No theological library should be without this invaluable work. Henry and Scott, South, Doddridge and others, have furnished valuable practical commentaries, abounding with copious and luminous observations, but they are not expositions, such as the Bible student wants, and Clarke's Commentary stands unrivaled in this respect.

MOSHEIM'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, from the birth of Christ to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Translated from the original Latin and continued to the year 1826. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co.

This is a superb quarto edition of that learned author's history. The manner in which it is gotten up by the enterprising publishers reflects great credit upon them. It is printed in double columns, on fine white paper and clear type. No church history, particularly as it respects the external part of it, was ever written, which was more full and reliable than this; and indeed, in all respects, we opine, it will be a long time before it will be superseded. The works of Giesler and Neander may have more philosophy, but, with all their orthodoxy, so far as standing aloof from German transcendentalism is concerned, there is a vein of neology running through them that detracts from their merits. Mosheim does not bewilder his readers in the refinement of doctrine, or the profundities of speculation, but contents himself with a simple statement of the chief doctrinal points of Christianity. To the original work is added a chronological table of dignitaries in Church and State, and a copious index; additions valuable to every student of Church history.

ADDRESS OF HORACE MANN.

We are indebted to Judge Mills, the enterprising proprietor of Yellow Springs, for a copy of Horace Mann's Inaugural Address, delivered at the opening of Antioch College. The address contains many excellent practical thoughts on the subject of education which it would be well for those who call in question the orthodoxy of the author to consider.

LEXICON PENTAGLOTTON.—Our friend and brother, Rev. C. Moore, has presented us with the above work, published in London, 1635. It contains the following languages, viz.: Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Talmudico-Rabbinicum and Arabic. This we esteem as a highly valuable present.

THE LITTLE WOLVERINE.—We have received the first number of this little sheet, published at Detroit, Mich. It is issued monthly, at thirty cents for single subscribers, and four copies for one dollar. The number before us is filled with matter of interest to children, and gives promise of becoming popular with juveniles.

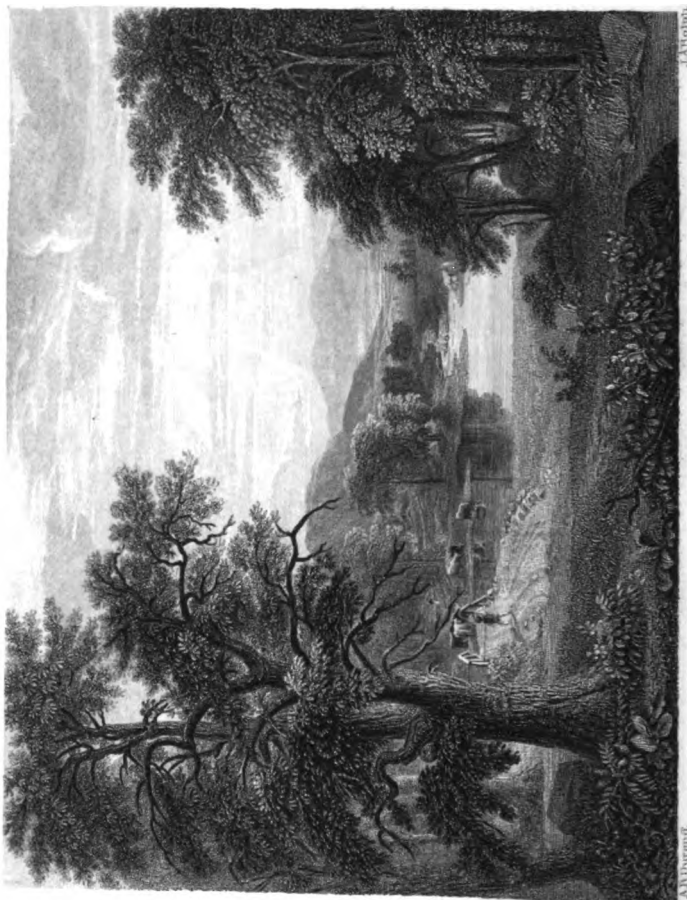
INDEX.

Annexation of Canadian G. Lodge, . . .	20	Labor,	35
American Home. Rev. A. Barnes, . . .	117	Leisure Hours,	171
An Essay. Arabella Clement,	155	Literary Notices.	66 194 258 321 382
Aristotle's Eloquence,	158	Love. Rev. A. A. Jameson, M. D. . . .	195
Audubon, the Naturalist,	172	Last Days of Mozart. Editor,	240
Affection,	264	Lost Arts. Wendell Phillips,	10
Arago, the Astronomer,	270	Language of Flowers,	217
A Word to Odd Fellows,	332	Maternal Influence,	60
Admission of New Members. Editor	165	Magnitude of the Sun,	88
Burial Place of Napoleon,	281	Marie Antoinette,	235
Blind Sculptor,	58	Make One Happy Heart,	314
Bachelor's Ride,	47	National Recollections. E. Everett, 162	
Conscience,	186	Nothing to Do,	368
Christian Charity,	287	Odd-Fellowship: Its Benefits. Editor 18	
Companionship of Books. Rev. A. A. Jameson, M. D.	333	Old Ironsides,	44
Captive Girl. Editor,	100	Our Objectors,	239
Charity of Odd-Fellowship,	17	Our Opponents,	273
Dead of the Mediterranean,	53	Our Teachings,	286
Death of Josephine,	54	Our Order's Progress. J. W. Wenable	306
Degree of Rebekah. Editor,	237	Odd-Fellowship and Morality,	340
Editor's Table, 62 126 190 253 315 375		Our Fraternity,	367
Eloquent Extract,	175	Orphan's Funeral. Mrs. Kirkland, . .	37
Education of Odd Fellows' Orphans, V. C. Tidball,	304	Pocahontas,	51
Forget-me-not,	115	Pompeii—Its Ruins and its People, . .	95
Friendship. Rev. A. A. Jameson, . . .	131	Proclamation of the Grand Sire, . . .	124
"F. L. T."	236	Plato and Aristotle,	303
Flowers and Music. E. H. Chapin, . .	243	Purpose of Odd-Fellowship,	352
Flowers,	314	Pleasant Surprise,	61
First Day of Summer. Lizzie Lutestring,	369	Particular Providence,	241
Genius will Study. Ara. Clement . . .	15	Poet of Rydal Mount. Ara. Clement	73
Gleanings,	167 244 373	Poetry of Flowers. Sarah Stickney	282
Great Men of France. Lamartine, . .	280	Ruined Cities of the Far West,	208
Gen. Monk. D. W. C. Brown,	330	Reveries of a Student. D.W.C. Brown	233
God and History. Ellie Mortimer, . .	371	Religion and Science. Rev. J. F. Conrey,	362
Honorable Employment,	122	Slavery in the Russian Empire,	29
Hour of Life,	275 356	Semiramis. Ellie Mortimer,	183
Huguenot's Grave. Alice Clifton, . .	168	Sunshine and Shadow. Alice Clifton,	212
Influences of Odd-Fellowship,	26	Stella. Arabella Clement,	226 307 345
I Might have Been,	123	Secrecy of Odd-Fellowship. Grosh, . .	288
Infidelity of Secret Societies,	176	Shakers at Union Village. T. M. Turner,	90
Indian Chieftain and his Bride. Ed'r	159	Stellar Universe. Ellie Mortimer, . .	218
John Howard,	108	The True Brotherhood. Editor. 3 67 137 200 265 323	
Jealousy. Alice Clifton,	291	True Character of Odd-Fellowship, Thos. Austin,	77
		Tomb of Milton,	98

Truth,.....	118	The Butterfly,.....	105
The Patriot. Rev. T. J. Headley ...	119	The Old Maid,.....	96
The Awakening,.....	147		
True Benevolence. Mrs. C. H. Ford,...	177	University of Oxford,.....	56
Two Philosophers,.....	184		
The Angel. From the Danish,.....	185	Vulgar Gentility. Theodore Parker, ...	153
Theory and Practice of Odd-Fellow-		Visit to the Catacombs of Rome.	
ship. Rev. H. Gillmore,.....	224	Rev. D. P. Kidder, D. D.....	219
Truth. Rev. A. A. Jameson, M. D. ...	259		
To the Uninitiated,.....	298	Westward March of Empire.	
The Reconciliation,.....	299	Rev. E. L. Magoon,.....	21

POETRY.

A Tribute of Memory. A. F. Fraser, ...	99	Philanthropy. Talfourd,.....	223
All Thy Works shall Praise Thee,		Rest. Arabella Clement,.....	211
Licinius,.....	242	Stanzas. Amelia Welby,.....	167
A Beautiful River,.....	361	Sabbath Morning. Rev. N. Pinney, ..	129
Footsteps of Angels. Longfellow...116		Song of the Sciote. Ara. Clement.....	338
Going Thro' the World.		The Casket. Arabella Clement,....	8
Arabella Clement,....	290	The Fountain of Youth.	
Home. Montgomery.....	46	Mrs. Sophia H. Oliver....	36
Helicon. Dr. Geo. M. Kellogg,.....	52	The Power of Right,.....	107
Home, Sweet Home. Ara. Clement,...	145	The Land of Dreams. W. C. Bryant,...	164
Lines. Arabella Clement,.....	89	The Voice of the Winds.	
Le Souvenir. Molly Bawn,.....	236	Ellie Mortimer,....	274
Music. Alice Clifton,.....	365	The Golden Chain. Licinius,.....	302
Odd Fellows' Lit. Casket. Licinius,...	355		



THE FELLOWSHIP

LITERARY CASSEROLE

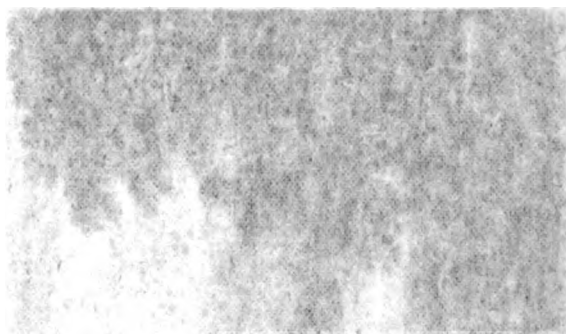
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Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH"

VOL. II.

JULY, 1854.

NO. 1.

Summer.

The merry Spring-time is now over,
And Summer's bright footsteps appear;
On mountain, in meadow and valley,
We find them our pathway to cheer.
We waited so long for her coming,
Our hearts became weary and sad;
But now we rejoice! she is with us,
In beauty and loveliness clad.

Oh! bright are the buds she unfolds us,
And sweet is the song of her birds,
While away in the green waving forest,
Her musical waters are heard.
The soft genial rays of her sunshine,
Falling gently o'er meadow and field,
Give flattering hopes to the farmer,
That abundance her coming will yield.

The sweet, balmy breath of her evening,
Heavy laden with perfume of flowers,
Comes gratefully over us stealing,
When resting at twilight's lone hours;
The pale mellow light of her moonbeams,
Spread softly o'er earth, sky and sea—
O, there's no other season so lovely,
Give Summer, sweet Summer, to me.

We love thee, sweet Summer, we love thee,
Yet we know thou wilt soon disappear,
With thy birds, thy soft breezes, thy flowers,
On the wings of the fast flying year.
But though we all love thee so dearly,
We'll part without breathing a sigh,
For we know that a Summer awaits us,
With flowers that never can die.

The True Brotherhood.

CHAPTER VII.

In the desert wilds of Engedi, stretching out in rugged mountain ranges, filled with dangerous defiles and gloomy caverns, extending from the south-west to the very borders of the Dead Sea, David and his men sought a more secure retreat from the rage of Saul and his numerous army. While the king was engaged in the pursuit and defeat of the Philistines, who had invaded the kingdom, an opportunity was afforded David for making every preparation for defense. He knew that the implacable monarch was only diverted from his purpose for a short time, and that after he had expelled the invaders, he would return and attack him. The fortresses which nature had reared in the mountain crags, and excavated in the deep, dark caverns, as places of refuge for the wild beasts of the wilderness, constituted the strong holds of David and his army. He felt confident that here he could maintain his position, and his well trained band could resist a siege from the powerful hosts of Israel.

It was not long until the Philistines being routed by the army of Israel, Saul started in pursuit of David with three thousand picked men of his army. As they drew near the wild, rocky region, Jonathan dispatched a messenger privately to David, to give him timely warning of his father's approach.

No sooner was the intelligence received, than David withdrew all his sentinels from the passes, and collecting his men together, he marched them into a vast cavern, which from a narrow entrance, spread out into the darkness and gloom of the mountain, one side of which was of sufficient magnitude to accommodate all his army. At the entrance, which was formed by a gorge of the mountain, there was a rough pass formed by huge masses of jagged rocks, lying about in the wild confusion in which nature had left them. From either of these rocks a spy could readily and unobserved command a view of the entire pass.

At length the noise and shout of the advancing army is heard in the distance, the echo of which murmurs through the vaulted cavern. Commanding his men to rest in silence upon their arms, David alone takes a position near the mouth of the cavern. It was mid-day, and the enemy being fatigued and weary, had called a halt for refreshment prior to an attack.

Who should David see approach through the narrow defile, attended by his armor bearer, but the gigantic form of Saul? As he drew near, David retreated into the cavern, and took a position near to his men, but where he could have a view of the entrance of the rocky fortress. Pass-

ing within, Saul turned a little to the left, and laid himself down in the shadow of a rock, while his armor-bearer stopped without, and walked leisurely back and forth to guard the entrance. The monarch, fatigued and weary, was soon lost in sleep. At sight of him, David was scarcely able to restrain his men from killing him on the spot. They said,

"The day has now come which the Lord promised that thine enemy should be delivered into thy hand; we will put an end to this troubler of Israel, this foe of God and man."

"Be still," said the son of Jesse. "The Lord forbid that we should slay our sovereign. We must not stretch forth our hands against the Lord's anointed."

Quiet being restored, David advanced cautiously to the place where he lay, and taking his sword, he cut off the skirt of the king's robe and returned to his men.

"If thus thou hadst smitten off the head of the monster, thou hadst done well," said the elder brother of David as he returned.

"Nay, my brother, hath not the Lord commanded that we touch not his anointed, and my heart smites for even cutting off the skirt of his royal robe."

"But hast thou not a right, as his successor, divinely appointed and divinely anointed, to rid the kingdom of the Lord's accursed? I myself will go and smite him."

"Hold, my brother. Vengeance belongeth unto the Lord, and he will repay."

While this conversation was going on between the brothers in the hearing of the army, Saul rose from his resting place, and entered the pass leading back to the encampment. David, however, with the skirt of his robe in his hand, started after him. When he got within hailing distance, and seeing no one, he exclaimed, "My lord, the King!"

At this Saul turned round instantly and beheld David behind him, who, as soon as he was recognized, bowed himself lowly to the earth.

"Wherefore, O king!" said David, "dost thou hearken to the voice of those who say, David is Saul's enemy, and seeketh his hurt? Now, before your eyes, you have evidence to the contrary. Did not the Lord deliver thee into my hand to-day while thou didst sleep in the cavern? My soldiers urged me to kill you, and I was scarcely able to restrain them from taking vengeance. But I said, I will not put forth my hand against the king, for he is the Lord's anointed. Moreover, behold, my Lord, the skirt of thy robe which I hold in my hand; and as I cut it off and killed thee not, know thou forever, that I have not malice in my heart nor murder in my hand. Why, then, dost thou seek my destruction? The Lord shall judge between us, and the Lord only shall avenge, but my hand shall touch thee not. As saith the proverb, 'wickedness

proceedeth from the wicked,' but I will not lift my hand against thee; God will deliver."

"Is it the voice of my son David?" exclaimed the monarch, with as much astonishment as if the ghost of David had risen among the rocks. Overcome with the kindness and compassion of the son of Jesse, he burst into a flood of tears. Reckless and wicked as he was, and thirsting for revenge, there was a deep fountain in his nature, which only required the proper influence to unseal and bring out its gushing waters. The eye may shoot its wild and scathing fires from beneath a dark, frowning brow, indicating nothing but wrath and relentless fury, but there is a power that can quench and soften the one into a mellow light, and turn the dark frowning of the other into calmness and peace. That power is love; and much as Saul had injured David and sought his ruin, still his kind and generous heart was full of forgiveness and love. It is not to be wondered at, that under such circumstances the proud heart of the king should yield to its power, and prompt the spontaneous flow of gratitude in the expression:

"O, my son! thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil, and thou hast showed this day how kindly thou hast dealt with me; for when the Lord delivered me into thy hand, thou didst not kill me. Never was it so before; for when a man found his enemy, he did not let him go, as thou hast me to-day. The Lord reward thee for what thou hast done, and now I know full well that thou shalt be king, and the kingdom of Israel shall be established in thy hand. Swear unto me, thou son of Jesse, that when thou comest into thy kingdom, thou wilt not cut off my seed, and destroy my name out of my father's house."

The penitence of Saul moved the heart of David, and he took an oath that he would do as he desired. At this they separated, the king going to his army, and David to his men. The relintings of Saul he had often witnessed before, and having but little confidence in their permanence this time, David would not disband his men upon such a treaty of peace, but still kept possession of the strong holds of Engedi.

About this time intelligence came to David that Samuel, the aged and venerable prophet and judge of Israel, had died in his own house at Ramah. It was a melancholy day to Israel, for though the reins of government were in the hands of Saul, still Samuel was recognized as the judge of the people. He had also the superintendence of the sacerdotal college and school of the prophets, and when he was called away, not only had a great man in Israel fallen, but the cause of religion suffered a loss which time could not well repair. Jehovah, however, had ordered, in his providence, that the spirit of the venerable seer should pass away in a time of peace, and that his last hours should not be disturbed by the

rude alarms of war. His had been an eventful life, and from it he had gathered rich stores of experience and practical wisdom, which not only fitted him, in an eminent degree, to sit as a judge of the people, and to guide the youthful mind in all things pertaining to religion, but as an inspired seer, he could speak with infallible certainty in relation to the future destiny of his land and nation. But his work was done, and Jehovah had sent the summons which was to bring him into the possession of the long sought rest and blessedness of heaven. Ramah's sun had gone down and the light of day was gradually fading away into the soft twilight of a beautiful summer evening, as the spirit of the venerable saint floated gently away to the land of the blest. Then again, as in the days of Rachel, was there heard in Ramah lamentation and mourning, for the inhabitants wept for the loss of Samuel, and would not be comforted, because he was not. Then also were all the tents of Israel in affliction. Gloom and sorrow overspread all the thousands of Israel.

Among the vast assembly congregated from all parts of the land on the occasion of his funeral, were to be seen, as chief mourners, Saul and David and Jonathan, with the officers of the court and the priests and prophets of the land. Weeping thousands gathered around his remains as they were deposited in the family sepulcher in the large garden which surrounded his mansion. The obdurate heart of Saul was touched, but deeper far was the grief, because stronger was the love of David and Jonathan, as they joined their hands above his grave.

The funeral solemnities being over, and the days of mourning for Samuel having ended, during which time David and Jonathan had uninterrupted communion with each other, the former returned to the strong holds of Engedi. He did not, however, remain long in these mountain fastnesses, but for some cause or other not given by the sacred historian, he removed with his army to the wilderness of Paran. The probability is, that in his interviews with Jonathan at Ramah, he was let into the secrets of Saul's movements, as the sequel will show, that although he had declared peace, yet war was in his heart, and all that was wanting to develop the tiger fierceness of the monarch was an opportunity favorable thereto. Scarcely had he become intrenched in his new position, until spies from the enemy communicated to Saul the place of his encampment. Nor was it long till the numerous army of Israel was on its march towards the wilderness. Spies were accordingly dispatched, and after being absent for a short time, they returned with the intelligence that the army was encamped but a few miles distant on a mountain which rises up from Jeshimon.

Alone and unattended, David sallied forth as he had done before when he met the giant in the valley. When he came in sight of the encampment, as he proceeded cautiously he discovered in ascending the moun-

tain a notch a little to one side of the army, which he entered that he might not be observed. He had not proceeded far until he discovered Saul and the captain of the host reclining beneath the shade of a tree. Fearing to proceed, he returned to his army and asked who would accompany him in his expedition of surprise. To this Ahimelech and Abishai immediately responded, "We will go with you, my lord."

Night was now approaching, and as they ascended the mountain the white tents of Israel began to glisten in the light of the moon. Cautiously they advanced beneath the trees which cast their giant shadows on the ground. Proceeding along the notch, they at length came to the spot where Saul, and Abner, the captain of his host, were reposing. When they came near to the place, they saw the tall form of Saul stretched upon the ground, and his spear planted at his head, as if a sentinel to guard his slumbers.

Seeing this, Abishai said to David: "God hath delivered thine enemy into thy hand this day. Let me smite him, I pray thee, with the spear to the earth at once, and I will not smite him the second time."

"Nay, thou shalt not destroy him, for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless. If he is smitten, the Lord shall smite him, or he shall die in battle, or he shall wait his time to die; but God forbid that thou shouldst touch the Lord's anointed."

"This thou mayest do. Take the spear that is at his bolster, and the cruse of water from his side, and let us depart."

So saying, they took the spear and cruse, and left for an adjacent rocky cliff which rose on the east far above the army and the sleepers. When they had taken their position where their forms could be distinctly visible in the light of the full-orbed moon, David cried out with a loud voice, "O Saul, king of Israel!" but he waked not. Then he cried, "Abner, thou son of Ner, answerest thou not?"

"Who art thou?" cried Abner, awakening from his slumbers.

"What a valiant man thou art, and who is like to thee in Israel? But why didst thou not guard thy king? Thou art worthy of death for not keeping thy master, the Lord's anointed. Where is the spear of the king, and the cruse of water that was at his side?" While thus speaking, he brandished the spear of Saul, which glittered in the moonlight above his head.

"Is that thy voice, my son David?" exclaimed Saul, as he waked from his sleep.

"Yes, my lord, O king, it is my voice; and wherefore doth my lord pursue after his servant, for what have I done, and what evil is in my hand? Why dost thou hunt me as a patridge in the mountains?"

"O, my son, I have sinned and acted foolishly. Return, for I will never more do thee any harm, seeing my soul was precious in thy sight."

"Behold thy spear. Let one of the officers come up and get it, and as thy life was of great price in mine eyes, so let my life be in the eyes of the Lord, and let him deliver me out of all tribulation."

"Blessed be thou, my son David, for thou shalt do great things, and shalt prevail over all thine enemies."

The spear being delivered up into the hands of the armor-bearer, David returned to his army, and Saul to his rest. The king of Israel had so often proved faithless, and broken his vows, that David had no confidence whatever in all his declarations of peace. He had blessed him before in the name of the Lord, but it was only with the lip, for deep down in his heart was hatred, and the curse struggled with the blessing. He was firmly convinced that it was folly to place any reliance whatever in his assertions and promises, and that so long as he lived, he would be the object of his inveterate hate and animosity. Past experience convinced him that he need not be surprised if at the morning light he should see his hosts darkening the valley between them with eager haste to attack him. While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he came to the determination to remove his army beyond the confines of the kingdom of Israel, and to form a temporary alliance with prince Achish, the son of Maoch, king of Gath, in the land of the Philistines. When the determination was communicated to his officers and men, they all consented to accompany him, and accordingly, at an early hour, the army was on the move for Gath.

We will take the reader back a little in the history of David. It will be recollected that the young and beautiful princess Michal, had rudely been taken from him by her father and given to Phalti, an officer in the royal household at Gibeah. To him she was lost forever, and though the remembrance of their early love was pleasant, yet, like the strains of his harp which were last heard in her halls, the recollection was mournful to his soul. In the wilderness of Carmel there lived a beautiful and talented woman whose gentleness and magnanimity won his heart. Her husband was a churlish, ill-natured son of Belial. It was an ill assorted match, and there being not the slightest affinity existing between them, there was of course no mutual love. The result was that Abigail, for that was her name, realized the utmost aversion for Nabal, her husband, and when she heard of his boorish treatment of David's young men, who were sent on a peaceful message to him, her aversion increased to hatred. So outrageous was the conduct of Nabal to the young men, and so insulting to David, that he threatened to destroy him, and all the men of his household. This destruction was prevented by the timely mediation of Abigail, who prepared costly presents, and sent them before her to David.

Soon after the arrival of the servants, Abigail made her appearance,

and prostrating herself before David, she said: "Upon me, my lord, let this iniquity rest. Let not my lord regard this man of Belial, this Nabal; for as his name is so is his character. Forgive the trespass of thine handmaid, and grant me favor, for as thou fightest the battles of the Lord he will surely place the kingdom in thy hands. Saul may seek thee to destroy thee, but thy soul is bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God, and thou shalt not be broken, and when thou comest into thy kingdom, remember thy handmaid."

Then said David: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, thou favored one, and blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou which hast kept me from shedding blood, for in very deed, as the Lord God of Israel liveth, if thou hadst not come, I would not have left of the house of Nabal a single man. I accept thy presents and thy person."

While these things were transpiring, a sumptuous feast was being held in the palace of the proud and haughty Nabal. It was midnight when she entered the palace, and a scene of the wildest disorder and wanton riot presented itself. All were surfeited with wine. Nabal was too far gone in drunkenness to receive any communication from his wife.

Morning at length dawned upon the scene of the last night's debauch, and Nabal having been restored to consciousness from the fumes of the maddened bowl, Abigail approached him.

"Where hast thou been, thou undutiful woman, with thy presents and the servants?" said the enraged husband, as his heavy eyes fell upon her.

"To appease the wrath of the insulted David, who, with an armed band, was on his way to destroy thee and thy house forever."

At this astounding intelligence, the face of Nabal turned deadly pale; he staggered and fell like a stone, upon the palace floor.

Ten days after, smitten of the Lord, he died, and when the intelligence came to David he exclaimed: "Blessed be the Lord that hath pleaded the cause of my reproach from the hand of Nabal, and hath kept his servant from evil, and visited his wickedness upon his own head."

Soon after, David had an interview with Abigail, and, one in heart, they soon became one in life. He took her to wife, and with her also he took Ahinoam, of Jezreel.

We now return to the army. After arriving at Gath, David thought it better, as it was a royal city, that he garrison his men in some of the adjacent villages, and accordingly, he requested of Achish the privilege of doing so. The request was granted, and the town of Ziklag was given to him. Saul having heard that he had fled the country, and formed an alliance with the Philistines, gave up all uneasiness in regard to him, and thus the son of Jesse was permitted to enjoy a state of peace and quiet in Ziklag which lasted for a period of one year and four months.

Odd-Fellowship and the Bible.

We take the following extract from the annual report of the late Grand Master of Ohio, Rev. John Hamilton, made at the last session of the Grand Lodge. The article will convince all who peruse it of the consistency of Odd-Fellowship with the teachings of holy writ :

Our Order believes in the existence of a Supreme First Cause, and that God is the Creator and Supporter of universal nature. Man desires a more perfect knowledge of Him than he can possibly gather from the dull gleam of nature's lamp. The wisest men, deprived of the helps that we enjoy, have but imperfect or confused conceptions of the nature and character of God. There are but two ways of acquiring this desirable knowledge, and these are *reason* and *revelation*. Reason is that noble faculty of the soul by which man is distinguished from all inferior creatures, and made capable of moral government. When our first parents were in a state of innocence, this alone was sufficient to acquaint them with every part of their duty ; but upon their disobedience, it was so far eclipsed, that from this time, the world with all its wisdom has neither been fully acquainted with the perfections of the true God, nor the right and acceptable manner of worshiping him, as appears from the history of those ages and nations which have not had the advantages of revelation. If we look abroad into the barbarous nations at this day, we shall find them buried in ignorance and superstition. How little do they know of the nature and perfections of the one living and true God and of his reasonable service ! and how dim are the remains of natural light with regard to the terms of acceptance with him ! all which demonstrate the necessity and usefulness of a Divine revelation, or of that clear and bright discovery of his will, contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, which, according to the testimony of an inspired Apostle, are given by inspiration of God.

The Bible is no human production ; we mean, the contents of the Bible are not absolutely the production of the human mind. Man was made the medium of communicating the knowledge of God and his will to man. Hence, men spake or wrote as they were influenced by the Spirit of God ; and the Scriptures are received, not as the word of man, but as they are in truth, the word of God. There are indisputable evidences, both internal and external, in support of this fact, which we can not fully notice. This may be inferred from the purity of morals and the sublimity of language contained in the Scriptures—from the grand and elevated subjects on which they treat. There is a highth and depth, a length and breadth of Scripture truth which surpasseth human knowledge and human comprehension, which must produce conviction in the

most skeptical mind of their Divine origin. If it were a human production, all its contents could easily be solved by the human mind.

The Scriptures are valuable to us, not only because they describe the nature of God and our own origin, but because they describe to us what God is in himself, and what he is to us—what he has done and what he will do for us. In the Scriptures are recorded the terrible acts of his justice—the grand displays of his mercy—his inviolate faithfulness, immaculate purity, and immutable goodness. Such a record is invaluable to the subjects of his moral government. It is impossible to estimate the advantages arising from the possession of the sacred Scriptures. The most complete and attractive attributes of God are nowhere so amply displayed as in the revelation he has made of himself in his word. From this book do the brightest beams of divine love break out upon us in the most astonishing manner. The perfections of the Scriptures will appear, if we consider the usefulness of the histories, the certainty of the prophecies, the wisdom of the laws, the sanctity of the morals, the loftiness of the mysteries, the brightness of the examples, the preciousness of the promises on the one hand, and the terror of the judgments on the other.

Here are contained the deep things of God, the unfathomable secrets of infinite wisdom. Here we have discovered to us the adorable mystery of the trinity in unity, the incarnation of the Son of God, the fall of man, and the corruption of our nature by it; the various windings of Providence, concerning which we have reason to break out with astonishment and say, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" How admirable are the rules of life, how strict the precepts of virtue! What a complete treatise of practical religion have we given us in our Saviour's sermon on the mount! There are such bright images of piety, such refined rules of holy living, as by far outdo all the former institutions of religion and philosophy; these are some of the peculiar perfections and excellencies which belong to him "who spake as never man spake."

In the Scriptures there is not only a profound treasure of the most excellent matter, but those holy and heavenly truths are delivered in the most majestic strains of oratory, and with all the ornaments of the most exalted rhetoric; words are nowhere arranged in a more attractive order, nor do the triumphs of sacred eloquence shine in any author with greater splendor, nor flow with an even stream. How wonderful and surprising are the descriptions which Job, in chapters 37, 38, and 39, gives of the Divine power and providence! In how fine and poetical a strain are the songs of Moses and Deborah composed! and with how much beauty of style, as well as height of devotion, is the book of Psalms replenished!

How lofty and intricate are some of the prophets! how pathetic and terrible are others! and some, again, mild and gentle! What refined wisdom, what deep experience, what admirable observations of human policy, have we in the writings of Solomon! What noble characters, and lively images of things have we dispensed in those instructive pages! How inimitably is the passion of grief set forth in the Lamentations of Jeremiah! Dr. South said, "One would think that every letter was written with a tear, every word was the sad accent of a breaking heart; that the penman was a man compacted of sorrows, and disciplined to mourning; that he never breathed but in sighs, nor spoke but in a groan." How awful and dreadful is the account which Moses gives us of the publication of the law: God descended in fire and smoke, and the people did not only fear, but the hill shook, and the mountain did exceedingly quake and tremble. Nothing can give us a juster idea of Omnipotent power, than that expression recorded by Moses, where God says, "Let there be light, and there was light." He spake the word, and it was done—he commanded, and it stood fast. How exactly, and with how much harmony, have the evangelists written of the life and passion of our Saviour! How strongly do the mysteries of Divine grace and goodness flow in the epistles! and what a glorious description have we of the New Jerusalem which is to be our future home!

Indeed, none can describe the excellency and dignity of the Scriptures. There is no book in the world that is so well adapted for the raising of our minds, refining our judgments, spiritualizing our affections, and advancing our hearts to imitate our Heavenly Father in works of love and mercy. One great end of this inspired Book is, to direct us to the knowledge of God, his being, his nature and attributes. God hath made himself known by his works; but he has done this more perfectly by his word. In the one, he has shown but part of himself, as once he did to Moses; but in his word he has uncovered his face. Another end of the Holy Scriptures is to lead us into the knowledge of the providence of God, his various dealings with his people in all ages, how he has protected them by his power, corrected them by his judgments, comforted them by his spirit, and ruled them by his laws—to make us complete and universal in our obedience, that the uprightness which we lost by the fall may be repaired and restored by the Spirit of grace—to give us right thoughts concerning the world, the vanity and uncertainty of every creature. They do in the best manner direct us to our great end, the glory of God, and our salvation. In all of which particulars, we must say of the Scriptures, that they are perfect, wanting nothing, either to declare the greatness of their Author, or to contribute to the happiness of man. All this, as Odd Fellows, we steadfastly believe. They are the corner-stone of our noble institution, and their teachings are beauti-

fully interwoven in our superstructure. Believing that the Scriptures are thus excellent and perfect in their original adaptation and design, that we have in them so great and so worthy a rule and direction of life and manners; then, from hence it will follow that we cannot employ our time more profitably than in searching the Scriptures to learn our duty to and interest in God, and our duty to our fellow man.

"Seek ye out of the Book of the Lord and read," is a divine command. The Scriptures contain the last will or testament of our Heavenly Father. This will or testament reveals to us, since the opening of the seals, the knowledge of the disposition of the wealth of the covenant of grace among God's children. Claiming to be the children of God, we are all interested in the contents of this will; therefore, our expectation of a legacy should induce us to search the Scriptures practically, to do all that is required of us. All knowledge should be influential—"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

In Acrostic.

The hand of true benevolence at last
 Hath oped the golden "Casket" in our sight—
 Entered the hidden cells, and kindly bids
 Odd-Fellowship display its precious gems.
 Delighted with its mission-work of love,
 Designed to fill the earth with joy and peace,
 Fraternize the various wand'ring tribes of men,
 Enrich the suffering poor around the globe,
 Like one of old, it labors night and day.
 Let selfishness and tyranny conspire
 O'er all the earth their heartless throne to raise,
 With death-like grasp enslave the helpless poor,
 Supplant the artless ones, and mercy shun;
 Loud sing their triumphs and shout their praise;
 In works of death and wretchedness rejoice!
 The ANTIDOTE is ever found with those
 Engaged in works of charity and peace,
 Regardless of our smiles or frowns; and will,
 Amid the cries of sad despair and wo,
 Reach forth the hand, and bring relief in time!
 Youth, manhood, widowhood, and trembl'ing age,
 Can find within our unlocked "Casket"
 A full supply of purest gems, which shall
 Supply their many wants, enrich the mind,
 Knowledge impart, and fill the aspiring heart,
 Enkindle in the soul with quenchless flame
 TRUTH unmingled, LOVE unfeigned, and FRIENDSHIP pure!

The Two Brothers.

The following narrative is not a mere creation of the wandering imagination; 'tis no studied fable from which to draw a single moral, nor does it illustrate any particular principle. It is simply a series of pictures from the unwritten pages of life. Not one fact but has had its precedent, nor does it contain one character that has not actually existed in this world, to love, sorrow, suffer, sin and die; but it is to be hoped that there are few, very few, who can fail to extract many a profitable lesson from this retrospect of real life. But now to our tale, without further preface:

Stephen Elliot was a poor physician, of the city of Edinburgh. Late in life, he married a lady to whom he had been engaged many years; but she was without fortune, and he a member of an over-stocked profession, so that prudence had forbidden their union until the death of a distant relative conferred on him what if used judiciously would at least prove a competence, and with hearts overflowing with happiness, they now looked forward to many years of tranquility and joy. As a rosebud that has long closed its petals against the frosts of lingering winter opens its crimson leaves to the genial warmth of the long delayed sunshine of spring, and for a few brief hours diffuses its fragrance around, until a chilling breath comes stealing along, the fragile flower trembles as though its quivering leaves foresee their doom—another blast, ruder than the last, and torn from the parent stem, they lie scattered and strewn on the earth, and ere evening closes, all that remains of the glorious flower is a faint perfume from the fallen petals, stealing over the senses like the memory of the dead over the heart.

Thus hope, so long deferred, now blossomed but to die, and but a few months of happiness were allotted to the faithful couple, when the wife was laid low by the hand of death. Dr. Elliot now determined to seek in the New World for that repose and peace of mind which was denied him in his native land. Accordingly, having disposed of his property, he sailed for New York, taking with him two orphan nephews, the children of his sister, who had been left by their parents totally unprovided for, and whom he had resolved to adopt and educate as his own sons. Having arrived at his journey's end, Dr. Elliot purchased a farm near Albany, New York, and here he devoted his time to the education of his adopted children, and in the discharge of a pious duty succeeded in finding a balm for the wounds of fate.

No persons in the world could be more opposite in natural taste and disposition, as well as personal appearance, than were these two brothers, Arthur and Edgar Graham. The elder, Edgar, fair, with a soft gray

eye and curling light brown hair, and mouth expressive of mildness, added to implacable firmness, of a mild and cheerful temperament, though never extravagantly elevated with joy. His talents were barely mediocre, but, gifted with untiring perseverance, he never attempted an undertaking without accomplishing the object. Arthur, on the contrary, was endowed with brilliant talents and ardent feelings, and though not naturally unstable, he suffered himself to be the slave of imagination, which too often led him

"A weary chase of hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears."

An uncertain shadow would beguile his mind to the heights of happiness, and the first breath of disappointment would chill his heart into despair. His dark, brilliant eyes, and handsome mouth wreathed in smiles, were the personification of beauty, while, if clouded with vexation or disappointment, his countenance bore an expression nothing short of positive homeliness; for the countenance of Arthur Graham was the faithful mirror of his heart. In one thing the brothers united, in an ardent affection and reverence for their excellent uncle.

Desiring to inculcate habits of industry, as well as to impart them useful knowledge, Dr. Elliot had given to the boys the entire management of the garden, with the occasional assistance and advice of David Archer, an elderly domestic, who, with his wife, had accompanied them from Scotland. Arthur was perfectly enchanted with the idea of planting and pruning, and especially of embellishing and ornamenting the flower beds; in imagination he saw dishes of strawberries and other fruits, which he felt determined must surpass in excellence all others, and fancy culled the most elegant bouquets, and built the most graceful colors, ere the seed had sprung up, or the young shoot sprouted.

Edgar, on the contrary, less sanguine and more practical, often irritated his brother by failing to enter with as much ardor into his original and often extravagant plans.

"Here is a beautiful spot for a shady arbor," said Edgar to his brother; "let us train this grape vine over it, and it will make a delightful retreat for our uncle to sit and read in when it is hot."

"An excellent idea! And we will make a winding path to it, like that one at Lord C.'s, at home. If this was only one of those delicious French grapes; I think they could be got here, and need not very much care in winter, and then we shall only want the fountain which ——"

"Why, Arthur, how absurdly you do run on! French grapes, fountains, and serpentine walks! You have a good fancy, to conjure up on a farm in America, the green-houses, cascades, and above all, the gardens of Eaglefalls estate."

"Edgar, I don't know where you get your taste," answered Arthur, laughing, with a mixture of pique and disgust at having his brilliant castle so emphatically thrown to the ground. "But I don't believe you have one spark of imagination."

"Quite enough, I thank you, to accomplish my present object, which is to train the vine, if you will assist me now, instead of planning impossibilities."

Time passed along peacefully with this family, until the brothers had reached the ages of twenty and twenty-two, when the life of the good doctor drew to a close. He died, leaving his blessing to his two nephews, and knowing their different dispositions, he wisely divided the farm equally between the two, only reserving the house and garden, books and furniture, as a joint property, which they were forbidden to dispose of. The sorrow of Arthur for the loss of his uncle was at first uncontrollable, but such violent grief soon wears itself out, unlike the silent

"Tear for many a long day shed,
Through a life by some loss all clouded."

A cloud that not only rests on the heart and brow, but casts its dark shadow over every bright object in life, and even eclipsing the gloom of the tomb, and robbing death of its terrors. But pardon this digression, kind reader, and to our story now:

Arthur had become perfectly disgusted with the disappointment of a farmer's life, and formed an ardent desire to seek for wealth and fame in the city, so, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties and advice of his brother, he determined to dispose of his portion of the farm, and he accordingly set about seeking a purchaser. In the meantime, while on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Fenton, a neighboring farmer of superior intelligence, though simple and unpretending in manners, Arthur and Edgar first met Louisa Fenton, a young sister of Mr. Fenton, who was then on a visit to her brother. She had been educated in the city of New York, was pretty, good tempered, and of ordinary talents. When Arthur first saw her, he was filled with admiration of her dignity and reserve; when next they met, she conversed more freely, and played an accompaniment upon the guitar to a favorite song of his, and the conquest was complete; for Arthur felt, or imagined he felt, himself madly in love. In his mind's eye she was perfection personified.

"Is she not beautiful?" exclaimed he to Edgar, as they took their way home.

"If you mean Miss Fenton, I think she is pretty."

"Pretty! absolutely divine! What glorious hair, and then her eyes!"

"Gray, are they not?"

"Azure! Heaven's delicious blue. Why, where were your eyes, Edgar?"

"Not where I fear your heart is, my dear brother," answered Edgar, laughing.

"Well," said Arthur, "don't fall in love with her yourself if you can possibly help it, and that is all I entreat."

And now Arthur could think of nothing but the charming Louisa; he raved about her, and really fancied she was a being far above the standard of human nature. The life of Petrarch was his text book and constant companion. He assimilated himself to Petrarch, and fancied he had found a Laura in Miss Fenton. But time passed, and as he became more acquainted with her, he began to perceive with surprise that she was not invested with those lofty endowments with which his imagination had surrounded her. Fearing the raileries of his brother, however, he did not mention his newly awakened convictions until one unlucky day when his ethereal love was doomed to receive its death blow. Having called one evening, he found Mr. Fenton alone in the house, who told him to go out and look for Louisa and her sister, who were walking in the garden with their cousin Edward. A merry peal of laughter directed him to the end of the garden, where grew a row of cherry trees. As he approached he heard Mrs. Fenton's voice:

"I say, Miss Laura, what do you think Arthur Graham would think, if he saw you now?"

"I can guess what he would say," replied the young lady. "He would quote Byron and look sublime. I imagine he would think I was almost as high up in the clouds at present as he is generally."

And now, for the first time, Arthur beheld his ideality, the ethereal lady of his love, perched on the highest branch of the cherry tree, eating the ripe fruit, and seeming to derive much enjoyment from raining them down in a shower on her cousin and sister-in-law. This was too much for his refined imagination, and he took leave of his friends with a feeling of disgust and disappointment, his love ending in a bitter sarcasm on the frivolity and deceitfulness of the female heart, and more especially that of Miss Laura Fenton, forgetting that it was only his vivid imagination which had robed her in those false colors. He now turned to ambition for consolation, and having concluded the sale of his farm, he proceeded to the city, where we shall follow him, and leave Edgar for the present.

Upon arriving in New York, for it was to that city he had turned his steps, he soon found acquaintances, many of whom were eager in their offers of friendship and advice. Believing every profession, and meeting every advance with all the generous ardor of his nature, he began to believe that he was the happiest of men, and that this world had been sorely slandered by the sages of earth. He had some talent in authorship, and wrote with facility, and on this point he was flattered into the belief that to publish his works was a duty which he owed to the world.

The most assiduous of his friends was the Reverend Shadrac M'Crabe, a professed minister with a large and extravagant family, who "kept up appearances." He interested himself deeply in the young man's spiritual welfare, warned him of the wickedness of this world, stating occasionally that we are all vile worms of the dust, invited him to his house, and treated him "like one of the family," and finally allowed himself to be persuaded to permit Arthur to deposit his fortune in his hands in order to establish a circulating library which should not only do an incalculable amount of good in the world, but likewise prove a profitable investment for the share holders. Arthur was now indefatigable in getting up subscriptions and watching the progress of the scheme, of which, it must be confessed, he understood but very little. But he trusted implicitly the Rev. Mr. M'Crabe, and wrote letters to his brother overflowing with hope and happiness, to which Edgar returned repeated cautions to "be watchful, be wary, be wise," and to guard against too great confidence in others. But these suspicions Arthur threw to the winds as unworthy to be harbored in a noble mind.

But a short time passed, when the Rev. M'Crabe sent a kind note inviting his youthful friend to call and see him at his house, upon business of importance. Upon his arrival he was accosted with an exhortation concerning the mutability of human affairs, and their nothingness, the necessity of submission to the changes and chances of this wicked world—which concluded with the news that the scheme of the circulating library had fallen to the ground, in fact, was a total failure. The Rev. gentleman further stated that "all the capital had been swallowed up by the debts of the business, a circumstance which Arthur was not business man enough to understand, of course.

This was a terrible blow to Arthur, and he was in despair at finding himself almost destitute at a single blow, and he now blamed himself severely, and sincerely regretted that he had not been more attentive to the warnings of his brother. But there was to be yet another drop to embitter the cup of disappointment, when he sought the sympathy of those he had been taught to consider his friends and met with naught but coldness or sarcastic pity which had more of triumph than sympathy in its tone. They were "sorry to hear it; thought it a very imprudent undertaking, but did not feel at liberty to speak." One who had been warmest in his professions met him and seemed in a hurry to pass along the street without stopping. He had heard of the failure; "predicted it from the first. It would have been quite a different thing if you had invested in my new machine. A pressing engagement; good morning."

Miserable and dejected, Arthur repaired to his lodgings with a heart burning with disgust and indignation against the whole human race, whom he now condemned indiscriminately as beings incapable of disin-

terestedness, or common feelings of honor and truth; to which his imagination added a feeling of miserable humiliation and self-abasement. The remembrance of his literary talents, and (alas! poor human nature!) the flatteries that had been bestowed on his writings, flashed through his mind, like a gleam of sunshine over a clouded landscape. He would write, and would concentrate his every energy to the task, and thus, by his own exertions, render himself independent of the interested crowd. His first manuscript was universally rejected; its style was not one to please the multitude. Another subject was recommended to him. Accordingly, he applied himself diligently to this style, and imagined that he had succeeded admirably. Full of hope, he took it to the first publisher, who would be too much engaged for the next three months to look at it, he said; another had his list of contributors filled; finally he met one who was willing to let it appear in his pages, but could not think of offering any remuneration, as the author's name was not known in the literary world.

Arthur was now in despair. His last hope had failed, his spirits had sunk under repeated disappointment, and his health became affected, and he was seized with a violent attack of fever. He wrote to his brother, who replied in person, starting immediately for New York. When Edgar arrived, he found his brother delirious, and unable to recognize him. He watched and nursed him tenderly, and as soon as he was convalescent insisted on his returning to the country. On their way home, Edgar said to his brother:

"And now I have a secret to tell you, Arthur."

"I am all attention."

"You know Miss Louisa Fenton. You formerly admired her very much. How would you like to have her for a sister?"

Arthur was struck dumb for a moment. His eyes opened to a ludicrous degree of amazement. "Why, Edgar, you never admired her, and used to ridicule me for going into raptures about her!"

"That was because I was amused at your misunderstanding her character. I never imagined her perfection, but I now *know* her to be all that an amiable, loving and virtuous woman should be."

Edgar was soon after united to Louisa, and enjoyed the happiness of a tranquil and peaceful life. He had greatly improved and embellished the farm, and the house was a picture of comfort and neatness, added to perfect simplicity. These scenes of peace had a soothing influence on the troubled mind of Arthur. The calm quietude of the country led him to reflection, and on retrospection of his life he discovered that his misfortunes had been less the result of the selfish wickedness of the world than of his own too vivid imagination and obstinate self-reliance. He therefore resolved in future to curb his disposition, and to begin the

world with more caution and a greater deference to the judgment of trusty and tried friends. Soon after his restoration to health he emigrated to the West and settled in a rapidly growing city, where he engaged in business, and by carrying out his new resolves met with success and soon retrieved his lost fortune.

Benevolence and Charity.

Our Benevolence is that which brings and gives timely aid without expecting any thing in return. Such is the nature of our laws regulating the benevolent features of our Order, that no one can act with a view to selfish gain, because we never pay any money to our members for their acts of kindness and charity, nor yet do we in any case pay any benefit unless the brother is sick. So that, however soon a brother may receive a return for his goodness to a sick brother, yet when he performs those acts of kindness he has no *desire* to receive any such kindness in return, and thus the motive to benevolent action in our Order is vindicated from impurity and selfishness. Even when a man joins our Order and pays his money, he is equally free from selfishness, for he can then have no desire ever to receive the provided relief which he secures to himself and family in a certain contingency, and at the same time his action is wise and politic, yea even benevolent to himself and family. For he in time of prosperity takes a portion of his surplus and deposits it in safety against an adversity which may never come, or at least for years. Men generally think when they are in prosperity that it will last for ever, and that man has wise and benevolent forecast who makes secure sufficient aid for the day of affliction. We have often been amused at persons when objecting to our Order, first saying that we have no benevolence and object to us on that ground, and turn and say that it is well enough for persons to join who are poor, or who have but limited means of support, or those who travel much and are consequently much exposed, thus encouraging the very selfishness of which they complain, and discouraging the very benevolence which they blame us for not possessing. Again we say, consistency thou art a jewel because of thy rarity. I can conceive of no more beautiful exhibition of human benevolence than to see a man of family connection surrounding him, a man of wealth and influence, who to all human appearances is beyond the reach of want, affiliating with men of lower circumstances in life for purposes of mutual relief in times of distress, and for the cultivation of the better feeling of social life; and yet this is discouraged by those who complain of our selfishness. How refreshing it is to see a Christian man uniting with men of the world in offices of human benefaction, and thus gaining the confidence of irreligious

men, and in that way being more successful in cultivating that benevolence which is from above. And yet we are told "it is no place for a Christian, because there are so many bad men among us." O consistency!

A twin principle which we cherish and rear with great pleasure and profit in our Order, is Charity. The charity which we invoke to aid us in our judgment of men and their conduct, influences us to three happy results. First, it leads us to weep over the faults of a brother, knowing that "man is the ewing creature." This is a world of error and failure. How secure we all are when punishments are meted on our Savior's rule, "Let him among you that is without sin cast the first stone." When the railing accusation is bro't, charity rises with pity in her eyes and mercy on her lips, and says, weep for thy brother for he has sinned. Cling to him, for he is thy brother. Follow him with thy tears. Tell him of his fault and let it be between him and thee, for a soft reproof turneth away wrath and begetteth repentance. The second office of our charity is to forgive. Forgiveness is our duty as we hope to be forgiven. How beautiful is the scene when charity presides as the queen of pardon. The brother has committed some egregious error; the cold abstracted judgment of the world says, punish the culprit. Haste and passion say, let the knife of excision be applied, and let the transgressor suffer the penalty of sheer justice. The conscience smitten erring brother stands and looks, and charity with her babe on her bosom, with a mother's love and extenuation, in wooing accents says, "Forgive thy brother his fault, for soon thou mayst need to be forgiven."

The third office of our charity is to teach us to "think no ill." From the want of a proper apprehension of the motives which produce action on the part of our brothers, we often fall into hasty judgment. We may easily conceive of circumstances under which an act may be highly offensive, while other circumstances would make it perfectly innocent. When a brother does any thing which touches our sensitiveness, our charity says, "think no ill," attribute the best motives, and let no offense of doubtful cast disturb the brotherly relations that exists between members of our brotherly Order. "Now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity, but the *greatest of these is CHARITY.*"

"We are Odd Fellows, and Odd Fellows ONLY, when we speak and act like honest men." If we practice the precepts of our Order, we must be *good* men; and, whether we be ridiculed or commended, we shall ever have the consolation to know that we are preserving the best *treasures* of the past—goodness, fidelity, and friendship. In all conditions of life, and among all classes of men, honesty is invariably the best policy; and Odd Fellows, more than all other men, should be honest.

The Magdalene.

On the western shore of the sea of Galilee lay the town of Magdala, between Capernaum and Tiberias. On the eastern coast was situated Chorazin and Bethsaida, distinguished for their wickedness, and on that account compared with Tyre and Sidon in Syria. All along the coasts of this sea the most astonishing miracles had been wrought, and the sea itself—in whose dark depths a legion of demons had taken up their abode, and into whose waves the feet of an apostle sunk and would have been engulfed forever but for the interposition of Jesus, and whose stormy billows had been instantly calmed by his omnipotent voice—was the scene of the most interesting events. A dark spirit seemed to hover over both land and sea, and the whole region appeared to have been given over to its evil influences. Bounded by Heathenism on the north and Samaritanism on the south, the inhabitants of Judea could not conceive it possible that any thing good could come out of that country.

After Jesus had miraculously fed thousands on the eastern shore of this sea, he took ship and crossed over to the town of Magdala. In this village there resided a demoniac in the person of a young woman, who, like the demonized damsel that followed Paul and Silas, became an object of general attraction. The inhabitants of Magdala told wonders about the house, or rather palace, that she inhabited. Her coffers, they said, were filled with the rarest stuffs, and the most dazzling jewels. Vases of gold and silver brought at the greatest expense from Rome, Asia, and Greece, laden her sideboards. The purple and silk from Tyre adorned the walls of her dwelling, and her attendants were as numerous as those of a princess.

Being in league with evil spirits, she was resorted to by multitudes upon whom she practiced her arts. To her was ascribed the power of working miracles, and though her incantations and sorceries were an astonishment to all who had witnessed them, yet, like the magicians of Egypt, she had to acknowledge the hand of a superior power in the ejection of demons. Where she came from, who were her kindred, and what her previous history, none knew. Her fascinating power over all who came within the sphere of her influence was of such a strange mysterious nature that the people regarded her as the greatest prodigy. The Romans looked upon her as a divine person, a pythonesse, and as such, a peculiar favorite of the gods. The Pharisees considered her a great sinner. If others were demonized by one evil spirit, her extraordinary power over the hearts of the people was such as to lead them to conclude she was the repository of *seven* demons. Among the Jews seven was a perfect number, and hence she was regarded as perfect in

all the arts of enchantment and sorcery, and to be shunned as a great sinner. Her personal appearance was such as to make her a model of womanly beauty, and this only added strength to her dangerous power. Notwithstanding all this, she was reserved and retiring in her manners, and though extremely attractive and fascinating, she could repel with a power that was irresistible. She sought not the society of any, while hers was eagerly courted by all classes, and her power and influence was a source of wealth. When alone, a deep shade of melancholy would settle down upon her features, and occasionally the wild flash of her tearless eye would indicate mania. Her complexion was that of a brunette with features strongly resembling the women of Calabria. She had large dark piercing eyes, which seemed to penetrate the very depths of the soul of all upon whom she fastened them; the very charm of the serpent was in their flash, and wo betide the one upon whom they kindled in anger. When unexcited, there was a soft mellow luster which sent a bewitching sweetness in their glance and insensibly threw a magic spell upon the beholder. Her dark tresses were folded in graceful bands or flowed in massy ringlets down her neck, and over her well rounded shoulders. Her step was sylph-like, and her voice rich and mellifluous in its tones as a lute, except when excited, and then it was full of deep-toned, passionate expression, terrible as the scream of a panther.

In her the arrival of a miracle worker in Magdala excited no curiosity. It was rumored, however, that he had power over demons, and that he had cast a legion of them over the frightful precipice of Gadara into the sea. This was new and strange to one as familiar with spirits as she was, and she resolved that she would visit the stranger. She found him surrounded by those whom they called disciples, and she heard one of them say, to a question which he had proposed to them, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," and she also heard him reply, "Upon this confession of faith I will build my church, and the powers of hell shall not prevail against it." From this moment she became interested in the person and character of Jesus. There was something in his manner and expressions that touched her heart. She felt strangely drawn towards him, and mingling with the crowd, she followed him to Ceesarea, and Philippi, and from thence to Tabor. She saw him and three of his disciples ascend the summit of this mountain, and soon after witnessed it enveloped in a cloud of glory—a sight more dazzling and beautiful than any she ever beheld before. While the Son of God was on the mountain, a young man, possessed of a demon, was brought by his father, and the disciples were besought to expel the evil spirit, but all their efforts were unavailing. When the Master descended, the disciples presented the case to him, and he instantly, by his own power, cast out the demon. "Why," said they, "could we not cast him out?" "Because," said

Jesus, "this kind can only come out by fasting and prayer. If ye have faith nothing is impossible." These were strange words to the enchantress, who was an attentive observer of all that had passed. "Nothing impossible to faith!" said she to herself, repeating the words of Jesus. "If ye have faith! Faith in whom? Not in the Evil one, for this is a power over the Prince of Darkness himself. Would that I had this faith."

In the city of Nain, shortly after, she witnessed another wonderful exhibition of the power of Christ in restoring life to a young man, the only son of a poor widow. This scene affected her more than any she ever beheld in her life, and she felt that her interest in this remarkable person was increasing.

A Pharisee having invited Jesus to dine at his house with his disciples, she felt sad and melancholy at being thus deprived of his society, though for a short time, for she now felt only happy when she could be near him and hear his voice. An interest had been awakened in her heart, to her mysterious and unaccountable.

"What expedient can be adopted," thought she, "to take me to his presence?" With her it was but the work of a moment. "I'll go and perform the part of a servant in that house during his stay," and scarcely had the guests taken their places at the table ere she was there. Her dress was of the most gorgeous character, and her appearance arrested the attention of all. The chin piece of her turban of white silk edged with gold, encased her face of admirable perfection. Her long eyebrows, as black as ebony, like the bands of her hair, appeared as a dark line along the brow; hitherto superb and brazen, but now mournful and depressed, for she seemed sad and melancholy. A long robe of Tyrian silk shaded blue, edged with gold and embroidered with pearls, fell in a long train behind her, and round her waist she had a flowing scarf of cloth of gold covered with gems of many colors, like those of the double necklaces, ear rings, and bracelets with which her bare and well shaped arms were covered. Thus attired, and holding in her hand an urn of pink alabaster from Chaldea, more precious than gold, she advanced slowly towards the reclining Savior. In one hand she holds her alabaster vase pressed against her agitated bosom, while with the other she detaches her rich turban, and instantly her thick and glossy tresses fall over her breast and shoulders, unrolling themselves like a velvet mantle down to the floor.

Taking her position at the feet of Jesus, which from the reclining posture at the table she was enabled to do, she took off his sandals, and no sooner did she touch them than those dark fascinating eyes became fountains of tears, which rolling like diamonds over her cheeks, fell in torrents on the Savior's feet. Like long pent up waters which had been seeking an avenue through the rock, so was the long suppressed emotion of this

sinful one. But when grace touched her heart and the dark spirits fled, the rock was smitten and the waters instantly gushed out. Her inclined head threw her tresses forward, and encircling his feet, they absorbed the tears with which they were baptized. Wiping his feet with her hair and ardently kissing them, she took from her bosom the vase containing the most costly and highly perfumed ointment, the fragrance of which filled the room, and bathed them with the fluid.

Simon, the master of the feast, witnessed all this, and thus mused within himself: "If Jesus were a prophet he would know the character of that woman, and he certainly could not permit such a sinner to touch him. But he does allow it, and therefore can not be a prophet."

The Savior *was* a prophet, and not only knew all about this woman, but also what Simon thought about her, as well as the estimate he placed upon himself as a prophet. He therefore said: "Simon, I have something to say to thee. A certain creditor had two debtors. One owed him five hundred pence and the other fifty pence. Both of them were bankrupt and had nothing to pay, and he frankly forgave them the debts. Now which of the two should have the most love for the creditor?"

"He to whom the most was forgiven, certainly," said Simon.

Then Jesus turned to the penitent, and said, "Seest thou this woman? I entered thy house, and thou gavest me no water to wash my feet, but she washed my feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss, but this woman since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint, but this woman has anointed my feet with most precious ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much, but to whom little is forgiven the same loveth but little." Then said Jesus, addressing the now sinless one, "Thy sins are forgiven. Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace," at the same time affirming that her act on that occasion should be a memorial of her love to all generations.

Dispossessed of the dark spirits which had reigned within her heart; she now felt the peace, and calm, and love of heaven, as they came quietly over her troubled soul, pervading its depths like the soft and genial rays of the moon lighting up the calmed surface of dark and stormy Galilee. The wild scorching flashes of her demonized eye were changed into the soft glances of heavenly love, and from that hour she was the captive of Jesus. Christianized, she felt the attractions of the Savior like a spell upon her heart.

"He drew her and she followed on
Charmed to confess the voice divine."

From city to city, over hill and over dale, she followed the Savior, and with a glad heart ministered to his necessities with a zeal and devo-

tion unquenched and unflagging. No danger could terrify her, no labor could tire her, and no sacrifice or trial could dishearten her. Like the eagle who

"With its wing on the wind, and its eye on the sun,
Swerres not a hair, but bears onward, right on,"

So did she make Christ and his service the one great object of her life, and followed him with an ardency of affection which was to her sweeter than life, and in the end proved stronger than death itself.

The events connected with the life of Mary Magdalene are of the most wonderful and impressive character. She was not, as some have supposed, an obscure and uneducated woman, without character, having an ill fame, and low and degraded in her pursuits. Though a great sinner, there is not a single intimation in the whole Gospel history that would warrant such a belief. She was denominated a sinner only from the fact that all Gentiles or Publicans were so regarded by the Pharisees, who plumed themselves upon their sanctity, and claimed to have derived peculiar privileges from the fact of their being the children of Abraham. She was the subject of demoniacal possession to a great degree, and hence was a great sinner; not, however, simply from that fact, but that she had leagued herself with fallen angels, like Simon Magus—who was called "the great power of God," for the purpose of gratifying her ambitious designs.

Her subsequent life exhibits an energy and decision of character, inflexible integrity, lofty bearing, and true devotion, unparalleled in the history of woman. The extent and purity of her love was a matter of solemn declaration by Christ himself, and while he commanded others to love him, and questioned their sincerity in that respect, the case of the Magdalene forms the only instance on record of a declaration of that fact by the Savior, and her whole life of devotion demonstrated its existence and power. No other disciple exhibited such heroism as was shown by the Magdalene, and none received such distinguished marks of honor from the Lord.

The peculiar points in her character, by those who have deigned to give her any notice at all in Bible biography, seem to have been overlooked. One of the most recent books on the "Women of the Bible," by an author who seems to have been wonderfully prolific on certain subjects, and who writes with as much fluency about Marshals and Generals, as he does about Apostles and Christians, has not even noticed the Magdalene. She needs not, however, the praise of man, and no misguided judgment of her character previous to conversion, can have the slightest effect upon her now sainted and forever happy spirit.

But we are not done. We love to dwell upon her character. To an unaffected devotion, she united an untiring zeal in her efforts to promote

the cause of the divine Redeemer. In this respect her love was without measure, and her zeal without bounds. She witnessed the Savior pass through all the scenes of his suffering and humiliation, and was conversant with all the events connected with his trials, and scourgings, and cruel mockings, but never for a moment faltered in her attachment. When apostles grew pale and fled in terror, she was firm and undaunted, and when her Lord was fainting beneath his burden in the *via dolorosa*, she would have gladly borne his cross. When that cross was elevated on Calvary, and none of his apostles but John were there, she stood and bathed again his feet with her tears, while his blood sprinkled her person as it fell from his pierced side. She never left Calvary from the time she took her station by the cross, until the body was taken therefrom by Joseph and Nicodemus. When the affrighted multitude had fled amid the darkness and the earthquake, and the beloved John had taken his fainting mother from the scene, and the soldiers and chief priests had all gone, alone she stood as an angel of light to watch her crucified Lord. She attended the body to the sepulcher, and stood close by when it was entombed. After this she returned to the city and spent the Sabbath in the house of Mary, the mother of James.

Notwithstanding an hundred pounds of spices had been consumed in embalming the body of Christ, she purchased others of a more rich and fragrant character for the purpose of re-embalment, and at sunrise on the first day of the week, she started with Mary and the necessary assistants, to the tomb. What was her surprise, on entering the garden, to find the soldiers gone, the tomb opened, and the massy stone door lying some distance from the empty vault. She entered the tomb, but alas! her Savior was not there. He whom she loved in life and death and forever, was gone. Her tears broke forth afresh and she sunk down upon the rocky pavement in uncontrollable grief and agony. Just then an angel touched her, and she looked up through her tears, while he addressed her, "Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? I know," he quickly added, for the heart of Mary was too full for utterance, "you seek Jesus of Nazareth, but he is not here, he has risen from the dead. Go tell his disciples that he will meet them in Galilee as he told them." This was balm to her wounded spirit. She rose, and passing out, she met a man whom she supposed to be the gardener, and she said to him, "Sir, if thou hast removed the body, tell me where thou hast laid it, and I will take it away." Then the unknown said unto her, "*Mary,*" and instantly recognizing the voice of her Lord, she cried out, "*Rabboni!*" and ran to embrace him. Jesus stepping back, said, "Touch me not, I have not yet ascended to my Father; but go tell my disciples I ascend to my Father, and to your Father, to my God, and to your God," and vanished out of her sight; she fled with bounding heart to the city

to communicate the joyful intelligence of the resurrection of Jesus to those who had so lately been his followers.

The Savior could as easily have shown himself to his mother or John, or Peter, or any of the other disciples, as to the Magdalene; but the honor and blessedness of the first sight to any mortal of his risen humanity, was reserved for her. She was the first to hear his voice after he had broken the silence of death, and to her was given the commission to bear the first glad tidings of that event to his apostles and the world.

Among the disciples we find four Marys, all distinguished for some remarkable traits in their character, but among them all none were so deeply devoted, energetic and persevering, nor yet so highly honored, as Mary Magdalene.

After the resurrection she abode with Mary, the mother of Mark, in Jerusalem, at whose house the disciples were assembled on the day of Pentecost, and there she witnessed and participated in the baptism of fire and the Holy Spirit, after which she returned to Galilee, a more wonderful and interesting woman, from the things she had seen and felt and heard, than when the gaping crowds were amazed and terrified at the exhibition of her demoniac power on the coasts of Galilee. She afterwards returned to Jerusalem and resided with the Holy Virgin until her death, when she accompanied John to Ephesus, where she remained until the Domitian persecution which banished John to Patmos and sent her to the stake. With a heroism that struck terror into the hearts of her persecutors, she refused to abjure Christ, and moved through the crowd with a firm, undaunted step, to the stake, and from its fires her freed spirit was borne on angel pinions to heaven. Her body was buried by the churches at Ephesus, but was subsequently removed to the Church of the Apostles at Constantinople.

LIFE is not speculative with those who feel its value and its duties. It has a deeper purpose, and its path becomes distinct and easy, in proportion as it is earnestly and faithfully pursued. The rudest, or the most refined pursuit, if adapted to the wants and capacities of the pursuer, has a truth, a beauty and a satisfaction. All ships on the ocean are not steamers nor packets, but all are freight bearers fitted to their tasks, and the smallest shallop nobly fills its mission while it pushes towards its destined port, nor shifts its course because larger ships career to other points of the compass. Let man right himself on this ocean of time. Let him learn whether he is by nature a shallop or a ship, a coaster or ocean crosser, and then, freighting himself to suit his capacity, and the market he should seek, fling his sails to the breeze, and push boldly on, trusting to God, and all will be well.

Discipline of Odd-Fellowship.

Human nature is formed of a material so frail in texture, that, however plausible may be its tenor for a time—unless bound by an adamant chain of resolution—temptation soon makes an inroad upon its territories, and wantonly destroys all its barriers, all its good intentions. It can not therefore be surprising that in a fraternity of 200,000, let their designs be ever so pure, some means must be taken to exercise a spirit of consistency among them, having for its object the perpetuity of the cause and the benefit of each individual. Every human institution provides against departures from the purpose and spirit of its establishment. We see the Society of Friends—a fraternity whose antipathy to form is proverbial, where it can in the slightest case be dispensed with—even they have rules framed so as to protect its principles against the possibility of perversion. Every bill for the enclosure of a waste or the construction of a railway is marked by the suspicious prudence of mankind in dealing with their brethren. Now in scarcely any other case is there so great danger of innovation as in the case of Odd-Fellowship—a tender plant in an ungenial soil. Hence our General Laws, hence our By-laws: how they operate, the increasing prosperity of the Order shows. To prevent a general decay, we must put forcible restrictions upon a defaulter. We must have control somewhere. It is nothing but reasonable, therefore, that a government be formed, like that of the Grand Lodge of the United States, for the guidance of the whole, and the preserving a general and perpetual spirit of uniformity. If we are to remain a company of unflinching advocates in the cause of philanthropy, we must exact an unrelaxing discipline from all. The object to be kept in view is the purity of the Order and the good of all who oppose its interests by a base perversion of its principles. Still we are to avoid all rashness, all hasty conclusions. Reproof should be administered where a disposition is shown to infringe upon a law, and that in a serious manner, “with great meekness and pity,” and with *perfect impartiality*. Admonition will often bring an erring brother to contrition. St. Paul treats admirably on this point, when writing to the church at Thessalonica: “Note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed. Yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother.” In every case of infraction the object should be to “restore” an offender, rather than to punish or expel him. We see, then, the necessity of not entirely abandoning those who err: they should be warned, and if possible, convinced of their departure from rule, that they may be “restored in the spirit of meekness.” Persons are placed in a very delicate situation who incur the censure of a Lodge, and ought to feel and know the dishonor

and danger that fall, not only upon themselves, but upon the Order in particular; for the prejudice of the world is strong, and many who "lie in wait for our halting" would rejoice at the prospect of our downfall.

Earnest adherence to rule is particularly necessary to Odd-Fellowship. We must never allow discipline to be relaxed, as the number of cases, which may by such means require it, increase, and the Order must contain many who are indisposed to employ the goodly resoluteness. Hence, too, none, save such as entertain a strict desire for the prosperity of the Order, can be expected to maintain a real discipline. Many "roots of bitterness" will spring up in Lodges, and we can not expect to arrive at so desired a state of perfectness but some will be "found wanting;" for whereunto is the palace that foul things sometimes intrude not?

The time must eventually arrive when our elder brethren will be gathered to their fathers, and the guidance of the Order devolve on the younger members. If, then, we indulge in odious petty differences now, we must bid farewell to the tranquility, content, and peace, exhibited and enjoyed to-day, and dread the anarchy, confusion, and turbulence, that will assuredly prevail to-morrow. "Can such things be, and overcome us, like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder?" To obviate so dire an aspect in the perspective; so bitterly repugnant to the feelings of every true Odd Fellow, so utterly at variance with the purposes for which our praiseworthy institution was founded, let us, by our uniform adherence to its principles, evince our determination to secure unviolated, unsullied, without stain and without alloy, the purity of Odd-Fellowship in our own day.

A decided enforcement of discipline is necessary in the promotion of unity among us, without which we may, as the numerous sands on a seabeach, lie in accidental proximity—in a seeming connectedness with each other—but, upon a less superficial observance, our manifold and important parts are woefully disjointed. We must exhibit a solidity of purpose and principle entirely connected. We must, like a mass of gold, uniformly allow all our parts and particles to adhere and combine; and so evince an ardent desire of resolution to fulfil the important duties we are called upon to perform in a manner that will reflect credit on the Order, and convey satisfaction to ourselves. We must, by unity, not only constitute a great number, but a great ONE. We must be united in both common interests and reciprocal esteem.

DEAL gently with those who stray. Draw back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother.

The Maiden's Warning.

Morn's brightest dews were shining
On the rose leaves of my heart,
When a something whispered near me,
"Love bears a cruel dart."

'Tis the waves, I said, replying
To the reed-harps on the hill,
Or the solemn mournful murmur
Of the Prophet Bird of ill.

I held a precious treasure,
Close nestled to my heart,
When again a voice repeated,
"Love bears a cruel dart."

'Tis, I said, some spirit sighing
To the flute notes of the gale,
Which the sweeping winds have tortured
To a melancholy wail.

A song of joy was thrilling,
And gushing from my heart,
When again a voice repeated,
"Love bears a cruel dart."

Three times, I said, upstarting,
Hath that warning troubled me,
But I know not who hath said it—
Whether ghoul or ghost it be.

Just then a bird all panting,
Swept downward from the sky,
And with many a start and flutter,
At my feet I saw it die.

But the last notes which it uttered
Sent a sadness to my heart,
For with gasp and groan it said,
"Love bears a cruel dart."

I stooped, and mid its plumage,
Stained with a purple tide,
Found where a silver arrow
Had entered at its side.

I drew it forth, and murmured,
Alas! poor, stricken dove,
There is one that will avenge thee
On the arrant "Archer Love."

Years passed; I dreamed a spirit
Was mingled with my own,
And we viewed the azure meadows
And the star fields all alone.

Two radiant eyes were peering
Down deep into my soul,
And thoughts like winged angels,
Came and went at their control.

On the holy founts of feeling,
That murmured of the free,
They were mirrored in their brightness,
Like the stars upon the sea.

A holy thrill of pleasure,
A wild bewildering spell,
Roused every tuneful measure,
In each passion haunted cell.

And I thought no power could sever
The mystic chord in twain,
Which bound our souls together —
That golden linked chain.

But O! the dream is over,
'Twas a mirage of delight,
That glimmered but to lure me
To the gloomy house of night.

I waked; the dews have wasted
On the rose leaves of my heart,
And the tender flower is dying,
Pierced by a shining dart,

Its last hue hath departed,
And a voice within my heart,
Like a wailing harp is sighing,
"Love bears a cruel dart."

Thy warning was forgotten,
Alas! poor stricken dove,
Is there none that will avenge us
On the arrant Archer Love?

ODD-FELLOWSHIP knows no country, sect, or national distinction. It is a messenger of good things to all men; and while it is concerned for the higher interests of all, it stoops not to mingle in the petty strifes of creeds or party. The pleasures it imparts are elevated and pure, and foreshadow a better hereafter to those who faithfully carry out the precepts inculcated in the Lodge room.

Raising of the Ruler's Daughter.

The storm had passed away, and the little vessel which had "borne the Savior with his timid band" lay moored upon the coast of the Gadarenes. The sun still rode high in the western heavens, and the tall palm trees on either shore cast their lengthening shade far over the waters. Small white clouds lay drifting gently upon the surface of the blue dome, and you might almost fancy that from out their peaceful depths an angel's face was smiling upon the sleeping waters.

Far in the distance a little band is seen. It is the Savior, accompanied by Peter, James, and John, on his way to the vessel. The Gadarenes, like his own countrymen, whom he sought to show the way of life, discarded him, and alarmed at his wondrous miracles and the great extent of his fame and power, entreated him to return to his own country; and now, weary and dispirited, he enters the little barque. It is loosed from its fastenings, and a gentle wind just rising bears them over the sea.

He sat silent and apart from the rest, evidently communing with the kindred spirits of the far off land—for ever and anon he raised his mild eyes to the blue heavens above him, as if seeking an entrance to the home he had left for the sake of sinful, ungrateful man. The boat had scarcely touched the shore ere a host of supplicants surrounded it. The loathsome leper crowded amid the throng unheeded, for the Healer was there, and with one touch of his divine hand disease fled away.

Mothers with anxious faces pressed closer to the Savior's side, and with tearful eyes besought him to look upon and heal their suffering babes. The shrill cry of the maniac broke upon the air, but disturbed none; each had an all engrossing topic upon which their thoughts rested, and the cares of others distressed them not. Youth, manhood, and old age, alike came to be healed. But while Christ stands amid them, his eyes uplifted, and with outstretched arms, ready to heal all who came to him, another approaches. The crowd around him separates, and the ruler of the synagogue, even Jairus, falls before the Savior, and with trembling in his voice, beseeches him to come with him, saying, "My little daughter lieth at the point of death. I pray thee come and lay thy hands on her, and she shall live."

And Jesus went with him, the crowd still following on. They had proceeded but a short distance when a messenger was seen approaching, and when he had come to Jairus, he said, "Thy daughter is dead. Why troublest thou the Master any further?"

Jairus, filled with grief, turned to go away; but Jesus, with that kindly sympathy which so marked his sojourn with us, instantly turning

to the stricken parent, said unto him: "Fear not. Have faith. Thy daughter yet shall live."

A few more steps brought them to the ruler's house. They entered the chamber of death. In a small recess, separated from the main apartment by heavy damask curtains, stood the costly couch upon which reposed in the sleep of death the daughter of Jairus. Her head was gently inclined, and her long dark ringlets fell carelessly over the snowy pillow, half burying the delicate hand which lay twined amid its folds. A virgin bud peering from amid its green leaves, was clasped in the other, which lay upon her bosom. The evening zephyr sighed softly, as it played amid her hair, and a lingering sunbeam stole gently through the lofty casement, and while it kissed the pale forehead of the sleeping maiden, fell, it seemed, in pity on the head of the grief-stricken mother, as she kneeled by the couch of her angel child.

The father, trembling with anxiety, yet strong in faith, stood at the foot of the couch intently regarding the beautiful creature whom he had loved so fondly and so well—his only child. Females clad in the habiliments of wo were seated upon the marble pavement, and while with frantic eagerness they tore their long hair and beat upon their breasts, most lamentable and heart-rending cries filled the apartment.

But the Savior when he beheld them, said unto them: "Why make ye this ado? The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." The sounds of mourning which had filled the room but a few moments before, were now changed into a derisive laugh. Jesus calmly turning, commanded them to leave the room, and when all were gone save the parents and his faithful followers, he approached the bed of the youthful sleeper, and taking her hand between his own, in his sweet voice bade her arise.

"Talitha cumi!" spoken by the Savior, brought back the color to her cheek, the light to her dark eye, and the musical voice with which she now saluted her happy and astonished parents, was like strains from the spirit world. Joy—intense, boundless joy—filled the hearts of all, and Jairus, speechless with emotion, but his face beaming with joy, knelt before the Holy One, and clinging to his robe, sought thus to express his gratitude; and the mother with eyes brimfull of tears, stooped to kiss the hand which had brought such gladness to their hearts. But Jesus, raising Jairus from his humble position, departed, bidding them tell no man.

How sacred, how beautiful is the feeling of affection in pure and gentle bosoms! The proud may sneer at it, the fashionable way call it feeble, the selfish and dissipated may affect to despise it, but the holy passion is surely of heaven, and is made evil only by the corruption of those whom it was sent to preserve.

Stella.

CHAPTER IV.

Rose was too much frightened at seeing her young friend so pale and lifeless, to be able to do any thing for her recovery. Nor was it necessary, for her faintness was but momentary, and caused but a partial unconsciousness, so that before water could be obtained to bathe her temples, she had recovered, and was earnestly entreating to be taken to her father.

"Let us go, quick!" said she. "Come, tell me where he is; I can walk now—I feel strong again."

"My poor child," replied the landlord, who was thoroughly softened, bending tenderly over her as if he would protect her. "My poor child, you can not walk to the place where your father is to-night. The order for his arrest came from a distant city, and by this time he is many miles from here."

"O! my poor father!" exclaimed the now agonized girl. "My poor father, there is indeed no star in thy night now! All is dark, but be patient; there shall one come to you yet!" Then turning to the landlord, she said: "I must find him. Do you know where they will stop with him to-night?"

"At S——, most likely; they could not get further," was the reply. "And that is eighteen miles," he added.

"Well," rejoined the heroic child, "I must go there to-night. I walked ten miles once, with father, to look at the sea. I can go eight more to meet him."

"You are crazy, child!" exclaimed the landlord. "In your present state you could not walk one mile, much less eighteen. Be contented; you could not help your father any in his present condition, if you were with him. Go home with me, then, and stay till after his trial, when, if he is acquitted, you can go to him."

"Never," said Stella. "Little do you know me, sir, if you think I shall ever forget my promise, or sink under any trial, or any duty Heaven may send upon me. I *must* go to my father. O! sir, do not try to keep me from it."

"I will not, child," replied the landlord, with evident emotion, "since you are so resolute. I will only try to devise some means to carry you to S——. I have no carriage of my own, or I would take that; but —"

"But I have," said a young man, the companion of the landlord, who, with a pitcher of water in his hand, had stood for some minutes waiting for an opportunity to give some to Stella. "I have a carriage. Mr. Templeton, and you are welcome to take it to-night, if you will only

convey this poor girl to her father. I would go myself, but I have a cause to plead to-morrow, and it is necessary that I stay here to meet my client early in the morning." Saying this, he turned to Stella, and said: "Here, child, I have brought you some water. Take some, then sit down and rest awhile, and you may get ready to go with my friend, who will find your father, I presume; and when you see him, say to him for me, that he must not despair. No one can pronounce him guilty until he is proved so, and the best of men are sometimes accused of crimes at which their nature's revolt. Tell him also, that, guilty or not, if he is poor, and wants counsel, to write to Alfred Linwood, and he will be but too happy to serve the father of so faithful a daughter."

"O! thank you, sir—thank you! I am sure I shall always love you very much for your kindness. And this other gentleman too." This reply, the innocent expression of gratitude from a warm impulsive nature, fell innocently enough from the lips of the poor child, and caused no blushes or after thought of pain; but to Alfred they were words of fire, which dwelt in his heart years after. He said no more, but stood and looked at the fair child with an eye which read every lineament of her features; then, as if satisfied by these indices of the soul, that there was no guilt written there, a bright happy smile passed over his countenance, which was succeeded by a crimson hue mantling either cheek, and deeply suffusing his large open brow. Without saying a word more, he took up his hat and left the room.

Stella was alarmed at his abrupt departure. "I have offended him," she said. "Oh! what have I done—what shall I do?"

"Nothing, child; wait, and you will see he is not offended. It is only one of his odd tricks. He has gone for the carriage, and will be here in less than fifteen minutes; so get ready to ride, child. If I must go, I must; and it's no more than duty. So we will just drive round and take your young friend home, and stop and tell my family that I am going away, and shall not be back till morning."

In about a quarter of an hour, as he had anticipated, a carriage drove up to the door, and Stella having made all needful preparations for her journey, expressed her readiness to set out. Rose, who already loved Stella, was grieved at their approaching separation, and earnestly hoped that she would return again when she had found her father. They drove first to her house, and Rose, embracing Stella, alighted and called her mother, who, informed of her new misfortunes, added her sympathy to that of Rose, and both wept as they saw the carriage drive away with their unfortunate friend. A few moments more brought them to Mr. Templeton's house, and as he alighted, Stella saw a merry group coming out to meet him—five or six children and a cheerful looking woman, to whom he addressed a few words, then patting each of the children af-

fectionately on the head, he returned to the carriage, and it drove on again. As they turned from the door, Stella thought she caught a view of some flowers through one of the front windows. Whether it was her imagination or not she could not tell, but surely they resembled those she had lost in the market. "But it can not be," she said. "Perhaps they are some the children have made."

It was a mild, pleasant evening on which to journey. Those sweet influences of Spring, which so soften and cheer the overburdened heart, were abroad upon the air. Sights and sounds suggestive of a world of beauty and harmony about to be unfolded to the admiring gaze, everywhere attracted the attention, and the most sorrowful could not but feel a thrill of joy at beholding the unsurpassed glories of nature. Even Stella, lonely child of misfortune, with whom adverse winds seemed to delight to sport, in this the hour of her greatest desolation—even she could see a beauty and a smile divine in everything around, and gradually her feelings, long wrought up to the height of excitement, were subdued, and a calmness stole over her that permitted her thoughts once more to seek their natural channel, and they went out in dreams over the fair earth, and gathered up the lovely visions and ideal creations which Nature's vast temple everywhere presents to her worshipers. It would not be accusing her of insincerity to say that for a few moments she forgot her grief, and reveled again in the pure twilight of that mystic realm whose shores are washed only by that broad bright river of dreams. For with all minds in whom the love of nature has been deeply planted, there is a capacity for enjoyment which no grief, however great, can utterly destroy. They hold the one link in the chain of happiness which no care corrodes, and which no ill can sever. It is lasting, it is strong, for it cometh from God, and is let down to earth by angels, to lift man up from the dust where sorrow cast him, and elevate him to that high standard of moral development from whence he shall be able to discover the good in all things, and to recognize the hand divine in every circumstance of life.

The last golden streak of day was fading from the west as the carriage which contained Stella and her friend reached the farther precincts of the city. From thence their way led through an open country, dotted only here and there with the white cottages of the farmer; and here we must leave them to pursue their lonely journey, while we return in thought to the crowded city, and look after another of our characters.

Alfred Linwood, after leaving the humble roof which had sheltered the unfortunate Stella, and returning home to order the carriage to be sent to her door, took his way to the jewelers where Stella had said she sold the pin. As he walked slowly along, a stranger might have observed a certain abstraction in his manners which ever distinguishes one

whose thoughts are intensely fixed upon one subject. He went with his head down, and his uncertain gait betokened the hesitation in his mind. Frequently he muttered to himself, and his words bore the following import: "It makes my heart sick to see so young a child suffer. I could not talk to her; she seemed possessed of so superior a nature, that had I been educated to believe in the Heathen superstitions, I should think her a divinity, and feel inclined to worship. What a head—how broad, how high and compact! and what depth of thought wells in those large luminous eyes! How sweet and pure the expression of the lips! And yet she would not be called beautiful—the world would not judge her so; but there is an intellectual beauty in those features which makes them really radiant—an illumination which can proceed only from the interior. If I mistake not, she will yet be what her name indicates—a STAR." For a few moments his lips ceased to move, and his face wore the expression of intense thought. Then he continued again, muttering to himself: "And she said she would always love me!" That was an innocent expression. One could perceive by the tone of her voice that she understood not its full import—and yet there are capacities for loving there, which, according to the customs of society, must soon be called forth. Five years will endow her with all the charms of the woman. She will then be flattered, wooed, and won, by somebody. God grant that her first affection be not misplaced, for so excellent a daughter must make a faithful ——"

He did not complete the sentence, for he perceived he had reached the stand in front of the jeweler's shop. Opening the door, he entered, and seeing the jeweler within, requested to be shown some bosom pins which should be emblematical of his connection with the TRUE BROTHERHOOD, recently established in that city. The jeweler replied, he had but one pin in his store of that description, and that could be more appropriately worn by a lady. Alfred requested it to be shown, adding that he desired to make a present of a similar kind to a female friend. The jeweler, stepping to his case, opened it, and taking one from thence, handed it to Alfred, who, from the description he had heard, immediately recognized it as the one which had belonged to Stella. He inquired the price. "Fifty dollars," was the reply.

"Where was it made?" he next inquired.

"Here."

"When?"

"Last week, by a new workman from France. He is very skillful, and that is one of his best efforts. I am sure you must be pleased with the pin, sir."

Alfred expressed himself satisfied with the bauble, and requested he might be introduced to one whose skill had so beautifully fashioned it.

At this, the jeweler seemed much confused, and looked sharply at his customer, but seeing nothing in his impenetrable countenance to excite his fears, collected himself, and said that the artist was not in at that time, but if he would call again he would be happy to make them acquainted.

Alfred could hardly restrain his indignation from breaking forth and overwhelming the man with confusion, but having an object in view he controlled all emotion, and paying the knave fifty dollars, took the pin and departed without saying a word. With rapid strides he took his way home again, his heart filled with disgust at the miserable picture humanity everywhere presented to his view.

"Wrong, wrong, wrong—oppression, cruelty, and deceit!" he said aloud. When will earth cease to groan with the misery of the helpless, and the pure heavens to weep over the inhumanity of those in power? Thank God the wicked shall not long go unpunished. This knave, who could so basely rob an innocent child, he shall suffer for it. There is some justice on earth yet; its scales shall not be always wrongly adjusted." Thus saying, he drew himself up, and with a proud, majestic air strode rapidly onward. A few moments brought him in front of a fine old mansion, which stood in the center of a capacious park, ornamented with every variety of trees and shrubs, and turning down a broad avenue shaded on each side by a row of stately elms, he entered the winding path leading to the house. On the steps he was met by an elderly gentleman of prepossessing manners. A pleasant smile illuminated his fine countenance, as, in cheerful tones, he inquired of Alfred what had detained him so long.

"I have much to tell you, my dear father," replied the young man. "But let us first go and sit down in the drawing-room. I can rest me then, while I relate an incident that has recently come under my observation, and which has most strangely elicited my sympathy. I will tell it to you, and if your strong mind and discriminating judgment should feel the deep interest in the object that I do, I shall be greatly obliged by any advice you may be pleased to give."

Briefly, but accurately, did he draw the sketch of Stella's sad history, so far as he had been able to learn it from the landlord, and the words of the poor girl herself. He told how she had been wronged by the jeweler, and his determination not to suffer so great an act of injustice to go unpunished.

His father heard him patiently, and as he concluded, said, smiling: "Well, Alfred, I am glad to see you always taking the side of the injured. The occurrence you have so feelingly described, is but one of the every day events of life, and, if you paint it truthfully, not so darkly shaded with wrong as many you will meet with; yet I too feel a singu-

lar interest in the fate of this poor child, and to see her righted and made happy would myself consent to plead the cause of her father. There must be some good in his nature which she cherishes, and there must be great firmness and truthfulness in her own character, or she would not long hesitate to desert a parent who is old and poor and blind, and whom society already half condemns. She is not like other children, for it is now the fashion among them to look with contempt upon the silvered head, the bent form, and the tottering steps of age. But let me see the pin which your sympathy has betrayed you on to pay so dearly for, a piece of extravagance you were never guilty of before, and which I never committed but once, when I purchased a bosom pin at one hundred dollars, as a present to a very dear sister, whom the grave has long since covered. Soon after, I went on a sea voyage for my health, and I never saw her again."

Alfred handed him the pin, and no sooner had his eye fallen upon it than his features assumed a look of surprise. He turned it quickly over, and reading the name on the back, exclaimed with deep emotion: "My sister's pin! Good God! it is her child who has come to want and thus been obliged to part with her mother's jewels!"

Here his emotions prevented his utterance. He stopped and wiped the perspiration from his brow, and a moisture which dimmed his eyes, then added, "My poor sister, I knew that thy lot on earth had been bitter, but I knew not that the child of thy unhappy marriage yet lived! De Lorme St. Luke was a villain, a base, hardened knave and infidel, who dragged from destitution to destitution the lovely creature who, with the mysterious devotion of woman's love, clung to him; and in his wild career, though her heart was breaking, she repined not, but sank patiently to the grave, where, I trust, she has found rest. But her child shall be saved. She shall have a home with me. As to her father, if he gets clear of the charge against him, (which I saw by to-day's paper is that of forgery, committed several years since, by which he obtained a large amount of property, but which, the papers state, by a curious train of circumstances, has recently come to light,) for humanity's sake I would not see him suffer; but his child must be separated from him. Her young mind must not be corrupted by imbibing his atheistical sentiments. I pitied him when I heard of his arrest, but I determined not to interest myself any more in his fate, and but for this little pin I should not now; neither should I have known of the existence of his child. For this I am heartily rejoiced, and shall be happy to do for her as for a child. The trial comes off next week at B——. I wish you, Alfred, to be there, and if you think there is a possibility of De Lorm's being innocent, plead his cause; but, at all events, bring me back the girl. What did you say was her name?"

"Stella," replied Alfred; "and a lovely child she is, too—well worthy so beautiful a name. I will be too happy to have her here with us. It will be like admitting a sunbeam into a dull, cheerless apartment. This is a fine old mansion, but it needs the music of joy, and the sweet ringing tones of childhood to enliven it. One grows weary of being always very grave, very dignified, and very proper in all one's movements. For my part, I shall welcome Stella with all my heart."

"No doubt of that, no doubt of that," rejoined his companion. "And when she gets a little older you will be falling in love with her, and then there will be a world of sighing, of fond looks, and pleasant smiles, all of which may or may not end in marriage, but which, at all events, will be very pleasant, then very painful, then, *perhaps*, pleasant again, for by such things is the riddle of life made up."

Alfred blushed deeply at these remarks, but checking the reply which was about to fall from his lips, he inquired if his sister was not living when he returned from his voyage.

"Yes," replied his father. "Mary still lived, but I knew it not. It was De Lorme who spread the report of my death at sea. He did it to obtain possession of my estate, after having squandered in dissipation of every kind the very large portion which had been left to my sister. He succeeded in making her believe that I was dead, and that he had a right to all my possessions. I was gone a year longer than I intended to be. I wrote frequently to Mary, but after the first two months of my absence I heard not a word from her. When I returned, I hastened to seek out De Lorme. I found him, after a long search, and he told me Mary was dead. I had always felt an antipathy to the man, and supposing what he said to be true, that she was dead, and had left no children, I resolved never to see him again."

"But did you not regain your estate?" inquired Alfred.

"No; he had squandered in five years a princely fortune. I was unable to recover one farthing, and, disgusted with the sad picture of human depravity he presented, I quitted that part of the country where he was living. A few months after, I learned from a servant who had been in his house, that Mary was living still when I had first sought her, but she died, I was informed, soon after, never suspecting that I had been so near her, or that I even lived. The servant said she left one child, a girl five years old, but that when she left, she was very sick, and she presumed had since died. I was content that it should be so, since to live with so base a father, I thought would be still worse than death. But I would have given worlds, had they been mine, could I have looked on my dear Mary once more. But it might not be, and I rushed into business to forget my grief. In three years, by a very fortunate train of circumstances, I became again a rich man; not what

the world calls rich, but, with my simple habits, I possessed sufficient to make me independent, and enable me to do something to alleviate the sufferings of the poor who seek to rise by honest industry."

"Yes," said Alfred. "Of your efforts to do good, I am but too deeply conscious. But for you, my more than benefactor, my father, as I shall ever be pleased to call you, but for you I should perhaps still have been ——"

"Fudge, boy, all fudge! When a man but does his duty don't make a deity of him. By adopting you into my lonely home, I have been the greatest gainer. I found some one to love; so don't pester me any more with your thanks, or I shall go to sleep while you're talking."

"But," rejoined Alfred, "will you not occasionally suffer me to express my gratitude? Surely, in this world, one deserves thanks for doing his duty."

"Yes, prove your gratitude as you have to-day, by your conduct. Be always a friend to helpless childhood; stretch out your hands to the needy, and look with compassion upon the fallen, and, if possible, elevate, but never crush them. But I feel infinitely in your debt just now; for, through your instrumentality I have been able to discover the child of a beloved sister. But it is getting late; you must be in need of refreshments. I'll retire and dream of Stella, whom I already long to see. I hope she may resemble my poor Mary in character, but not in her destiny. Let me see you early in the morning, Alfred, I have some arrangements to make about the house before we admit another inmate."

So saying, and bidding the young man good night, the uncle of Stella withdrew.

The Rainy Day.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Exclusion of Females.

We were about to prepare an article upon this subject, when our eye fell upon the following extract from an address delivered by Wm. A. Bell, Grand Master of Massachusetts, at the dedication of Liberty Hall, at Dorchester, Mass. for the use of Neponset Lodge, No. 84, which embodies our sentiments so completely that we give it in preference to our own remarks, hoping that the ladies will be convinced that ours is the cause of humanity with which they can at all times co-operate:

It has been urged against Odd-Fellowship, that the ladies are excluded from the Lodge room; and it has been said that one reason why females are not privileged to hold membership in the Lodge, is, "that they can not keep a secret." I assure the ladies who now hear my voice, that I do not believe they can not keep a secret; and the only reason why women are not permitted to become members of the Order, is found in the fact that it is exclusively designed in its organization for the rougher portion of creation. Man is as prone to selfishness as the "sparks are to fly upward." His apparent highest ambition is self-aggrandizement, whether it be of wealth, power or place. He therefore needs something to teach him to feel for others' woes, and to make him understand the fact "that all men are brethren." Odd-Fellowship performs this work. A man thoroughly imbued with its principles, no longer acts exclusively for self; he feels for the woes of others; his heart is touched at the sufferings of his kind, and his hand is open to relieve their wants. In a word, Odd-Fellowship is peculiarly adapted to the wants of man. Is he proud? it brings him to stoop to raise those whom he esteemed beneath him to the same elevation with himself. Is he humble in point of talent or association? he is encouraged to lofty aspirations. Is he rich? the storehouse of his wealth is opened, and its contents scattered with a liberal hand for the relief of the needy. Is he poor? he is not despised, but taken by the hand and made to feel that there is a potency in Odd-Fellowship, which not only contributes to relieve the necessities of human life, but also levels all distinctions among men, bringing the monarch on his throne, and the beggar in his poverty, on the same platform—the platform of moral worth. We ask not whether a man is rich or poor, when he seeks admittance to our ranks. But we do ask—is he an honest man? Is he of correct habits, and sound moral character? Is he a believer in a Supreme Being, the maker and ruler of the universe? for only such are privileged to unite in our association.

Another objection urged by the ladies against Odd Fellows is, that it takes their "husbands away from their families." To those who urge this objection let me say, it is the embodiment of selfishness to interpose

and prevent her husband from devoting a small part of his time in contributing to the amelioration of the condition of the human race. Let me ask, would you, whilst six evenings of his time in each week are at your disposal, deprive humanity of that one evening's services, and selfishly claim it also? Are you unwilling that your husband should devote a comparatively small portion of his time to benevolence and charity? If you are, and if such feelings are general among your sex, then have I formed a wrong estimation of female character, and she who is styled the "angel of mercy," has sadly altered in the lapse of time, and ceased to exercise that compassion which prompted her to be the "last at the cross, and the first at the sepulcher."

Woman is more deeply interested in Odd-Fellowship than, at first thought, she might imagine. Go with me to-night to a certain tenement in the easterly section of yonder city, and listen to that lone widow as she supplicates Heaven's blessing. She fails not in her prayer to remember those who have relieved her wants; and "God bless the Odd Fellows," is her language at her morning and evening devotions.

Ask her who it was that, day after day, week after week, and month after month, visited her sick husband, and watched by his bedside, contributing to allay his sufferings—she will tell you they were Odd Fellows. Ask her who it was, that, as the last sand dropped through the hour-glass of her husband's existence, closed his eyes in death, and said to the disconsolate widow, "be of good cheer, we will never leave nor forsake you"—she will answer, they were Odd Fellows. Then ask her if all the promises made to her husband and to herself have been fully redeemed—she will tell you that they have. And would you know from her lips the relation which Odd-Fellowship sustains towards woman, she will tell you it is her best friend. I have drawn no fancy picture, but a sketch from real life.

To the ladies permit me to say, do you desire to promote peace and happiness in your midst—do you desire to secure to yourselves the blessings which flow from the cultivation of the moral powers—would you secure to yourselves and to your children a protector and a friend, when he who is now such is laid in the silent tomb?—then fail not to encourage those who, under the name of "Odd Fellows," are sowing the seeds of Friendship, Love and Truth. By such encouragement you contribute to raise the standard of good morals, and elevate the character of man—adding to your own happiness, and aiding to hasten the promised time of universal peace and love.

Be assured from me, that though we are secret in our Lodge sessions, there is nothing transpires there that does not elevate human character. We are secret only in regard to matters of our own, as the family is secret, as all are secret in that which concerns only themselves. Some of the

most talented writings in praise of our Order are from the pens of females. I will quote for your benefit an extract from a recent publication of this kind. She says—"I presume I shall be told that the cause of so much opposition to the Order on the part of females, is '*ungratified curiosity.*' Such may be the case with some, but that class have never informed themselves of its principles and practical effects. On the other hand, I am happy to know that Odd-Fellowship has always had warm advocates among females. Those who have been cognizant of the work of its holy mission, its many acts of disinterested benevolence, have seen with an unjaundiced eye, and have been willing to accord to the Order an organization embodying all the cardinal principles of Christianity and sound morality. Females should be the last to raise their voices against it, for they are emphatically the recipients of its blessings and benefits. An adherence to the teachings of Odd-Fellowship never made a bad man. But on the contrary, if allowed to have its legitimate influence upon the heart, will strengthen the inner man in every good word and work. Some Odd Fellows, we are sorry to say, are bad men; but we might, with as much truth and reason, denounce the Christian religion, because forsooth many bloody wars have been prosecuted under its standard, as to lay at the door of Odd-Fellowship the sins of those who have abused their privileges."

Such is the language of one of your own sex in commendation of our Order. Another gifted lady, Mrs. Malvina J. Manley, has truthfully and beautifully described Odd-Fellowship in a poetical effusion on the motto of our Order—Friendship, Love and Truth.

"Three golden arrows in the quiver,
 Filled else with darts of strife;
 Three sunny islands in the river,
 The rapid stream of life;
 Three stars in heaven's gem-decked attire,
 That never fade or dim;
 Three harp-notes in the spirit lyre,
 Notes angels love to hymn;
 Three charms to guard the heart from sorrow,
 To keep aloof life's woes;
 Three whispers of a brighter morrow,
 The morrow of repose;
 Three links amid the golden fetters,
 That heart to heart entwine
 Upon life's scroll; three mystic letters,
 Placed there by hand divine;
 Three watch-lights on the stormy highlands
 Of earth's wave-beaten strand;
 Three harbors 'mong the rocky islands,
 Begirt with treach'rous sands;

Three life preservers on Time's ocean,
With dangerous reefs below;
Three voices 'mid the heart's commotion,
To hush the strains of woe;
Three blossoms from the land of flowers,
To cheer the fainting soul;
Three rays of beauty from the bowers,
Beyond life's utmost goal;
Three strains of rapturous music swelling,
Around the burial sod;
Three pillars in the holy dwelling—
The temple of our God."

The Dying Wife to her Husband.

The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband, was found by him some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear-marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife who died at the early age of nineteen :

When this shall reach your eye, dear G——, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all beside my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, till at last it has forced itself upon my mind ; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imaginings of a girl, yet, dear G——, it is so ! Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty ; and hard, indeed, it is to struggle on silently and alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever, and go down alone into the dark valley ! But "I know in whom I have trusted," and leaning upon his arm, "I fear no evil." Don't blame me for keeping all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you ! I could wish to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and, pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death-damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in women's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so, and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through

long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Savior's bosom! And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of my hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours till glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold one last communion, till gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world, where partings are unknown.

Well do I know the spot, dear G——, where you will lay me; often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mounds around us with strips of burnished gold, each perhaps has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot; and I know you'll love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you'll go there often alone when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, "I AM NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE!"

The Sword and the Press.

The following beautiful extract, illustrating in a powerful manner the advantages of printing to mankind, is from an essay by Thomas Carlisle, in the "British Review," published nearly twenty years ago, when that somewhat noted writer clothed his ideas in plain English, and his works could be read without the aid of a glossary, and understood without an insight into the mysteries of Transcendentalism:

"When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering in steel, with his battle ax on his shoulder, till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and new carnage, the pale looker on might have fancied that nature was in her death throes; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth—the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be on that very gala day of Tamerlane, that a little boy was playing nine-pins on the streets of Modtz, whose history was more important than that of twenty Tamerlanes. The Kham, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, "passed away like a whirlwind," to be forgotten forever; and that German artisan has wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand itself, through all countries and through all times. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporations of

captains, from Walter the penniless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with those moveable types of Faust? Truly, it is a mortifying thing for your conqueror to reflect how perishable is the metal with which he hammers with such violence; how the kind earth will soon shroud up his bloody footprints; and all that he achieved and skillfully piled together, will be but like his own clan as city of a camp—this evening loud with life, to-morrow all struck and vanished—"a few earth pits and heaps of straw." For here, as always, it continues true that the deepest forest is the stillest; that, as in the fable, the mild shining of the sun shall silently accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest in vain essayed. Above all, it is ever to keep in the mind that, *not by material but by moral power*, are men and their actions governed. How noiseless is thought! No rolling of drums, no tramps of squadrons, or immeasurable tumult of baggage wagons attend its movements." In what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority! for kings and emperors will be among its ministering servants; it will rule not over but in all heads—and with these its solitary combinations of ideas, and magic formulas bend the world to its will! The time may come when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than his battles, and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute.

BEHAVIOR IN THE LODGE.—Brothers, during the working hours of the Lodge, should conduct themselves with the utmost propriety and decorum. We would call particular attention to this subject. It is the object of all our ceremonies to make a good as well as indelible impression on the minds of those who would become Odd Fellows. There is a solemnity in the "work"—a reality in the emblems—a truth in the official instructions—which should not be trifled with. It would seem to be a mere farce to ask another to be serious, while all around him are talking and laughing. We do not say that any Lodge has so far forgotten its dignity as to act thus—we accuse none, but we say plainly, that if any Lodge *should* perform its work in the midst of confusion or uproar, it would bring a scandal upon the Order, for which it would deserve to be severely reprimanded. Such conduct, indeed, if indulged and permitted for a single evening, would soon show its fruits out of the Lodge. If we wish to have our "mysteries" preserved, *we* must most sincerely respect them, and thus give an example which will command respect from others. Members should also give their attention to the business before the Lodge, to be enabled to vote intelligently, which duty should not be carelessly neglected.

Mozart's Violin.

About forty years ago, a poor dealer in knick-knacks and *bric-a-bric*, named Ruttler, took up his abode at the upper extremity of the Fauxbourg Saint Joseph, at Vienna. The scanty profits of his little trade but ill sufficed for the support of a young wife and fourteen children, the oldest of whom was but sixteen years of age. Ruttler, however, notwithstanding the discouraging position of his affairs, was kind-hearted, ever ready to serve his friends, and the needy traveler was never known to quit his door without the benefit of his advice or his charity. An individual whose serious deportment and benevolent expression of countenance were calculated to inspire respect and interest, passed regularly every day before the door of Ruttler's shop. The individual in question was evidently struggling against the influence of a desperate malady; nature seemed no longer to have any charm in his eyes. A languid smile would, however, play around his discolored lips as Ruttler's children each morning saluted him on his passage, or heedlessly pursued him with their infant gambols. On such occasions his eyes were raised to heaven, and seemed in silence to implore for the young innocents an existence happier than his. Ruttler, who had remarked the stranger, and who seized every occasion to be of service, had obtained the privilege of offering him a seat every morning on his return from his usual walk. The stranger frankly accepted the proffered civility, and Ruttler's children often warmly disputed with each other the prerogative of setting the humble stool before their father's guest. One day the stranger returned from his walk rather earlier than usual. Ruttler's children accosted him with smiles.

"Sir," said they, "mamma has this night given us a pretty little sister."

Upon this, the stranger, leaning on the arm of the eldest child, presented himself in Ruttler's shop, and kindly asked after his wife. Ruttler, who was going out, confirmed his children's prattle; and, after thanking his guest for his inquiries, "Yes, sir," said he, "this is the fifteenth that Providence has sent us."

"Worthy man," cried the stranger, in a tone of anxiety and sympathy, "and yet a scanty portion of the treasures showered on the courtiers of Schoenbrunn lights not on your humble dwelling. Age of iron! when talent, virtue, honor are admired only when the tomb closes upon them forever: but," added he, "have you a godfather for the infant?"

"Alas, sir, the poor man with difficulty finds a sponsor for his child. For my other children I have usually claimed the good offices of some chance passer or neighbor as poor as myself."

"Call her Gabrielle. Here are a hundred florins for the christening feast, to which I invite myself, and by taking charge of which you will oblige me."

Ruttler hesitated. "Come, come," said the stranger, "take them; when you know me better you will see that I am worthy to share your sorrows. But you can render me a service: I perceive a violin in your shop; bring it me here—to this table—I have a sudden idea, which I must commit to paper."

Ruttler hastily detached the violin from the peg to which it was suspended, and gave it to the stranger, whose skill drew from the instrument such extraordinary sounds that the street was soon filled with a crowd of inquisitive listeners. A number of personages of the highest distinction, recognizing the artist by his melody, stopped their carriages.

The stranger, entirely engrossed by his composition, paid no attention to the crowd that surrounded Ruttler's shop. When he had terminated, he thrust into his pocket the paper on which he had been writing, left his address with Ruttler, and took leave of him, intimating that he should expect to receive due notice of the christening. Three days elapsed, and the stranger returned no more. In vain Ruttler's children placed the stool before their father's door. On the third day, several people, dressed in black, and their countenances impressed with the seal of woe, stopped before the humble seat, which they contemplated with sadness, and Ruttler then determined to make some personal inquiries as to the fate of his former guest. He arrived at the house to which the stranger had addressed him. The door was hung with black, a coffin was illuminated with an immense quantity of wax lights; a crowd of artists, of grandees, of scientific and literary men, deplored the fatal event that had taken place. For the first time the truth flashed across Ruttler's mind; he learned with astonishment that he whose funeral obsequies were on the point of celebration—his guest, his benefactor, the proposed godfather of his child—was Mozart! Mozart had exhaled his last melodious sigh at Ruttler's miserable threshold! Seated on the shapeless stool, he had composed his harmonious Requiem—the last strain of Germany's expiring swan. Ruttler paid the last sad tribute of respect to one whom he had honored and revered without knowing him. Returning home, he was astonished to find his modest asylum invaded by the idle crowd, who often incense the shrine only when the deity has departed. The circumstances just detailed brought Ruttler's establishment into vogue, and enabled him to amass a competence, and provide for his fifteen children. Conformably to the wish expressed by Mozart, the youngest was named Gabrielle, and the violin on which the great composer had played a few days before his death served as a marriage portion of his god-daughter when she had attained the age of sixteen

The same violin was afterward sold for *four thousand florins*. With the seat on which Mozart had sat, Ruttler never would consent to part, notwithstanding the tempting sums offered for it. The honest merchant resolved to keep it as a monument at once of his former poverty and of his present good fortune.

By and By.

There is music enough in these three words for the burden of a song. There is a hope wrapped up in them, and an articulate beat of a human heart.

By and by. We heard it as long ago as we can remember, when we made brief but perilous journeys from chair to table, and from table to chair again. We heard it said the other day, when two parted that had been "loving in their lives," one to California, the other to her lonely home. Every body says it—some time or other. The boy whispers it to himself when he dreams of exchanging the stubbed little shoes for boots like a man. The man murmurs it, when in life's middle watch he sees his plans half finished, and his hopes yet in the bud, waving in a cold, late spring. The old man says it when he thinks of putting off the mortal for the immortal, to-day for to-morrow. The weary watcher for the morning whiles away the dark hours with "by and by, by and by."

Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes there is a sigh or a sob in it. What would not the world give to find it in the almanacs—set down somewhere, no matter if in the dead of December—to know that it would surely come. But fairy like as it is, flitting like a star-beam over the dewy shadows of the years, nobody can spare it, and when we look back upon the many times these words have beguiled us, the memory of the silver "by and by," is like the sunrise of the Ossian, "pleasant but mournful to the soul."

ODD-FELLOWSHIP is a minia'ure representation, among a chosen few, of that fraternity which God has instituted among men. Few as are those who would represent it, the great principle is wide enough for all. On the broad platform of brotherhood, all nations, parties, and sects can meet and freely mingle in offices of needed kindness and mutual well-doing. Fraternity, therefore, is the corner-stone on which our forefathers based our Order; fraternity in the family of mankind, illustrated in our family, the Lodge, and the Order. As all men have God for their Father, all are brethren; and we would illustrate this great fact in all our offices of mutual aid, relief, sympathy, and benevolence.

GLEANINGS.

THE ERRING.—The following lines, from the pen of Julia A. Fletcher, are touchingly beautiful, and breathe a divine spirit. Our readers may have seen them before, but they will bear republication a thousand times, as they possess, like richest gems of truth, an interest that will never decay, so long as there is “a heart to feel for others’ woes.”

Think gently of the erring !

Ye know not of the power

With which the dark temptation came,

In some unguarded hour.

Ye may not know how earnestly

They struggled, or how well,

Until the hour of weakness came

And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring !

O do not thou forget

However darkly stained by sin,

He is thy brother yet.

Heir of the self same heritage !

Child of the self same God !

He has but stumbled in the path,

Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring !

For is it not enough

That innocence and peace are gone.

Without thy censure rough ?

It sure must be a weary lot,

That sin-crushed heart to bear ;

And they who share a happier fate,

Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring !

Thou yet may’st lead them back,

With holy words and tones of love,

From misery’s thorny track.

Forget not thou hast often sinned,

And sinful yet must be—

Deal gently with the erring one,

As God has dealt with thee.

ONE FRIEND.—How pleasant it is to have one friend to whom we can go and unbosom our feelings when the world is harsh with us, and darkness has settled on the fair face of nature. At such a time, a heart to counsel and advise us, that will manifest feeling and sympathy, is above all price. The outgushing of love and tenderness revives and cheers us, drives away sadness from the bosom, and brightens the heavens again. He who has one to whom he can go in the hour of adversity, can never be wholly cast down, can never be driven to despair. The world, dark as it may be sometimes, will always contain one bright spot, where the stricken heart will find sympathy.

KNOWLEDGE may slumber in the memory, but it never dies ; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

WERE human beings always that which they are in their best moments, then should we know here already on earth a kingdom of heaven, of beauty and goodness.

O ! let thy soul remember, what the will of Heaven ordains is good for all ; and if for all, then good for thee.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—One fountain there is, whose deep veins have only just begun to throw up its silver drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it, peace and joy. It is Knowledge; the fountain of intellectual cultivation, which gives health to mankind, makes clear the vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt find thyself rich. Thou mayest go forth into the world, and find thyself at home; thou canst cultivate in thy own little chamber, thy friends are ever around thee, and carry on wise conversations with thee; nature, antiquity and heaven are accessible to thee. The industrial kingdom of the ant, the works of man, the rainbow, and music records, offer to thy soul hospitality.

A SHARP CUT.—Moore, in his diary, mentions an anecdote told by Croker, as one of the happiest things he ever heard. Fenelon, who had often teased Richelieu—and ineffectually, it seems—for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture.

"And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, sneeringly. "No, I saw there was no chance," replied the other, "it was so like you."

Gentle and complacent manners, and a conduct free from pretensions and arrogance, are sure to be allowed much more consequence than they give; for the mind of man in every situation naturally revolts against the demands of pride and insolence, but willingly shows respect where the manners prove the claim to it, and not the look or tone of assumption.

RELIGIOUS toleration is a duty, a virtue, which man owes to man; considered as a public right, it is the respect of the government to the consciences of the citizens, and the objects of their veneration and their faith.

It is often extremely difficult, in the mixed things of this world, to act truly and kindly too; but therein lies one of the great trials of man—that his sincerity should have kindness in it, and his kindness truth.

SILENCE is one great art in conversation. He is not a fool who knows when to hold his tongue; and a person may gain credit for sense, eloquence, wit, who merely says nothing to lessen the opinion which others have of these qualities in themselves.

PEACE is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

TRUE quietness of heart is got by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

A PICTURE IN THE ROOM.—Mr. Hazlitt said somewhere of the portrait of a beautiful female with a noble countenance, that it seems as if an unhandsome action would be impossible in its presence. Most men of any refinement of soul must have felt the truth and force of this sentiment. And therefore we have often thought that the picture of the beloved mother or devoted wife, hung up in the room where we spend our leisure hours, must certainly exert a mighty influence upon the feelings and thoughts. Cowper's picture of his mother was a living presence, whose speaking countenance and beaming eye appealed as no living mortal could, to his inmost soul, and stirred its profoundest depths; their virtues, their moral graces and excellencies, as remembered by the affectionate survivor. It may seem an odd thought, but we cannot help suggesting it to every female reader—to every sister, wife, and mother—that it is a worthy ambition of each of them to labor to be, both *now* and when dead, that "picture in the house" before which vice shall stand abased, confounded, and in whose presence every virtuous and manly heart shall glow with every honorable and lofty sentiment, and be irresistibly urged to the love of goodness and truth.

"POMPFY, did you take the billet to Mr. Jones?"

"'Es, massa."

"Did you see him?"

"'Es, sar, me just did."

"How was he?"

"Why, massa, he looked pooty well, 'sidering he so blind."

"Blind! what do you mean by that?"

"Why, massa, when I was in de room, a gibbin him de paper, he axed me whar was my hat; and massa, perhaps you won't believe me, he wur on de top of my head de hull time."

THOSE pay dear for plesantry who joke at the expense of truth: others are very apt to conclude that if they disregard it in jest, they will also in earnest.

NATIONS in a state of war are like individuals in a state of intoxication; they frequently contract debts when drunk, which they are obliged to pay when sober.

HE who defers his charities till his death, is rather liberal of another man's goods than his own.

THE poet who knows how to express and paint the affections and passions of the soul, will always be read with greater delight than the most exact observers of inanimate nature.

HE that never extends his view beyond the praises or rewards of men, will be dejected by neglect and envy, or infatuated by honor and applause.

PRETTY GOOD.—An Irish traveling merchant, alias a peddler, asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls. "Six shillings, sir." "In my country, my darling, you might buy them for a saxpence a pace." "Why did n't you remain in your own dear country, then?" "Case we have no saxpences, my jewel," said Pat.

A CARDINAL'S OPINION.—The Abbe Malot expressing a doubt to Riche-lieu how many masses would save a soul, the cardinal replied, "Pho, you blockhead; as many as it would take snow-balls to heat an oven!"

A GENTLE KING.—George II. being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious king's speech, replied, "I hope the man's punishment will be of the mildest sort, because I have read both, and as far as I understand either of them, I like the spurious speech better than my own."

MONTESQUIEU SAYS: "False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared."

REFLECTION.—The mind of a thinking man resembles the soil beneath whose surface lie many precious seeds. Every rain calls forth buds, and every beam of the sun produces flowers.

THE virtue which we gather from a fable or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

"PARTNER wanted." Of course, if a man has a surplus of joy he wants to divide it; because, in dividing, he doubles it. If a man is burdened with grief, he wants to share it; because, in sharing, he halves it.

POPE in his old age said: "As much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better. I would rather be employed in reading, than in the most agreeable conversation.

HE who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

DR. FRANKLIN, in summing up the domestic evils of drunkenness, says: Houses without windows, gardens without fences; fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, principles, morals, or manners.

THE morality of an action depends upon the motive from which we act: If I fling half a crown to a beggar with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it the physical effect is good; but, with respect to me, the action is very wrong.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NEW VOLUME.—With the present number we commence the second volume of the Casket; and we are happy to say that it makes its appearance under much more favorable auspices than did the first. Its success is now no longer a problem, nor its publication an experiment; but the utility and importance of such a publication in Cincinnati, are being more and more appreciated by the Order throughout the West, and promise for the Casket a career of increasing prosperity. Our friends will please send in the names of subscribers who wish to commence with the second volume immediately. We can also supply the back numbers, bound or unbound, to those who may wish to obtain the first volume.

CALIFORNIA.—The Grand Lodge of California convened at Odd Fellows' Hall in Sacramento City on the 15th of May, last. The session continued four days, during which the proceedings were conducted with the utmost harmony and fraternal feeling. There were about seventy-five representatives from Subordinates present. There are now twenty-two Subordinates, together with three Degree Lodges, working under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge; and according to the reports of the several District Deputies, they are all in a flourishing condition. There were Charters granted for four new Lodges, and from the spirit manifested during the session, we are led to believe that the principles of our Order have taken deep hold upon the affections of our brethren on the shore of the Pacific.

There are three Encampments within the State, working under dispensations from the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States, all of which are in a highly prosperous condition, and increasing rapidly in numbers. We learn that the brethren are about petitioning the Grand Lodge of the United States for a charter to institute a Grand Encampment for the State, believing that this will have a tendency to strengthen and increase the Patriarchal branch of the Order, and also to excite a deeper interest in Subordinate Lodges throughout the jurisdiction.

The following is a list of the officers of the Grand Lodge for the current year:

Dr. John F. Morse, of Sacramento City, Grand Master; E. W. Colt, of Stockton, Deputy Grand Master; J. M. Caughlin, of San Francisco, Grand Warden; T. R. Johnson, of San Francisco, Grand Secretary; G. I. N. Monell, of Sacramento, Grand Treasurer; Matt. Purdin, of Sacramento City, and A. J. Lucas, of Marysville, G. Representatives.

OHIO STATE MEDICAL CONVENTION.—This Convention held its session, in this city, about the middle of June, and was attended pretty largely by physicians from the neighboring towns. We did not notice a very large attendance on the part of the city physicians; perhaps their numerous professional labors kept them away. Through the able and worthy President, Charles Woodward, M. D., whose promptness in the dispatch of business is acknowledged by all, the Convention was enabled to progress rapidly through its regular routine of business. Several new members were admitted. Quite a debate sprung up in regard to the admission of a physician of the city, who had been recommended by the Committee as a proper person to be received as a member of the Society. One or two "old fogies," as they were pleased to term themselves, urged a bitter opposition on the ground of the gentleman's too liberal views in the practice of Medicine; and the old gentleman, being either too long or short for the iron bedstead of this class, he was rejected by a small majority. We were not a little surprised at the remark of one of these "fogies," who objected, among other things, to the applicant, because he prayed with his patients! In the just and beautiful tribute paid to the memory of Dr. Buckner before the Convention, by Dr. Smith, this very thing was highly commended. But Doctors differ, and it is well that they do in this respect. Several valuable papers were read by Drs. Lawson, Comegys, Wright and others, the latter of whom received a gold medal, as a prize awarded by the Committee for the best.

The Medical faculty was once one and indivisible; but there are now several different schools, and the prospect is that there will be as many sects in medicine as there are in theology. The old school physician may see nothing but evil in all this, but we opine differently, as the different systems will in the end be appreciated for what they are worth; quackery will have a less chance of success, and there will be less danger of abuse and imposition, from the checks and balances brought about by a more wide diffusion of medical knowledge. An uneducated drone of the old school, though he may flourish a diploma from an orthodox College, will not be any more likely to succeed in an enlightened community, than any of the reformers, especially if they hail from the same *alma mater*, but who will not be fettered by a regular stereotyped practice. Extensive attainments in the various departments of medical science will prove the surest guaranty of success in the profession, and a discriminating community will, sooner or later, reward the toils of the laborious student. We take occasion here to say, that we despise all quacks and quackery and quack medicines, and we never have, though often requested, allowed our name to be appended to any nostrum, nor will we ever, believing, as we do, that no man will resort to such a mode of making a livelihood who has brains enough to make it in an honorable

way of fair and open competition. We intended merely in our notices of the events of the month, to speak of the Medical Convention, but we have unwittingly been carried away from our original design. The Medical profession is a most highly honorable and responsible one, and every individual is concerned that its ranks be filled with the most talented, learned and virtuous men, that not only as the conservators of our health, but in a great degree of our morals—greater in this latter respect than most persons are aware—they may exert their deservedly wide and powerful influence for good.

CINCINNATI ORPHAN ASYLUM.—We enjoyed the privilege of attending the twenty-first anniversary of this highly benevolent institution, incorporated for the promotion of the purest of all charities. Under the direction of the lady managers it has gone on prosperously. It is the oldest benevolent institution in the State, and during its existence upwards of four thousand orphans have received its benefactions. Though sustained exclusively by Protestants, it is now, and always has been, the most broadly and liberally catholic in its operations, excluding none on account of their country or religion. Hundreds have been transplanted from this nursery of virtue and industry into the various departments of life, and many of them occupy highly respectable as well as responsible stations in society.

The large lecture room, which, like the other capacious rooms of the Asylum, tastefully decorated with flowers, was not adequate to contain the crowds of lady visitors on the occasion. The exercises consisted of singing by the orphans and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hansel, of the Ninth St. Baptist Church, after which the report of the Board of Managers and that of the Treasurer, were read by the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, of St. John's Church. Then followed the anniversary address, by the writer. After the audience was dismissed, the flowers which were arranged in pyramids of bouquets in the reception room and the halls, were sold by the orphans for their benefit. The occasion was a delightful one, and calculated more effectually to impress the mind with the true nature of religion, than all the external evidences and labored arguments of scholastic divines. To witness poor, friendless, homeless children gathered into a house of benevolence, and cared for with a mother's anxiety, by the first ladies of the city, must convince the most skeptical that there is something in the religion of the Savior that can not be found in any other system. It remained for the Son of Joseph to develop a system of benevolence boundless as the wants and woes of humanity, the evidence of whose existence was to be seen in visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and passing by none in distress.

CORRESPONDENCE.— Among other flattering letters we have received from various parts of the country, we give the following from a brother in New York: "I am highly delighted with the Casket. As the organ of the Order of Odd Fellows it ranks high, and possesses a feature which must win for it popular favor, and give it a general circulation among all classes throughout the country; I allude to the literary character of the work. Indeed, in this respect, I know of no monthly its superior. Too many publications devoted to Odd-Fellowship are filled with common-place news and notices of the Order which possess no general interest, and can only be interesting to the localities where they originate. The Casket contains all items of interest of a general nature, and furnishes its readers monthly with well written articles on subjects of polite and general literature, interesting to every reader. It must succeed with an appreciating public, and I trust the worthy editor and enterprising publishers will be amply remunerated for their laudable endeavors to elevate the standard of the literature of the Order.

Fraternally yours,

CHARLES HARRINGTON."

ODD FELLOWS' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—In the June number of the Casket we noticed the commencement of a movement in this city for the establishment of a literary institution of the character indicated by the above title. The Committee of conference for the consideration of the propriety of this measure, having held several meetings and interchanged sentiments, adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That this Committee recommend the establishment of an Odd Fellows' Library Association, similar to the Y. M. Mercantile Library Association of this city, to be established and supported by subscriptions and donations, and governed by a board of directors, chosen by the contributing members of the same."

In accordance with the spirit of the above resolution, a number of brethren have formed the nucleus of an organization, and have been receiving the names of those who are willing to co-operate as members of the Association; at the same time calling a meeting of such persons at the Odd Fellows' Hall on the evening of July 1st, when officers will be elected, and further steps taken towards completing the organization.

We doubt not the heart of nearly every Odd Fellow in the city will award to this Association a ready approval. As the city increases in population and extent, and the number of Lodges is multiplied, their places of meeting become more scattered, visiting among the members less frequent, and many Odd Fellows who reside in the same city, and are constantly coming in contact with each other in the daily business of life, remain personally unacquainted. One of the incidental objects of

this institution is to establish a central head-quarters, which will afford to its members, and strangers visiting our city, great social as well as intellectual advantages. For some time after the institution of Old-Fellowship in England, its chief object seemed to be convivial practices and social enjoyment. While we rejoice at the moral and intellectual advancement of the Order, evinced by the entire exclusion of all such convivialities from the Lodge room, we think that a refined and pleasant sociability would be promoted by a central meeting place, in connection with a library and reading room. An annual course of lectures is also contemplated which would be worthy the numbers and character of the Order in Cincinnati.

We would say to the Odd Fellows of Cincinnati, enrol your names as contributing members of this Association, and assist it by donations and every proper means, that the Order may have an institution here of which they can be proud.

THE WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.—The regular annual examination of this highly popular institution commenced in the primary department, on the 15th ult., and was continued in the more advanced and collegiate departments, concluding on Wednesday of the succeeding week. It was made our duty, as the Cincinnati Conference visitor, to be present part of the time. Distinguished Literary gentlemen of the city were appointed as an Examining Committee, by the Trustees of the College, whose reports appeared in the city papers, and went to show that the young ladies gave evidence of thorough training in the various studies. From what we witnessed of their proficiency, we were highly gratified. On Tuesday evening, the junior class had an interesting exhibition in Wesley Chapel. It consisted of the reading of compositions, and music on the piano. One young lady interested us particularly as she described, in vivid and beautiful pictures, the theme she had chosen. All of them evinced capacity to write, and gave evidence that their intellectual training was of the right stamp.

Wednesday evening was the time set apart for the Lyceum exercises. We were not present, but learned they were very interesting. The address of Judge Storer, as usual, was full of sound thought and correct principles. The commencement exercises took place on Thursday evening, when graduating addresses were read by twenty young ladies to a most densely crowded audience. These addresses were all well written, and some of them would have been admirable, if they had not been marred by the theatric swell and affected intonations of the reader. Whately tells us that the first thing a speaker has to learn is to be natural, but it seems that the first thing some of our young ladies learn is to impersonate some sickly specimen of the opera or stage. The exercises were

enlivened by music, some of which was good, and sounded like nature's melody itself, while other specimens reminded us of any thing else than nature's harmony. But there is no accounting for tastes, and the young ladies must cater to the tastes of those they desire to please. At a late hour, the Rev. President, P. B. Wilber, conferred through Mr. John Reeves, the President of the Board, the degrees of Mistress of Classical and English Literature upon the graduates. Friday morning, at 10 o'clock, in the college chapel, there was a meeting of the Alumnae Association. It was the celebration of the second anniversary, and the exercises consisted of addresses and music. The addresses were all good, but the song, by Miss Houghton, exceeded any thing, for sweetness and melody, we have heard for a long time. The report of the Secretary, Miss Bodley, which alluded to the numbers of those who have gone to the bridal and the tomb, during the past year, was touching, and the dirge which followed drew tears from many eyes.

In the evening there was a re-union, and the College buildings, including the mansion and grounds were thrown open for the reception of visitors. The garden walks were illuminated, and evening's hour was spent by the hundreds gathered there, in coolness and quiet, though in the heart of the city. The number of the Alumnae is quite large, and they were there from all parts of the country. We think these re-unions productive of great good to the institution, and a liberal provision should be made for them, by the Board and friends generally. At about half-past ten refreshments were announced, and soon the spacious College chapel was filled. A large table in the form of a cross groaned with pyramids of ice cream and cakes, and every variety of confectionery. Some of the ice cream structures resembled the leaning towers of Pisa. This, however, was owing to the warmth of the weather. These interesting exercises closed with music, and when again they shall be resumed, may we be there to participate in them.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—This flourishing institution held its commencement Exercises on the 14th ultimo. There were twenty-five graduates. We see that our old and valued friend and brother, Rev. J. H. Power, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. The College has a much larger number of students than any other in the West. Dr. Thomson, the President, will start for Europe for the purpose of purchasing books for the Sturges library.

OWING to a mistake which occurred in the bindery, a few copies of our April number were wrongly bound, sixteen pages being left out and a duplicate of the preceding pages inserted instead. We will exchange them for perfect copies, if sent to the office.

CELEBRATIONS.—The brethren of the Order in Hamilton, Ohio, Winchester, Ia., and Brookville, Ia. held celebrations during the month of June, which were largely attended.

The Hamilton celebration took place on the 1st, upon the occasion of dedicating their new Hall, when they were addressed by Rev. Bro. Wm. H. Fyffe, of this city, in an eloquent and appropriate discourse.

On the 21st, the Odd Fellows at Brookville had a celebration, to which a general invitation of the members of the Order was extended, but as we were not present, we are unable to state the particulars. The Rev. F. C. Holliday was the orator on the occasion.

The celebration at Winchester took place on the 23d of June. Brothers from Muncetown, Union, Greenville, Huntsville, Fairview, and Williamsburgh were in attendance. Silas Colgrove, D.D.G.M. was the Grand Marshal of the day. The members of the fraternity formed at the Odd Fellows' Hall, and marched in procession to a grove adjoining the town, where they were addressed by Bro. O. P. Norton, of Centerville. After the oration, an excellent dinner was provided.

INDIANA.—The Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment will meet in semi-annual session at Indianapolis, on the third Tuesday of this month, the 18th inst. The Grand Secretary has given official notice that the Trustees of the Grand Lodge Hall Buildings expect that the foundation walls will be up and in readiness for the Corner Stone by the 19th inst., while the Grand Bodies are in session, and the Trustees, with the approbation of the Grand Master, have extended an invitation to the members of the Order generally to be present and to participate in the interesting ceremonies of the occasion. An effort will be made to obtain a reduction of fare on the various railways leading to Indianapolis, and we anticipate a large gathering of the fraternity.

THE WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, formerly published at New Albany, Ind., has been purchased by Rev. Geo. B. Jocelyn, the senior editor. With the present month the Magazine commences its third volume, and will be published at Centerville, Ind., by Bro. Jocelyn, editor and proprietor. He is an able and zealous advocate of the great principles of our Order, and we wish him abundant success.

QUEEN CITY LODGE.—We had the pleasure of addressing this young and vigorous Lodge, on the 12th of June. We learn that it has prospered beyond the expectations of its warmest friends, and bids fair to become ere long what its name imports, a Queen among the sister Lodges of the city.

THE GRAND LODGES of Indiana and Kentucky will meet in Indianapolis and Louisville, on the 18th inst., and Mississippi at Natchez on the 17th.

ENCAMPMENT OFFICERS.—The following officers of the various Encampments of this city have been elected for the term commencing July 1st:

WILDEY ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—J. N. Walker, C. P.; J. D. Thompson, H. P.; S. I. Moses, S. W.; A. R. Foote, Scribe.

WASHINGTON, No. 9.—Matthew Hall, C. P.; Wm. Woodhurst, H. P.; W. D. Dalton, S. W.; C. M. Hartwell, Scribe.

CINCINNATI ENCAMPMENT, No. 22.—Elisha Locke, C. P.; Joseph Dean, H. Priest; F. Whitten, S. W.; John H. Aydelotte, Scribe.

MAHKATEWAH, No. 32.—E. D. Norris, Jr., C. P.; John Carter, H. P.; William Soards, S. W.; A. C. Christopher, Scribe.

SCHILLER, No. 42.—Ch. Ziegler, C. P.; Bernhard Biere, H. P.; Wm. Whecke, S. W.; A. Thiele, Scribe.

QUEEN CITY, No. 43.—A. Hunt, C. P.; George Coon, H. P.; T. G. F. Habekott, S. W.; O. Thomas, Scribe.

PHILADELPHON, No. 53.—C. C. Pierce, C. P.; Jos. Dalton, Jr., H. P.; H. P. Elias, S. W.; J. Griswold, Scribe.

Literary Notices.

PASSAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF A WASTED LIFE. By a middle aged man. For sale by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati.

The above is a most thrillingly interesting autobiography of one who started on life's career with brilliant prospects. It is a faithful exhibition of real life, and as such stranger than ever fiction can be. It presents a vivid picture of the temptations, sufferings, despair and recovery, of an unfortunate inebriate whose life and times should prove a warning to all young men. We trust that as a timely beacon on a dangerous coast it may guide many a wanderer to a secure haven.

THE REPORTER'S MANUAL AND VOCABULARY. By Benn. Pitman and R. P. Prosser. Cincinnati: Published by the Authors.

The progress of the spelling and writing reform, or Phonotopy, has nowhere made more rapid strides than in the West. Indeed Cincinnati may justly claim precedence in this branch over any place in the Union. The new publishing house of Pitman & Prosser have introduced many improvements in the art of printing Phonography from the Lithographic stone that have never heretofore been attempted; and how well they have succeeded the book before us will testify.

The work is divided into three divisions. The first is an exposition of the principles of abbreviation employed in Phonographic Reporting, and practical hints to aid the student in the acquirement of verbatim reporting. The second is a vocabulary of reporting signs, alphabetically arranged; and the third is a series of progressive exercises for practice. 125 pages duodecimo.

This work is perhaps the most important publication that has emanated from the Phenetic press in this country, and to advanced students will be indispensable.

CATALOGUE AND CIRCULAR of Gundry's Mercantile College for the year 1854.

The importance of a thorough acquaintance with Book Keeping and Commercial Law are so generally admitted that few young men engage in mercantile pursuits without first acquiring a knowledge of them. Gundry's Mercantile College is established for the purpose of teaching these branches, and is one of the best in the city. The Institution is under the personal supervision the Principal, and is in a highly flourishing condition.

Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH"

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1854.

NO. 2.

The True Brotherhood.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAUL AND THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

Peacefully and pleasantly did the time pass away with David and his men in the city of Ziklag. Saul being impressed with the belief that the son of Jesse had abandoned Israel, and with it all hope of the crown, gave himself no farther uneasiness on his account, only so far as he might be apprehensive that he would unite with his enemies and invade his kingdom.

After remaining in Ziklag, as we have already seen in the preceding chapter, for more than a year, David at length sallied forth with his men, and attacked the neighboring nations, and so successful was he that he utterly exterminated the Geshurites, Gezrites, and Amalekites. It was a cruel war, as neither age, sex nor condition were spared. David was prompted to such a merciless warfare from the fact that these nations were the friends and allies of the Philistines, and fearing that some one would bear the intelligence to king Achish, whom he had deceived by informing him that his expeditions were against the Israelites, he must needs carry out his deception by destroying all evidence to the contrary.

"O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!"

Over this part of David's history there hang dark folds of mystery which must forever remain, enveloping his character in midnight darkness, so far as it regards the transaction, and shutting out every ray of light that would tend to a palliation, not to say justification, of his conduct. He must have been strangely bewildered to believe that notwithstanding the nations he exterminated were the enemies of Israel, yet their opposition could not justify him in violating every principle of

vol. ii—5

friendship with a man who had taken him, a wandering chief without home and friends, pursued by a relentless foe, and had given him a city and protection; much less that he should violate every principle of honorable warfare in an indiscriminate massacre of the enemy. Bible history, however, unlike that of profane history, which too often glosses over character and either omits or attempts to justify wrong action, gives a clear, full, unvarnished statement of facts and events just as they transpired. Its impartiality of narrative demonstrates in the clearest light the divinity of its origin, and thus makes it proof against all the attacks of the infidel world.

The generous Achish reposed the fullest confidence in David, and believed that instead of ravaging the country, and in a most cruel and relentless manner butchering his friends and allies, he was conquering the hosts of Judah and planting the standard of Philistia on the mountains of Israel. Such a breach of faith would prompt us to cry, "Alas! for such friendship!" It shows how vain are all unions where affection and principle do not constitute the basis, even among the best of men. There must be a fitness in things and where no such affinity exists genuine friendship can neither be begotten nor preserved. Such an affinity did not exist between the heir to the throne of Israel and the king of Gath, and the wrong consisted in the vain attempt to form a union out of such incongruous and opposite principles and interests.

At Ziklag David's power became increasingly great. The position he occupied in this strongly fortified town on the borders of Judah, enabled him to keep up a friendly alliance with many of the tribes, and the vast presents he was enabled to bestow upon them in the treasure obtained from captured nations, wrought like magic upon the hearts of his countrymen and inspired them with hope in regard to his future which began already to loom distinctly in the distant horizon. Multitudes of men of various distinctions in the various tribes to which they belonged, made themselves voluntary exiles, and joined the standard of the son of Jesse, identifying themselves with his fortunes. Large numbers from the tribe of Benjamin, "Saul's own brethren," dissatisfied with the king and his government, armed with bows and expert in all kinds of archery, came over to his standard. During the reign of Saul, the trans-Jordanic tribes had taken a very independent part, and had gained great accessions of power and territory by wars waged on their own account with neighboring nations. Being separated from their brethren by the river, and the greater separation effected by their pastoral habits, rendered very feeble the connection between them and the agricultural tribes of the west, and it would seem they acknowledged little or no subjection to Saul and his government. Indeed, from sacred history we gather that there were occasional wars between these tribes and Saul's army. At

one time, eleven captains of the host, with a design of joining David's army at Ziklag, crossed the Jordan at the time of flood, and routed all the inhabitants on both sides of the river. These men of war, with their forces, were described by the sacred historian as being able to handle the shield, buckler and sword with great skill, while "their faces were like the faces of lions, and they were as swift as the roes upon the mountains." These were joined by others of distinguished valor, and when the mighty force made their appearance before the walls at Ziklag, David was at a loss to know for what intent they had come. He feared that they had come to decoy him under the pretense and guise of friendship. Accordingly he went out to meet them, attended by a few of the officers of his army. Anxious of being thoroughly satisfied that they came to espouse his cause before admitting them into his fortress, he addressed them as follows:

"O, ye men of war! if ye have come peaceably unto me to help me, my heart shall be knit unto you; but if ye have come to betray me to my enemies, seeing there is no wrong in my hands, the God of our father's look thereon and rebuke you."

After this oration, a mighty leader deputed from the assembled army, stepped forth and said: "Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse. Peace, peace be unto thee, and peace to thine allies, for thy God helpeth thee."

At this they were marched into the fortress of Ziklag. A campaign against Saul had been determined upon by the Philistines, and the king of Gath, witnessing the vast accessions to David's army, calculated largely upon his assistance. The unsuspecting king, believing all along that David had been his friend, as a mark of esteem and regard for his military valor, and the success which had crowned his arms, appointed him to the high post of captain of his body-guard. All the Philistines, however, were not as unsuspecting as the king, and when some of the princes saw David's army in the rear they were unwilling to trust Hebrews in a warfare against Hebrews. Their suspicions that all was not right were greatly increased when they saw a troop of Mannassites desert Saul's army and come over and join the standard of David. What David would have done had the contending armies encountered each other in battle while he was with them, it is somewhat difficult to conjecture. Certain it is that he never would have been entrusted with so important a post by the king had he known how grossly he had been deceived. The opposition of the Philistine princes prevailed, and David was saved from the dilemma in which he was placed, and allowed, with his men, to return to Ziklag.

The condition of Saul was truly lamentable. He seemed to have filled up the measure of his iniquity, and was now about to reap the bitter fruits

of his sinful course. The dark clouds that were gathering betokened the storm, and boding thunders spake great danger nigh. He had forsaken God, his best friend, and contemned his counsels, which had he kept, his throne would have been secure, and his people would not have forsaken him. Sin had not, however, so far darkened his vision that he could not see the necessity of returning to God in the hour of his calamity. Accordingly he summoned the priests and prophets, and consulted the Urim. But prophet and priest and oracle alike yielded no response to the inquiries of his troubled mind. Had Samuel been present, whether for good or for ill, he could have obtained from him intelligence in regard to his fate; but alas! the venerable seer was dead, and his admonitions had died with him. But could he not be evoked from the place of departed spirits by the mysterious power of the necromancer? They also were dead, for Saul had himself ordered their execution, and all throughout the land had been slain by the sword. A faint hope that one might have escaped sprung up in his breast, and he ordered a most careful and diligent search to be made for one who possessed the mysterious power of calling spirits from the dead. During the sanguinary decree a pythoness had secreted herself in a cavern on the side of Mount Tabor, and when Saul learned the facts, he immediately disguised himself, and taking two faithful servants, repaired to her abode. It was a secluded spot, but his directions were so specific that he was enabled to find it. A thick grove of olive trees, which cast a deep shade, guarded the approach to the cavern. It was now evening, and the three proceeded cautiously and enter the place where they find the woman of Endor. She was sitting in a pensive mood, reading by the light of a lamp which hung suspended from the lofty ceiling of her rocky abode. Startled by the strangers, she arose, and without speaking a word she waved her hand significantly, intimating that they had invaded her sanctuary without right, and were intruders. Saul understood her movements, but he was intent upon testing her power, and advancing a few steps, he thus addressed her:

"O, thou that hast power over the spirits of the departed, tell me, canst thou call up from Hades one whom I shall name?"

"Dost thou not know," said the pythoness, "that the practice of such rites is forbidden, and that none may evoke the dead on pain of death?"

"I will protect thee from all harm, and besides, none but myself and companions whom I have left to guard the entrance, shall ever know what thou hast done."

"Should it come to the knowledge of the king, my life must pay the forfeit; and I dare not be disloyal."

Throwing aside his mantle, and drawing a glittering sword from his side, which he extended at arms length above him, he exclaimed: "I

swear, by the God of heaven, that no evil shall befall thee, if thou wilt obey my request."

"Whom shall I summon before you, from the shades of death?"

"The prophet Samuel."

"The pythoness, turning from the light which until now had gleamed full in her face, giving it a wan, cadaverous look, gazed for a moment intently into the darkness. Slowly emerging, as if from an abyss beyond her, a form is seen moving towards them. At this, the woman turned round instantly, exclaiming, "Why hast thou deceived me? Thou art Saul, the king, himself!"

"What dost thou see?" answered the excited Saul.

"I see the spirit of a god advancing," as she turned again to gaze into the darkness.

"What form has he assumed?" asked the now intensely agitated king.

"The form of a venerable man clothed with a mantle." And as she uttered these words Saul beheld the prophet of the Lord before him. Overwhelmed at the sight, he bowed himself to the earth and groaned deeply in spirit.

"Why, O thou son of Kish, hast thou disturbed my rest and called me back from the peaceful abode of the departed?"

"Because, O thou servant of the Lord, I am greatly distressed. The Philistines are upon me, God has forsaken me, and neither priest, prophet or oracle will answer me more. I have called thee that I may know what I shall do."

"If God has departed from thee, and has become thine enemy, why shouldst thou consult me? Is it not what I have already told thee? The voice of the living is as the voice of the dead, and if thou wouldst not believe me while I was with thee, neither wilt thou believe me now that I have departed from thee. But if thou wilt know, hear, O Saul! The Lord will deliver thee and all Israel into the hands of the Philistines, and David shall be king, but thou and thy sons to-morrow shall be with me in the place of the departed."

At this, Saul fell suddenly to the earth, as if smitten with lightning. But he was not dead; he had only been smitten with terror at the awful tidings which came to his ears. The pythoness approached him, and beckoning to the guard to come forward, they lifted him upon the couch. He had fasted for a day and a night, and was weak through fatigue. With many entreaties from the pythoness and his companions, he partook of refreshments and revived. It was long past the noon of night when Saul and his men left the cavern and returned to the army. His heart was riven, but he nerved himself for the irrevocable doom which awaited him.

As David was returning to Ziklag seven more chiefs of Manasseh, with their men, joined his standard. They were valiant and mighty men, having thousands under their command in the army of Saul. They were accompanied by a numerous host, who, with them, had abandoned the camp of Israel. The accession of these new recruits to the army of David was hailed with every demonstration of joy. At length the returning army reach the heights that overlook the city of Ziklag, but alas! what a scene met the view of the astonished soldiers! On the site where it stood nothing was to be seen but the smoldering ruins of their once strongly fortified and peaceful abode. A dense cloud of smoke overhung the entire plain which everywhere presented a scene of utter desolation. In the absence of David and his army, the remnants of the neighboring nations, among whom David had committed his ravages, had gathered their forces, and calling to their aid their allies, had taken advantage of the defenseless condition of the city, and marching upon it, ceased not their depredations until they were fully avenged. They burned the city, but spared the lives of the inhabitants, taking all of them into captivity. Murmurs arose against David from the soldiers whose wives and children had been cut off, that he had left it without defense. But he himself was a sad sharer with them in the misfortune, for the gifted and beautiful Abigail and his other wife, the Jezreelitess, were among the captives.

"Alas!" said he, "was it not enough that Michal, the companion of my early youth, should be torn from my embrace, but that I should be called to mourn the loss of the beloved Abigail and Ahinoam! Added to all this, that my brethren should rise up against me, and threaten my life in the midst of my calamity!"

After the army were somewhat appeased, he summoned the priest Abiathar to his side, and commanded him to bring the ephod, that, through the priest, he might inquire of the Lord. When Abiathar presented the ephod, David bowed himself before the Lord and prayed, saying:

"Tell me, I pray thee, O Lord, shall I pursue the enemy?"

"Thou shalt pursue them, O David, and thou shalt overtake them and recover thy wives, and the wives of thy servants, and their children."

When this intelligence was announced, every stricken heart became wild with joy, and calling out the six hundred men, who originally with him took possession of Ziklag, they found by the prints of the camels' feet in the neighboring sands, the direction the enemy had taken, and started in immediate pursuit. When the army arrived at the brook Besor, so fatiguing had been the march, two hundred of the number became so faint it was necessary for them to stop, but the remainder crossed over and pursued on. On their route, they found a young

Egyptian, who was a servant of one of the officers of the Amalekite army, but who, having fallen sick, was left behind. This young man, on the promise that his life should be preserved, and he protected, led them to the encampment of the enemy.

They had been pillaging the entire country, and now, encamped upon a plain, they were reveling in the spoils of war. It was now evening twilight, and the mighty hosts were before them. Weary with forced marches, without rest or food, they waited not for the morning, but poured down upon the enemy from all quarters like an avalanche. Through all the night the battle raged, and through all the succeeding day, without any cessation, until the going down of the sun. The army of David prevailed, and with the exception of a few hundred who escaped on camels, every man was slain. In this successful encounter wives were restored to their husbands, and children to their fathers, and great was the rejoicing over their deliverance. After gathering up all the spoil of the enemy, the army marched back, taking with them the men they left at the brook Besor. At Ziklag the spoil was divided equally among those who went to battle and those who remained, with the exception of that part of it which David reserved as presents for the elders of Israel in various parts of the country. The liberality of David, both on this and former occasions, among the Israelites, wrought wonderfully upon the minds of the people, and day after day witnessed accessions to his army from all parts of the land. Beloved as he was before, as the champion of Israel, his conduct had won all hearts, and among all who felt admiration for the skill and valor of the anointed son of Jesse, there were none who had for him a greater regard or loved him with more devotion than the faithful Jonathan.

For the purpose of rewarding those soldiers of the army who had distinguished themselves by their skill and bravery, David instituted an order of knighthood. To this order was attached three degrees or grades of honor. This was composed of three separate encampments. The subordinate council consisted of thirty members. These were selected from among the number of those who had signalized themselves on the field of battle. After their appointment by the commander-in-chief they were regularly initiated, and invested with the badges of honor pertaining to knighthood in that degree. The second council or encampment, which was still higher, consisted of three, and these were selected from the subordinate encampment by the unanimous voice of the members. They were chosen on the ground of superior merit and attainments in the preceding degree. The next, or grand encampment, was also composed of three, appointed by the grand commander from the subordinate encampment. In connection with these degrees, were signs and pass words, instituted by David and Jonathan in the secret place of

meeting at Gibeah, by means of which, as we have already seen, Jonathan gained access to David in his strong holds, and through which they kept up a constant intercourse, from time to time, until the day of his death.

The First American Congress.

A review of the early history of our government is always instructive, and the principles of our existing laws can never be better understood than by tracing to their source the institutions of our liberty, and observing by what acts of our ancestors the seeds of our independence were germinated into strength and maturity.

It was on the fourth day of September, 1774, that the first Congress of the United Colonies, consisting of fifty-five members, convened at Philadelphia, and organized by choosing Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, President. A long time before the revolutionary troubles, it was generally perceived and acknowledged that the safety and prosperity of the Colonies were to be found only in their union. The hostilities of the Indians, the claims and disputes of the Dutch about New York, and the invasion of the French Canadian Colonies, required united action to repel with effect, and the mutual grievances of the Colonies thus drew them together more closely, and conflicting interests and rivalry were forgotten in friendly alliances, and treaties offensive and defensive for mutual protection.

When the oppressions of the mother country rendered the yoke of dependence galling to them, they resolved to meet them with a manly resistance, and they united in sending delegates to a Congress at Philadelphia, to consult together for the common welfare. Many of these men possessed eminent talents both as orators and statesmen, and all were distinguished for their honor, virtue, integrity and patriotism.

To these men were consigned by the suffrages of the people, the destinies of America. Theirs was no simple task. To give coherence, consistency, and stability to the scattered elements of many distant and independent communities; to conciliate the conflicting passions of various sects exasperated by political and religious antipathies; to control by the sole authority of their virtues the headlong turbulence of popular fury; to encounter the animosity, resentment, and immediate vengeance of Great Britain; to lead forth the infant forces of a people who had as yet scarce burst from the obscurity of provincial subjection, in array against an empire in the plenitude of her power and ambition, were the duties which devolved on them, and they proved themselves equal to the emergency.

The first act of this Congress was to send letters of encouragement and admonition to the people of Massachusetts, who were in a high state of excitement about the Boston Port-Bill and other oppressions of the British crown. Resolutions were passed requiring the other Colonies to supply their necessities as long as the occasion should require it. They resolved that all importations of English goods should be prohibited, and that exportation to that country should also cease in December of the following year, unless before that time their grievances were redressed. An address to the king and people of Great Britain and the inhabitants of British America was next published, in which they endeavored to mitigate the incensed feelings of their sovereign by expressions of loyalty; to conciliate the affection of the English nation by a pathetic appeal to their generosity and love of liberty, and to instigate their countrymen to unite and persevere in the vindication of their just and right pretensions. This was accompanied by a declaration of rights in which were enumerated the constitutional and natural privileges of the Colonies, the aggressions of the British government, and finally, the measures that could alone appease their mutual resentments and effect a cordial reconciliation.

The measures adopted by this assembly met the hearty approval of their constituents, and the union thus auspiciously formed was continued by a succession of delegates in Congress. The papers of this Congress (says a cotemporary writer,) were composed with an eloquence and force of reasoning that has seldom been surpassed. They were read not only in America but throughout Europe, with avidity. At home the admonition and laws of this assembly were regarded as the oracles of truth, and met with a prompt and general obedience.

This first Congress has always been to Americans an object of honest pride, unalloyed with censure or regret, and if its acts be subjected to the closest scrutiny, it will be found to have well merited the high eulogy it has universally received. All the proceedings of this illustrious body were marked with ability, dignity, and zeal, tempered with discretion, and in their session of only fifty-two days they transacted more business than our present Congress has disposed of in seven months.

Could those veteran statesmen now witness the young giant America, in all her glory and strength, how their patriotic hearts would swell with pride and pleasure! They would be amazed to find that the embryo nation which eighty years before they had assisted in establishing, had outgrown all her sister nations, and become the first in power and influence, wealth, learning, and prosperity—affording a secure assylum within her hospitable borders to the oppressed of all nations, and shedding the spirit of her institutions throughout the civilized world, causing her to be respected wherever the star spangled banner is unfurled to the breeze.

The Fadeless Flowers.

The brilliant flowers in rich array
Unfold their petals to the light,
Yet, O how soon they fade away
And lose their luster in our sight!

Thus brighter glories of the heart
Decline and perish in a day;
And all the joys earth can impart,
Like morning clouds soon pass away.

On Time's swift wing they're swiftly borne,
And buried in oblivion's urn,
And leave the heart sad and forlorn—
They're gone, and never can return!

Yet flowers there are which ever bloom,
And fruits which never can decay;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
They flourish in eternal day.

Virtue's bright flowers can never fade,
Nor lose their luster by decline;
In Heaven's own beauteous dress arrayed
They bloom beyond the frosts of time.

Where aromatic groves of peace
Shed heavenly fragrance all around,
Triumphant hosts shall never cease
To sing of our Emmanuel crowned.

That is a pure, cerulean clime,
Where palms and crowns to saints are given,
And all unite in strains divine
To celebrate the joys of heaven.

There Life's fair tree in beauty stands,
Forever blooming, ever green;
Exhaustless fountains, fruitful lands,
Such as no mortal eye hath seen.

From amaranthine bowers arise
The songs of living melody,
And all the music of the skies
There blends in wond'rous harmony.

Methinks I hear the enchanting songs
Which rise from those immortal bowers,
While thrice ten thousand tongues
There sing of Eden's FADELESS FLOWERS.

Picturesque Sketch of an Ancient Ocean.

An ocean wide in its extent once existed where now nought is to be seen but fields of grain, houses, schools, churches, etc. The scene is quite different now from what it was when that ocean spread its wide waters over the land. That ocean is gone; it has passed from existence. The beautiful forms of animal life that then lived have all been destroyed; their forms have gone never to return in the scale of being, and they have given way to higher and better forms of life. It seems to be a wise law in nature that as this earth becomes fitted for the residence of higher and better beings, they come into existence.

In this ocean lived many beings of exquisite natural beauty. Innumerable shell fish, with their beautiful habitations, were found there, but none of them were of such species as now exist. In that ocean was deposited a green sediment of a sandy nature, and in this the shells and other animal remains were preserved. We find them in this green sand as perfect in form as they were when living. They are preserved to teach man the wise workings of that bountiful Creator whose laws govern the universe; they are the monuments of the past, the sepulchers of the ancient dead. Let us then study with these things before our minds, for we are now treading in nature's sanctuary. The subject is a beautiful one, bringing many truths to light which have slumbered for ages. Let us, then, examine these memorials of the past—these ancient tombs. Let us search for the keys to the hieroglyphics which will unfold the history of this ancient ocean. The key is analogical reasoning; the hieroglyphics are the fossil remains of animals.

In an excursion through New Jersey these beautiful truths were first presented to my mind in their present form. In Camden county I received my first lessons of this Green-sand ocean; in the marl I found the remains of some shell fish—they all had bivalve shells. One species in particular attracted my attention. In the beak of the upper valve of the shell was a rounded perforation from which, when the animal lived came a pedicle or stem, by which the animal was fastened to the bottom. Thus it had a root like a plant, and the animal was deprived of all powers of locomotion. Inside the shell it had fastened at one end to its side by a muscular appendage, and also to the shell, a pair of long ciliary arms which it used to throw out into the water to grasp its food. Just inside the margin of the shell, the branchia of the animal were placed. These it used to breathe water. Naturalists call this animal *Terebratula Harlanisay*; *Terebratula*, named from the perforation in the beak, and *Harlani*, in honor of Dr Richard Harlin, its first discoverer. I found numerous specimens of them very perfect. Some of them with the

branches preserved entire. In many instances, the shell had decomposed, leaving only the inner form or cast.

I also found in this same locality, but higher in the series, the remains of very singular oyster shells (*ostrea*). They were entirely different from any now in existence. Our existing *ostrea* are gregarious, and fasten themselves to rocks, and to one another in huge masses. These ancient *ostrea*, on the contrary, each lived separate, fastened to a rock. The shell is more oval and uniform in its character than the living *ostrea*, which accommodate themselves to the objects to which they are attached. They form their shells so as to cover each inequality of surface, and thus no two of them will have shells just alike.

I found also, at this place, the remains of a beautiful coralline. The coral was delicate and fragile, and methought of the wide difference between this and some of the existing species—these only small but beautiful monuments, while those now existing build large islands, to be the foundation of future continents as their monuments.

At Mullica Hill, Gloucester county, I found many very singular remains of ancient life. The bones of large Saurians (lizard like animals), which when living were many feet in length. The vertebrae and teeth were the parts found, and these would denote animals of immense size. There were also the remains of fishes of the shark kind, but of very great size. The smaller fishes were also represented. I found the remains of huge tortoises, the single scale of the shell being over four inches in diameter, which would demonstrate their great size. I noticed the remains of a remnant of bone which belonged to a wading bird which lived on the land, but frequented the water for its food. Some of the shells of this locality were very singularly formed. One was a bivalve shell, the valves of which were unequal. Like the *ostrea*, it was an acephalous animal (i. e. an animal which has no head). There was a tendency in the beak of the upper valve to assume a spiral form, like a univalve shell. To distinguish this shell from others of the same class, naturalists call it *exogyra* (from the circular form of the shell). I also found the remains of animals which used their stomachs for feet (*gasteropoda*), that is, as a means of locomotion. They were all spiral shells, but every trace of color, as found in existing shells of this order, was lost; every minute form of the shell was preserved, but its beauty of color had faded away.

At this place, many of the shells had decomposed, and a beautiful blue mineral (*vivianite*,) had taken the place of the shell. I also found the remains of the ink-sacks of numerous sepia, or cuttle fish. They were very different from those now existing. The use of these ink-sacks or cases was this: when the sepia was pursued by any larger animal, it drew this ink from its sack, and threw it out into the water, which was

thus darkened, and the sepia could then escape. At Woodstown, Salem county, I found the remains to be nearly the same as at the other points, with the exception of very singularly formed concretions, made by the action of the water upon hardened nodules of clay.

I discovered here a bed or stratum of earthy *vivianite* (phosphate of iron), in situ, from one to three feet thick. This discovery, together with the green sand marl beds which underlie the *vivianite*, is of the utmost importance to man as a fertilizing agent. The green sand will furnish potash, the *vivianite* phosphoric acid, and then, with the addition of lime we will have one of the best fertilizing products known, and thus we see, the deposit formed ages gone by, is now to be turned to man's benefit, besides the lessons of natural truth taught us here, and this brings us forward another step towards reading the works of the God of nature.

Odd-Fellowship and Woman.

It is among the most pleasing features of Odd-Fellowship, that in the ministrations of relief, it presents powerful claims to the sympathies and best wishes of the gentler sex. They are parties beneficially interested in its operation. When sickness enters the family circle—when the resources supplied by the industry of a husband or brother are cut off, those dear to him are not doomed to have added to their afflictions, the cries of famished children for bread which they are not able to procure: and when, as the fond wife is called to gaze upon the work which the destroyer, Death has done, she is not rudely thrown upon cold charities of a world that seldom feels for others' woes—there is no fear that the widow shall be driven from the shelter of a home, or that her little ones will be compelled to gather, half clad, and shivering in the wintery cold, around the expiring embers of her last stick of fuel. She finds, in our Order, a shield and protection, so long as she remains in widowhood.

Not only from considerations such as these, do we expect to find in lovely woman a warm and generous advocate, but because her gentle heart contains a chord that beats responsive to the slightest touch of suffering and sorrow. In man, the conflicts of a busy world have a tendency to chill and deaden the sensibilities of his nature, and in too many instances that end is effectually produced; he therefore needs the influences of the fraternal principles of Odd-Fellowship to soften and refine the affections of his heart. With woman it is otherwise. Heaven designed the "last best gift of man," to be peculiarly the ministering angel of humanity; and never are the holy attributes of woman's character more brightly developed, than when employed in soothing the couch of pain, or as a ministering angel, tending to the wants of suffering pov-

erty. Our institution, then, justly claims and deserves from woman the cheering tribute of her encouraging smiles, and we rejoice to say, that from all the truly good of the gentler sex, it does receive a hearty "God speed," and in such it does find an ardent and efficient advocate, wherever its real character is known.

Discovery of the Falls of Niagara.

Among the earliest missionaries sent out from England to convert the Indians to the Christian belief, was Joseph Price, a young man who had received directions to penetrate farther into the vast forests which clothe the continent of America towards the north than had been at that time accomplished. In this hazardous undertaking he was accompanied by Henry Wilmington, who, actuated by the same religious motives, had volunteered to attend him. They had been landed at Boston, then a very small but thriving village, about a month previous, where they made the necessary preparations for their expedition, and recruited themselves after a passage of thirteen weeks from Plymouth, for so long a passage was not uncommon in those times in traversing the Atlantic.

It was a fine morning in the latter end of May when they bade adieu to the inhabitants, by whom they had been hospitably entertained, and, accompanied by the good wishes of all, proceeded towards the hitherto unexplored forest.

The buds were now beginning to expand into leaves, and the sun was often darkened by the vast flocks of migratory pigeons, which sometimes flew so close to the ground that the travelers could beat them down with their sticks. It was their intention to visit a distant tract of country, of which nothing was known except vague reports of sheets of water so immense that, but for the circumstance of their being fresh, might have led them to suppose they were on an island. These reports were for the most part gathered from the Indians, on whose testimony little reliance could be placed, as none of their informers could speak from their own knowledge. To aid them in their pursuit they were provided with compasses and armed with fowling-pieces. They, directing their course towards the place to which most of the Indians alluded, had, it is true, but slight grounds on which to rest their hopes of success; animated, however, with the desire of fulfilling what they had undertaken, they thought little of the difficulties which might attend it: accordingly, it was without regret that they were now leaving the settled part of the country. Having traveled several days without seeing any thing worthy of notice, they arrived at the ultimate farm they could expect to meet with before their return. After remaining there for the night, they con-

tinued their journey through the forest, which had most likely never been previously trodden by the feet of civilized man. The startled deer frequently crossed their path, and a few birds were the only objects that varied the silent solitude around.

Guided by their compasses, they continued their progress many days, until they arrived at the banks of a large and rapid river, which they in vain endeavored to pass, as its breadth and swiftness precluded the hope of their being able to swim across it. After proposing many expedients, all of which they soon found to be impracticable, they determined on trusting themselves to some one of the many fallen trees which lay in every eddy along its banks; and having selected one whose branches lay in such a manner as would prevent it from turning over, they entwined boughs to form a small kind of basket, into which, having provided themselves with stout poles, they entered, taking care that neither their guns nor ammunition suffered from the water; they then steadily pushed it from the shore into the stream, and continued doing so until the water grew so deep that the poles were of no avail, and they were obliged to trust to Providence to carry them to the other side.

For some time they continued in the middle of the river, without inclining to either bank, when they perceived that, by the help of the wind, they were quickly gaining on a large pine, which was slowly floating downwards. On reaching it, they stretched out their poles with a great effort, and succeeded in pushing themselves into water where they could again find bottom. After much labor our travelers touched the bank, on which they quickly leaped, after having taken out their arms, and continued their journey rejoicing.

They soon after arrived at a spot where they deemed it fit to wait till the following morning, and, it being their custom, they went out hunting in order to provide provision for the next day's wants, at that time easily accomplished, as the forests abounded with herds of deer, which, having been seldom disturbed, were exceedingly tame. In about a week after, they reached a chain of mountains, where they rested for the night, and next morning proceeded to ascend their steep and sandy sides, up which they were enabled to drag themselves by grasping the trees; nevertheless, they were several times nearly precipitated into the gulf below. Thus they advanced, for the remainder of that day, in the evening of which they took advantage of a small space of level ground to remain until the morning. About noon, they succeeded in gaining the summit of the ridge; and in order that they might view the surrounding country, they with some difficulty ascended a barren crag that reared itself high above the others; for, without having met with this, the trees would have excluded every prospect. Having reached its loftiest pinnacle, they turned their eager eyes to see if they could behold any traces of

the mighty seas of fresh water which had been described to them by the Indians; but to their sorrow, as far as the sight could stretch, only vast woods met their anxious gaze.

Being somewhat disappointed, they silently commenced wending their lonely way down the side of the mountain; but, notwithstanding their utmost exertions, they could not succeed in descending the range that evening, and were compelled by the approaching darkness to seek a spot where they might safely rest. Early in the morning they awoke, and, continuing their descent with renewed energy, soon surpassed the formidable obstacle which the hills had opposed.

Having rested for the remainder of that day, they again began to cross the level country, and continued doing so for many days, without having seen a single human being since their departure from the farm, when, one day in a glade of the woods, they saw a band of Indians among the trees, who, having approached, spoke in a pleasant, but to them unknown language. Their gestures betokened their surprise at beholding people so different in color from themselves, and armed with what appeared to them only polished sticks. While thus employed, a flock of wild geese flew high above their heads, at which the Indians discharged their arrows, but they fell short of their intended mark; when Price and Wilmington, raising their guns, fired, and to the astonishment of the natives, two of the flock came fluttering to their feet. The spectators crowded round the Europeans, and with much curiosity began to admire the weapons which they had formerly despised. Their wonder was not diminished when they saw what they imagined pounded cinders put into the muzzles of the guns, and then, on pulling a small piece of iron, a flash of fire, accompanied with smoke and a loud report, immediately followed. The chief, by signs, appeared to ask them to accompany him, that the rest of his tribe might see what seemed to them exceedingly wonderful; and, having followed him, they soon arrived at a place where several Indians were engaged in erecting small wigwams of bark. The chief, however, made them understand that this was only their hunting ground, and told them that their village lay far off in the direction of the sun, which was then sinking behind the trees, and to which they should soon return. From this time the missionaries commenced learning the language of their entertainers, in which they were able to converse with some facility by the time that the Indians returned to their village, which was situated on the Oneida.

When they arrived there, Price began to teach them; but they, having patiently listened to his first sermon, to his great sorrow, never assembled to hear him again; and in consequence, he told Wilmington that he would try to discover whether there was any truth in the reports they had heard at Boston concerning the inland waters, and asked him if he

was willing to be his companion. Wilmington assented; and having endeavored to inform the Indians of their intention, the chief, who had conducted them to the village, made them understand that the river which flowed past led to an immense basin, which they supposed was formed by the continual running of several large rivers, but that few of his tribe had ever paddled far round its borders. There was, however, an old man, who in his youth had ventured to proceed in his canoe for many suns around it, and returned with the report that he had arrived at an immense river which ran into the fresh sea, where, having landed for the purpose of hunting, he had heard a terrific roaring, as he thought, of waters, and, advancing through the woods towards the sound for some miles, the stream became so rapid that no canoe could go up against it. Being very much alarmed, he had hurried back to his bark, and instantly commenced his return; but he was the only one who had ever dared to sail so far, and from his account they supposed it the source of the lake.

Having learnt this, they asked the chief, whose name was Maiook, whether he would allow any of his Indians to accompany them down the river to the lake, and ascertain from whence the sound that had alarmed the aged Indian arose. He at first tried to dissuade them, by every argument in his power; but, finding his endeavors of no avail, he said that he would himself join them in their expedition. It was, therefore, agreed that they should sail down the river the week following; but before the time determined on, an event occurred that considerably delayed their departure. After having paddled their canoes for several days, one calm and beautiful evening they were astonished at the sight of Lake Ontario. As far as the eye could reach, they could only see what appeared to them boundless water, which lay without the slightest ripple on its glassy surface, undisturbed by the softest breath of wind. They then continued paddling round the shore, looking out for a place where they might safely moor their canoes during the night, and, among the many small inlets, they soon discovered one fitted for their purpose, which they immediately entered. At sunrise they again advanced on their adventurous expedition. As they coasted along, the deer would sometimes look at them from among the thickets that fringed the borders of the lake; and at other times they saw them swimming across the mouths of the various creeks or rivers which they passed in their progress. They were, however, too much engaged in admiring the lonely magnificence of the surrounding scenery to interrupt the playful gambols of the deer by endeavoring to wound them, which they only did when their necessities compelled. Thus they paddled onward for several days, without perceiving any thing that might lead them to suppose they were approaching the spot to which the old Indian had alluded; when, one hazy morning, having proceeded many miles before the sun had power to

dispel the thick mists, they were delighted at seeing themselves, as the air at noon cleared, about to enter a large river, which flowed rapidly into the lake. As this in some measure coincided with the first part of what had been related to them, they determined on entering it; but after paddling up it for some time, the current grew so strong that they were compelled to disembark and continue their journey by land on the edge of the high precipitous bank.

The wind, softly blowing, rustled among the trees, but sometimes they fancied that a distant rumbling could be distinguished.

Having followed the course of the stream along the edge of the cliff for some distance, Price proposed that one of them should ascend a tree and follow the course of the river upward with his eye, and try if he could discover whence the sound that reached them arose. Maiook, therefore, told one of his Indians to climb up a lofty pine which grew apart from the rest; and he had hardly ascended half-way, when, uttering a cry of astonishment, he hastened to the ground and told his comrades that he had seen immense clouds of spray rising far above the trees, but he could not perceive from what cause they arose. Encouraged by this report, after refreshing themselves (being much wearied by their toilsome march), they hastened along the edge of the cliffs, while the rushing sound that had been gradually increasing, was every instant becoming more and more tremendous, and the velocity of the stream made them imagine that they were in the vicinity of a furious rapid, when, on advancing from the thick bushes, they suddenly found themselves on a bare ledge of rock which overhung an immense chasm, into which two streams and a mighty river were tumbling, with a noise that drowned all their exclamations of surprise, and which was louder than the voice of the ocean in a storm. Springing back with terror from the edge of the precipice over which they had so nearly plunged, they eyed the thundering and foaming torrent with amazement, not noticing that part of the rock on which they had just been standing was tottering, and slowly separating itself from the adjoining mass, till roused by the crash with which it was precipitated into the gulf below, shaking the living rock from whence it had been detached, and resounding through the woods, far above the roaring of the stupendous cataract. The missionaries involuntarily leaped back among the trees, not daring to return to the place where they had been, and viewed with more composure the awful prospect before them. The river above the falls was for some distance a furious rapid, rushing with incredible force towards the precipice; but when on its very brink, it, in some parts of the great stream, became calm; other parts were white with foam. While thus engaged, Maiook, with a loud cry, directed their attention to a large deer, which, in vain struggling against the overpowering suction of the falls, was rapidly

coming to destruction. They watched its fruitless endeavors to reach the shore; but, on arriving at the deceitful calm, it looked wildly, with distended nostrils and outstretched neck, and seemed to be crying; but the roar of the cataracts drowned its voice, and it was soon precipitated into the boiling abyss.

The French from the province of Quebec, may have reached as far before, but Price and his companion believed they were the first who had penetrated to that spot; and when they returned back to the settlements, their description of the unparalleled magnificence of the cataracts, to which Maïook gave the name of Niagara, or the thundering waters, was deemed incredible. But the wilderness has now been banished from the scene, and festivity and commerce have there established themselves amidst the simple sublimity that distinguishes this, the most impressive spectacle of the kind to be seen on the whole earth.

Herod the Great.

The tragical life and awful death of Herod the Great, so denominated on account of the number and magnitude of his crimes, in the language of Eusebius, throw all other fictitious tragedies into the shade. Through the influence of Mark Anthony, he obtained the entire government of Judea, and thus got possession of the whole country. His wife, the beautiful Mariamne, who had an insuperable aversion to the monster on account of his crimes—was, at his instance, put to death. From the moment of her execution he never had one tranquil hour. Remorse seized him; and for the purpose, if possible, of shutting his crimes out of his memory, he plunged into scenes of the wildest dissipation. Neither society nor solitude could yield tranquility to his troubled mind.

As a last resort he turned his attention to projects of regal magnificence. In the city of Jerusalem he built a magnificent theater and amphiheater, in which he celebrated games in honor of Cæsar Augustus, and set images around them in commemoration of the emperor's victories. These were regarded by the Jews as a profanation tending to idolatry, and a conspiracy was formed against him, which he suppressed by acts of unheard of cruelty.

After this he built the city of Samaria, and adorned it with the most sumptuous edifices. He also erected several fortresses in various parts of Judea, the principal of which was Cæsarea Palestina, which he named in honor of the emperor. In his own palace in Jerusalem, not far from the Temple, he lavished the most costly materials and curious workmanship. This palace was afterwards occupied by Pilate, and in what was called the Pretorium or Judgment Hall, Jesus was tried, scourged, and

sentenced to death. He erected another palace which he called the Herodium, surrounded with pleasure gardens, a few miles distant from the city, which, on account of the beauty of its situation and other advantages, attracted around it a large population.

To supply the place of his murdered Mariamne he married a lady of the same name, the beautiful daughter of a priest, whom he raised to the high rank of the supreme pontificate. Subsequently he was appointed Supreme Procurator of Syria. To acquire popularity among the Jews, and to show his attachment to their religion, he rebuilt the Temple of Jerusalem in a style of the greatest magnificence. In the meantime, his sons by his first wife having finished their education at Rome, returned to Jerusalem, and conspired against their father's person and government. For this conspiracy they were arrested and put to death.

In the thirty-third year of Herod's reign the Savior was born. This event, it will be recollected, was followed by the indiscriminate slaughter of all the male infants in and around Bethlehem. Shortly after this, his son Antipater (ominous name,) was arrested by his order for conspiracy, and being found guilty, was cast into prison. Thus the cup of his iniquity was rapidly filling up, and the coming events which cast their dark shadows before, indicated the approach of a fearful doom. The calamities which befel him, joined to a guilty conscience, preyed heavily upon a constitution already enervated by dissipation, and the wretched monarch was thrown into a mortal disease. His disorder was attended by the most loathsome circumstances imaginable. He whose beauty of person as exhibited in the symmetry of his form and the regularity of his features, and which caused his admirers, while he was addressing them, to shout, "It is the voice of a god!" was now disfigured and consumed by disease. A premature report of his death caused a tumult in Jerusalem, which resulted in the destruction of a Roman eagle which he had placed over the gate of the Temple. Herod had the perpetrators of this act seized and put to death. He also ordered his son Antipater to be executed in prison. To perpetrate, if possible, a still greater crime than all the rest, as the last of which he could be guilty, he had the most distinguished persons among the Jews taken to Jerico and confined in the hippodrome or circus, and gave strict orders to his sister Salome that they should all be massacred at the moment of his death, "For this," said he, "will provide mourners for my funeral all over the land." This cruel order, however, was not carried into execution, but the moment of his death was made the signal for their release. Overwhelmed with remorse, an object of detestation by man and forsaken of God, the miserable monarch

"Repined and groaned, and withered from the earth."

Woman's Sphere.

This is a subject which has been so differently treated, and on which there is such a variety of opinion, that it may seem rather presumptuous to attempt to offer any thing new in relation to it; nevertheless, permit me, kind reader, to give my idea of what character a true and Christian woman should cultivate.

Madam de Genlis says that "it is to education alone we are to ascribe the differences we observe between men and women." The mind of a reasonable being is therefore under its own control; and it is our opinion that it becomes us to encourage and foster those qualities suitable to each of our individual situations in life, and we find that the wise regulations of society have prescribed the cultivation of different and often opposite qualities in the two sexes. Thus courage and energy should be cherished in man, and softness and sensibility in woman; while at the same time, the opposite virtues still remain unchecked in either. The foundation of a true woman's character should be mildness and perfect amiability, mingled with unshaken firmness in all that is right and virtuous. Naturally gifted with a greater portion of tact or delicacy than the other sex, it is a quality she should by no means neglect. 'Tis woman's office to encourage the right by word, smile or glance, as well as action, and to discountenance wrong not by too stern censure, but rather by gentle remonstrance; not by angry reproof, but rather in sorrow. And herein lies woman's power—stronger than the might of man—for a word spoken kindly in sorrow has often more effect than would a sermon from the lips of the most eloquent divine.

Sympathy is one of woman's choicest gifts, like the dew of the earth that rises to revive all nature, then returns with refreshing coolness to the bosom that sent it forth, it is sweeter to the heart, and more highly prized than a costly gift, and thrice blessed is the giver. Let not the poorest object pass without this slight tribute. Always should we endeavor to feel and show an interest in all that concerns those around us. But more especially should the generous female enlist all her sympathies in favor of the unfortunate, afflicted or destitute; preserve for these the kindest attention and most thoughtful consideration, in word, look and action; for remember

"How many a word most lightly spoken,
May sooth or wound a heart that's broken."

Let not your charities be bestowed in the cold way of the world, which is too apt to mar its liberality by its thoughtless air of cold indifference, inflicting on the sensitiveness of the sufferer a wound which adds yet another drop to his cup of bitterness. The poor beggar, the victim not of

sin, but of fate, perhaps, learns by sad experience, to read in the eye, with painful precision, the precedent of a harsh or cold word or action. What balm to his lacerated heart the simple magic of a kind glance and gentle word ! Kindness cannot be administered with too much delicacy, and the more wretched the object the greater claim is there on our courtesy and patience. And what sensation of the heart can be more exquisite than that experienced at the involuntary glance of grateful acknowledgement one receives after bestowing some unexpected act of sisterly kindness, slight in itself perhaps, but performed in a delicate and courteous manner ? 'Tis woman's mission to console, and while we applaud the cultivation of sensibility in the female heart, it is with pain that we sometimes observe her shrink from the scene of suffering, and avoiding the house of wo. 'Tis then she should summon all her firmness, and restrain her tears or let them flow in secret, waiting to catch the favorable moment to pour the balm of consolation into the bleeding heart of the sufferer.

But female sympathy is not to be expended on grief alone : 'tis equally our duty to rejoice with those who rejoice. We should have a tear for every woe, a smile for every joy ; for human happiness is ever imperfect without sympathy. Thus though preoccupied with some selfish thought of sadness, never should we dampen some happy spirit, or chill the brightness of a joyous glance, by responding to it with coldness or indifference. Does there hang over the family circle an unwonted feeling of gloom, it is woman's office not to increase it by yielding to a causeless feeling of depression vulgarly termed the "blues," but to endeavor to dispel the gloom and enliven the group, not by an affectation of extravagant mirth, but with cheerful words and smiles, or the suggestion of something of interest to each one.

Modesty is woman's fairest ornament. It should accompany every exertion of the female mind, as well as rule every action ; and far better would I esteem it to permit some gift or quality (however brilliant or susceptible of cultivation) to die in obscurity, like the desert flower that

"—— Is born to blush unseen
And waste its fragrance on the desert air,"

Than that a woman should blot her beauty or mar the loveliness of her character by an assumption of arrogance and self-conceit.

One of the most hideous failings which can distort the female mind is the indulgence of censoriousness. To me a young woman never appears so unlovely as when in the act of criticising another ; and it is just as easy, and far pleasanter, to discover the flowers than to reveal the thorns. Let your lips be silent on the defects of others. Alas ! there are ever too many in the world to censure, even exaggerate, the failings of poor human nature.

But this subject is inexhaustible, and deserves an abler pen than mine to discuss it. Of all that has been said or sung on the subject there is nothing that so nearly coincides with my ideas of female perfection than the character of a certain English lady which Lord Lyttleton has commemorated thus in verse :

“Her kindly melting heart
To every want and every wo,
To guilt itself, when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow.
Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind—
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On fortune's smile or frown;
That could, without regret or pain,
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice;
Or interest or ambition's highest prize.
Who, injured or offended, never tried
Its dignity, by vengeance, to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain,
With prudence—undeceiving, undeceived—
That not too little or too much believed—
That scorned unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.”

ODDITY OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.—Odd-Fellowship is certainly *odd*; odd enough to satisfy the ambition of the most ambitious devotee; and odd enough, also, to feed forever the curiosity of the uninitiated. The steam-boat, railroad, and telegraph, were all oddities years ago. But now in the progress of the developments of science and the mechanic arts, we are expecting oddities that will eclipse all former ones. If the term *oddities*, be applied to the various societies of the present age, we must confess there are those that are odd enough to suit the wayward fancies, and bewildered fanaticism of living men, and (pardon me if I say it,) of woman, to. The ancient and honorable society of Odd-Fellowship it must be confessed, wears the superscription odd, but not the image of oddity. It is true it is somewhat strange in this spirit of intense selfishness to see a body of men self-denying enough to sacrifice their lives and money in works of benevolence and charity—yea, universal charity. Such is Odd-Fellowship, and in this sense, Odd-Fellowship is an oddity of our age. Yea, it is “an oddity let loose.” “Let loose?”—how? To do good—to protect the widow—to educate the orphan, and to bury the dead. Let loose to unfurl a banner in every civilized nation, whose Catholic motto is “Friendship, Love and Truth.”

Cities of Switzerland.

GENEVA.

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far hight and hue.—BYRON.

The city of Geneva claims the distinction of high antiquity. It is frequently mentioned by the name it now bears in the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar. It became a republic in the year 1535, and by degrees acquired the form of government which is maintained to the present day. Its earlier history, however, is involved in unusual obscurity; and notwithstanding the ingenious speculations of many who have endeavored to reconcile the conflicting testimony of ancient writers, none have hitherto succeeded in removing the veil with which tradition and ignorance have so long obscured it. These *tenebræ seculorum* will be sufficient excuse for not pursuing such an inquiry, more especially as Geneva presents us with subjects far more interesting than the investigation of remote tradition.

The city is built at the head of the Lemman lake, which is considered the finest piece of water in Europe. The waters abound with fish, and are famous for trout, which are often found of a prodigious size. At the opposite end the Rhone falls into the lake, which at some distance separates into two rapid streams, forming a small island in the town, and then reuniting pursues its course into France. The lake is bordered on one side by the Pays de Vaud, a country which was formerly conquered by the Canton of Bern from the Dukes of Savoy. This may, indeed, be considered one of the most enchanting spots in Europe. As far as the eye can reach, it is studded with towns, hamlets, gardens, and vineyards, and is bounded by the hills of Mount Jura. The Savoy side has a wilder and more romantic appearance, presenting a pleasing contrast to the Pays de Vaud. Huge mountains and tremendous precipices meet the eye on all sides, rising behind each other in every wild and fantastic form with which the imagination may choose to invest them. On the one side Nature is displayed in her most sublime and awful form, while on the other, she exhibits her gayest and most attractive attire.

Thus, by a happy combination of the softest imagery with the grander and more majestic scenery, the neighborhood of Geneva abounds with objects of surpassing interest. The hand of Nature has indeed marked the scene as one of her happiest labors. Every material is here combined that the poet or the painter could desire to excite the imagination or to stimulate a lingering fancy. The silver lake, which extends like a huge mirror from shore to shore, reflecting from its bright and polished surface the numberless beauties that adorn its banks, the lofty mountains

that rear on every side their majestic heads, some clothed with eternal snows, and others delighting the eye with freshness and verdure, and the city itself, embosomed in its woods and waters, present a scene which, for harmonious combination and variety of imagery must stand unrivaled, even where beauty and sublimity most predominate.

The glowing language of Rousseau and the lofty verse of Byron have been, not unworthily, employed in throwing round these romantic and favored regions a halo of which neither time nor circumstance can ever deprive them. Moore, too, thus beautifully describes his feelings on visiting the lake and valley for the first time, at sunset :

'Twas at this instant—while there glowed
This last, intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly through the opening road
The valley burst upon my sight !
That glorious valley, with its lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.

* * * * *
No, never shall I lose the trace
Of what I've seen in this bright place;
And should my spirit's hope grow weak,
Should I, O God ! e'er doubt thy power,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At this same calm and glowing hour,
And here at the sublimest shrine
That Nature ever reared to Thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And **FEEL** my immortality.

Beyond the beauty and romance of its situation, the city of Geneva has nothing in itself to merit particular notice. Few European towns of its size and importance are so sparingly decorated with public monuments. The upper part, which rises on a gentle acclivity, is exceedingly picturesque. The houses are of stone, and well constructed, but the lower part offers rather an unpleasant contrast. They are many stories high, and from their appearance would seem to have been built for ages. They have heavy, projecting roofs, and on each side of the streets are erected cumbersome wooden arcades, under which the trading classes exhibit their wares and merchandise. In the water which divides the town there are also erected many heavy and unseemly buildings apparently for the sole use of the washer-women of Geneva. Indeed, this portion of the city being chiefly inhabited by the mercantile part of the population, is not very likely to meet with speedy improvement, since expense on the one hand and prejudice on the other, are most effectual securities for the adherence of the citizens to the wisdom of their ances-

tors. The public walks and the ramparts are, however, replete with interest. Thence the eye of the tourist will be delighted with the brilliant succession of romantic villas, which rise like fairy mansions along the margin of the lake, and, combined with the scenes around, present a series of views as beautiful as they are varied. The lake itself, perhaps, partakes more of softness than of grandeur, and the pleasure of gliding over its waters, when the setting sun casts a mellowed light over the vivid and glowing scenery around, would be the summit of such enjoyment, did not the frequency of those fogs or vapors, which are the bane of this part of Switzerland, too often intervene and involve the glorious scene in mist and obscurity.

Of all the important events which have contributed to the celebrity of Geneva, none claims so great a portion of interest as the Reformation, of which Geneva may be said to have been the cradle and the nurse. Had it not been for this precious home of liberty, which served as a rallying point for the reformers of all countries during the sanguinary terrors of persecution, the reformed doctrines would never have been so successfully promulgated, nor could their advantages have been so universally secured. The Genevese were early in the field, and to their exertions is the Protestant Church materially indebted for the rapid progress of its tenets, and for the foundation on which it at present stands.

The circumstance which led the great apostle of the Reformation, Calvin, to adopt Geneva as his residence is singular. Passing through that town on his route from France to Germany, he encountered his friend Farel, then resident at Geneva who entreated him to remain there and assist him in his ministry. Calvin, however, was desirous of proceeding, till Farel, threatened him, in the most solemn manner, with the curse of God if he did not stay to assist him in that part of the Lord's vineyard. Calvin accordingly complied, and was appointed professor of Divinity. It was at Geneva that the singular interview took place between Calvin and Eckius, related to Lord Orrery by Deodati.

"Eckius being sent by the pope legate into France, upon his return resolved to take Geneva in his way, on purpose to see Calvin, and if occasion were, to attempt reducing him to the Romish church. Therefore, when Eckius was come within a league of Geneva, he left his retinue there, and went, with but one attendant, to the city. Setting up his horses at an inn, he inquired where Calvin lived, which house being shown him, he knocked at the door, and Calvin himself came to open it to him. Eckius inquired for Mr. Calvin; he was told he was the person. Eckius acquainted him that he was a stranger, and having heard much of his fame he was come to wait upon him. Calvin invited him to come in, and he entered the house with him; where, discoursing of many things concerning religion, Eckius perceived Calvin to be an

ingenious, learned man, and desired to know if he had not a garden to walk in ; to which Calvin replying he had, they both went into it, and then Eckius began to inquire of him why he left the Romish church, and offered some arguments to persuade him to return ; but Calvin could by no means be persuaded to think of it. At last Eckius told him that he would put his life into his hands, and then said he was Eckius, the Pope's legate. At this discovery Calvin was not a little surprised, and begged his pardon that he had not treated him with the respect due to his rank. Eckius returned the compliment, and told him if he would come back to the church he would certainly procure for him a cardinal's cap. But Calvin was not to be moved by such an offer. Eckius then asked him what revenue he had. He told the cardinal he had that house and garden and fifty livres per annum, besides an annual present of some wine and corn, on which he lived very contentedly. Eckius told him that a man of his parts deserved a better revenue ; and then renewed his invitation to come over to the Romish church, promising him a better stipend if he would. But Calvin, giving him thanks, assured him that he was well satisfied with his condition. About this time dinner was ready, when he entertained his guest as well as he could, excused the defects of it, and paid him every respect. Eckius, after dinner, desired to know if he might not be admitted to see the church, which anciently was the cathedral of that city. Calvin very readily answered that he might ; accordingly he sent to the officers to be ready with the keys, and desired some of the syndics to be there present, not acquainting them who the stranger was. As soon, therefore, as it was convenient, they both went towards the church ; and as Eckius was coming out of Calvin's house, he drew out a purse with about one hundred pistoles, and presented it to Calvin. Calvin desired to be excused. Eckius told him he gave it to buy books, as well as to express his respect for him. Calvin with much regret took the purse, and they proceeded to the church ; where the syndics and officers waited upon them, at the sight of whom Eckius thought he had been betrayed, and whispered his thoughts in the ear of Calvin, who assured him of his safety. Thereupon they went into the church ; and Eckius having seen all, told Calvin he did not expect to find things in so decent an order, having been told to the contrary. After having taken a full view of every thing, Eckius was returning out of the church, but Calvin stopped him a little, and calling the syndics and officers together, took out the purse of gold which Eckius had given him, telling them that he had received that gold from this worthy stranger, and that he now gave it to the poor ; so put it all in the poor-box that was kept there. The syndics thanked the stranger ; and Eckius admired the charity and modesty of Calvin. When they were come out of the church, Calvin invited Eckius again to his house ; but he replied that he

must depart; so, thanking him for all his civilities, offered to take his leave; but Calvin waited on him to his inn, and walked with him a mile out of the territories of Geneva, where, with great compliments, they took a farewell of each other."

The last moments of Calvin were remarked as the finest of his life. Like a parent who is about to leave a beloved family, he bade farewell to those whom he had watched over so long with a truly parental care. To the elders of the republic and the citizens he gave his parting advice, that they should steadily pursue the course in which he had directed them. His remains were conveyed, without any pomp, to the burial place called Plain Palais. His tomb was simple, and without inscription; but the feelings of gratitude were deeply engraven on the hearts of the Genevese, and he was honored with the sincere mourning of his adopted countrymen, to whom he had been so long a father and friend.

Before we leave Geneva, it will not be improper to mention the claim which the public library has to notice. It contains many rare and curious books and manuscripts, and a very singular piece of antiquity, an ancient Roman shield of massive silver. It was found in the bed of the Arve in 1721.

The traveler who beholds a storm on the lake of Geneva will not forget Lord Byron's beautiful description.

"The sky is changed—and such a change! O night!
 And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman. Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling clouds among,
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night. Most glorious night!
 Thou wert not made for slumber! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
 And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand;
 For here, not one, but many make their play,
 And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around. Of all the band,

The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
 His lightnings—as if he did understand,
 That in such gaps as desolation worked,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings, ye !
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful; the far off roll
 Of your departing voices is the knoll
 Of what in me is sleepless, if I rest.

But where of ye, O tempests ! is the goal ?
 Are ye like those within the human breast ?
 Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest ?”

The Temptation.

William Carter arose from a fitful and uneasy slumber. The night had been cold and windy, such a night as December usually brings among the hills of New Hampshire. William's bed was hard, and the cold wind found its way through many a crack and crevice in his ruined cottage, but he might have slept if his mind had been at ease. His wife was a delicate woman; toil and exposure had brought on a lingering illness, and she lay all night moaning with pain, and shivering with cold.

Having kindled a fire, William went forth into the open air. The clouds were black and heavy, and the wind swept in gusts through the naked trees. Away in the distance the tops of the mountains were already white with snow. He had engaged a day's work on a neighboring farm, but it was useless to go—the farmer would not work that day; so he turned with a heavy step, and entered his dwelling. The children were soon stirring, and the pale, suffering mother rose from her restless couch to prepare the morning meal. A few potatoes were boiled for the father and children, and a cup of gruel prepared for herself.

William Carter and his wife had seen better days, but sickness and misfortune, the fraud of some and the cruelty of others, had driven them forth from their pleasant home, which he had spent the strength of his early manhood to purchase, and forced them to take shelter in their present miserable abode. They were Christians, and had hitherto borne up under the crushing weight of their afflictions with a meek and quiet spirit. Looking forward to that bright hereafter, they had suffered patiently, knowing that these afflictions are but for a moment, and the glory which shall be revealed, eternal.

It had long been William Carter's practice to assemble his family in the morning, to hear the blessed truths of inspiration, and to bow before

the mercy-seat of heaven. That morning the children seated themselves as usual, and Mrs. Carter brought forth the Bible, and laid it before her husband. Moving it away, he said—

"I cannot read or pray. I have no faith, and what is not faith is sin ;" and rising, he seated himself at the table. The children looked up with astonishment.

"What is the matter, father ?" said little Alice, pressing closely to his chair. "Why don't you ask God for our daily bread ?"

A tear stole silently down the mother's cheek, as she took her place with her family around the scanty board.

"Why can't we have some bread and butter ?" said little James, a child of six years old, pushing away the potatoe which was offered him. "We used to have bread and pies, and I don't want potatoes all the time."

An expression of agony passed over the father's face. A torrent of bitter feelings was rushing through his heart—murmuring against providence—repining at his lot.

"Why should my children want for bread, while others have enough and to spare ?" he exclaimed. Have I not labored honestly ? but where is the blessing that God has promised to those that trust in him ? The man who by extortion and violence has taken away our rights, lives in plenty and ease, while I and mine, must pine with hunger and cold."

"Do not arraign the justice and wisdom of God," said Mrs. Carter, wiping away her tears, and looking tenderly on her husband. "Our heavenly Father will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able to bear."

"Bear ! I would bear any thing but this. I can bear toil, humiliation and want myself, but I can not see my children pine for bread, and you shivering in this miserable hovel—your sufferings will drive me mad."

The wife arose from her place, and approaching her husband, she threw her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his burning brow.

"William," she said, "turn not away from the promises of God—seal not up the only fountain of consolation which remains to us. While we have a home, and a meal as good as this, let us not be unthankful. Our Master had not where to lay his head."

"It is the memory of my wrongs—of your wrongs, rather, for myself I do not care—which is cankering my heart and maddening my brain. If there is a God, why does he suffer the rich to oppress the poor, and the strong to crush the weak ? I sometimes feel like taking justice into my own hands, and with my own arms avenging my cause."

"Let me not see you thus, my husband. Throw not away faith, with its memory of past blessings and its hopes for the future. We have received good at the hand of the Lord ; many times has he made our cup

to overflow ; and shall we murmur, and blindly accuse his justice, if he suffer the tempest to beat upon our heads ? O ! beware that evil thoughts spring not up in your heart. Sin will bring sorrows less bearable than those of poverty. Vengeance is the Lord's, and he will repay. Let us, like our Divine Teacher, who suffered wrongs infinitely greater than ours, forgive and pray for our enemies."

"I have tried hard to learn that lesson before, and I had thought, when no trials were upon me, that I had succeeded. I know it must be wrong—this angry and revengeful spirit—and I have tried at times to stifle it in my heart, but it will not die. It lingers there, poisoning and polluting all within me. I have tried to pray, but it has risen up like a black cloud, hiding the face of my heavenly father, and I have felt as if deserted by God and man."

"God sometimes hides his face, and suffers us to walk in our own strength, that we may know how weak we are, and feel the corruption of our hearts. But he is touched with a feeling for our infirmities ; therefore, let us seek earnestly for his presence, and for grace to help us in time of need."

William burst into tears. His poverty and his wrongs were all forgotten in the memory of his sinful anger and murmurings. The spirit of other days was returning ; the divine was triumphing over the human ; and they bowed down before God with the loving confidence of little children, casting all their cares on his mighty arm, and committing the future to his wise direction. That humble cottage was a holy place, sanctified by the presence of the King of kings ; and they rose up with peace and resignation in their hearts.

A storm was evidently coming on. Already the snow began to fall, but there was not wood enough to last two days, and William must go to his neighbor, and get permission to cut a few trees, or at least to pick up the limbs that were lying about. He buttoned up his coat and went out. He could not forget the home of other days, and the shed full of wood, all dry and ready for the fire, which he had been forced to leave ; but he brushed away a tear that dimmed his sight, and pressed on through the storm, which every moment increased in violence. Already a thin white drapery, purer and whiter than a maiden's bridal robes, lay over the rough and frozen bosom of the earth, twisted here and there "by the breezy fingers of the wind," into graceful knots and wreaths. He stepped on something which moved beneath his foot, and looking down he saw a large pocket-book half covered with snow. A sudden flash of joy darted through his heart. Seizing it, he turned his face from the wind to examine its contents. There was a roll of bank bills, and he carefully unrolled and counted them—tens—twenties—fifties—in all, five hundred. His first impulse was to secure the money, and throw the pocket-book

away. He saw nothing clearly but the money before him—he thought of nothing but the blessings which it would bring to his poor family. Was it not his own:—he had found it—had not Heaven sent it in mercy as a relief to his wants, an answer to his prayers? Bread and shelter for his wife—his patient, uncomplaining wife—and for his little ones, whose cheeks were growing pale with want, whose merry smiles were changing to anxious looks of care. Thus he reasoned; but conscience whispered, “Beware! suffer not the love of gold to make a plague-spot on thy heart! This money is not thine, and Satan may have permitted it as a snare to thy soul—God may have permitted it as a trial of thy faith.”

“But perhaps,” he thought, “I can not find the owner. Then it will be mine, honestly mine;” and with the hope that it contained no evidence of ownership, he commenced examining the pocket-book again. Mortal, condemn him not too heartily for this wish—sit not in hasty judgment on the heart of thy erring brother. Thus tempted, perhaps thy own had been no better. But the examination left no room for doubt. There was the owner’s name fully inscribed—the name of a rich merchant with whom, in days past, William had been acquainted. What a death-blow was this to all his hopes! The vision of comforts which had blessed him for a moment, as if in mockery, was snatched away, and he saw again the miserable hut, the pale wife and hungry children. Dashing the pocket-book to the ground, he stood for a moment gazing upon it.

“Tempter! deceiver?” he exclaimed, “why am I thus mocked and tantalized?” and then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he picked it up and stepped into a thicket, which afforded a partial shelter from the storm, and seated himself on a fallen tree. The elements were in commotion, but there was a fiercer conflict in his bosom. The love of gold, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the good it might bring to him and his was contending with the long established principles of justice and rectitude.

“This man is rich,” the tempter whispered; “he will never miss this sum, nor know the want of it; and O, the good it would do thy shivering wife and babes! It is a God-send, and wilt thou put away the proffered cup of blessings?”

“It is not thine! it is not thine!” said conscience. “Stain not thy hands with dishonest gains. Bring not upon thy soul the curse of an offended God. Better that thy children should perish before thine eyes, than that their father be a robber.”

He sat there more than an hour, the rushing wind and the falling snow all unheeded; but when he rose up the conflict was passed, and the expression of his face was peaceful and resigned. Remembering the purpose for which he started, he turned his face to his neighbor’s house,

where he obtained a small load of wood, and a team to haul it home. That night, after the children were in bed, William produced the pocket-book before his astonished wife, and told her how he found it, half hid beneath the snow.

"What will you do with it?" she said.

"What shall I do with it?" was the reply.

"Return it to the owner. We can bear toil and poverty, but not the reproaches of a guilty conscience."

"I knew it would be thus. When the dark temptation was upon me, and the evil in my heart seemed ready to triumph, I knew that you would not fail to see clearly, and approve the right."

"But, William, how will you get it to him? You have no horse, you have no money, and it will not be well to risk it in a letter."

"I have thought of that," said William, rising and going to the window. "The storm is over, and to-morrow I must go on foot, and carry this money to Mr. Carlton. It is but fifteen miles. I will start early, and perhaps he will give me enough for my services to pay my passage back in the stage."

The next morning the Carters were stirring early, and long before sunrise William was on his way. It was hard walking through the new fallen snow, and the wind was cold and piercing; but he pressed resolutely on, and before noon reached the house of Mr. Carlton. He ascended the marble steps, and rang the bell. A servant appeared, and in answer to the inquiry if Mr. Carlton was at home, informed him that the gentleman was out, and that he would not be back till dinner, which would be at two.

William cast a glance at his threadbare and rusty garments. He did not wish to enter that house, where the splendor and luxury would form a striking contrast to his own comfortless home, but he was cold and weary, and would be glad of a seat anywhere by a fire, so he said to the servant, "I have important business with Mr. Carlton, and, if you please, I will come in and wait till he returns."

The man eyed him from head to foot, and with a slight sneer on his face, which William did not fail to mark, conducted him to the kitchen. Preparations for dinner had already commenced. There was baking, boiling, and roasting—such a dinner as would have tempted the appetite of an epicure. It was a torture for a man faint with hunger to sit there with the delicious smell of the different dishes falling on the olfactory nerve, and stimulating the demands of the stomach beyond endurance.

The two hours passed slowly away, but Mr. Carlton at length came in, and his visitor was summoned to the parlor. The poor man cast a bewildered and timid look around the magnificent apartment. He scarcely dared to step on the soft carpet, which gave no sound beneath

vol. ii—7

his feet, and he shrunk as he caught a full-length view of himself in a mirror which extended almost from the ceiling to the floor. Mr. Carlton motioned him to a chair, and he seated himself on the edge, fearing lest he should soil the crimson-velvet cushion.

"Have you business with me, sir?" said the gentleman, in an impatient tone.

"Yes, sir," said William, producing the pocket-book, and handing it to him. "I found this yesterday, and as it bears your name, I have brought it to you."

"Ah! then you have found my pocket-book. I am glad to see it again, which I never expected to do." He carefully examined it. "All right," he said, "and I am obliged to you for returning it, for it contains valuable papers," and carelessly placed it in his pocket.

William had no more to say. He arose, and with no further evidence of gratitude or obligation, he was suffered to depart.

"I am sorry you did not give the poor man something, father," said a fair girl, as she seated herself on an ottoman at his feet. "Did you notice how pale he looked, and how he almost staggered as he rose to go away?"

"Did he? No, I did not notice it. I would have given him a fifty dollar bill, if I had thought of it; but he is gone now."

"Do you know him, father?"

"Yes, I had some dealings with him years ago. When I built the Charlotte, he had something to do with supplying the timber, and now I do remember that I heard he had lost his farm."

"How far did he come this cold morning to bring that pocket-book?"

"He lives in B——; he came fifteen or twenty miles. I ought, indeed, to have paid him well for it and I will not fail to do so yet."

Here the dinner-bell interrupted the conversation, and the father and daughter proceeded to the dining-room.

Mr. Carlton was not a selfish or cold-hearted man, but he was not observant of the wants and woes of others, and his good deeds must have been few, but for the gentle prompting of his daughter Mary. She, good girl, had a quick eye as well as a warm heart. Misery never passed her unnoticed, and many were the blessings which fell on her young head, many were the generous deeds performed by her father, of which he never would have thought, but for her suggestions.

But while the rich man enjoyed his plentiful repast, William Carter, with a sinking heart and weary frame, turned his steps towards home. He had not tasted food since early dawn, and now full fifteen miles lay before him. He felt disappointed, indignant, grieved, at the cold and indifferent manner in which his services were received. He did not ask a reward for restoring what was not his own, but he might with justice

have demanded recompense for his time and trouble. But even that was not offered him. He remembered the wastefulness of wealth, the extravagance of luxury, which he had witnessed, and something whispered—

“You are a fool. That man scarcely thanks you for returning what he would never have missed. It would have made you happy for months and years.”

Resolutely putting down the evil thoughts, he raised a silent prayer for help and resignation and pressed on his way. He grew weaker and fainter every step, and little more than half the distance was gained, when he sat down by the way utterly exhausted. He covered his face with his hands and wept—but for the thought of his wife and children at home, would have crept aside, and laid down upon the snow to die. Fortunately a man came along with a sleigh, and he rose and asked for a ride. The stranger took him and brought him within a mile of his own door.

It was late when he reached home, and he had scarcely strength to cross the threshold, and threw himself upon the bed. His over-taxed physical system had given way, and before morning he was raving in the delirium of a violent fever. Then did the poor wife feel that the hand of the Lord was heavy upon her, but her faith failed not. As earthly hopes faded away, brighter and brighter grew the hope of eternity; as she watched day after day by the sufferer's couch, bathing his burning brow, and soothing his frenzy with her loving voice, she was able to say “though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.” Oh blessed, sustaining power of faith and hope!—faith, not in man but God—power, not of earth but of heaven! Cling to thy faith poor woman. Make thy heart strong in confidence, for God will not forsake thee! Even now he is preparing the reward. He will not break the bruised reed, nor crush the humble heart.

Did the rich man rest sweetly, as he lay down on his pillow? Were there no remorseless thoughts when he remembered the careless act of injustice of which he had been guilty? Like Ahasuerus, he could not sleep, for God troubled him, and he resolved to make ample recompense for the wrong he had done. He concluded at first to send him a letter, and a handsome present, but the thought did not satisfy him; and he resolved to go himself, and see what he could do for his poor friend, that would most benefit him, and quiet his own conscience.

It was the fifth day of William Carter's sickness, and the physician said that night would be his crisis: if he lived through it he might recover. He had then fallen into a lethargic sleep. His pale wife sat holding his hand, and gazing anxiously in his sunken features and half shut eyes. The children, with sad faces and noiseless step, crept round

the room. There was a rap at the door—it was opened, a gentleman entered. Mrs. Carter looked with surprise on her unexpected visitor. His dress and bearing, so different from those of their humble neighbors, at another time might have awed her, but that was no place to feel the paltry distinctions of human society. In the presence of that Power before which the rich and poor, the mighty and weak, alike bow, men feel that they are equals—that they are brothers. She arose and offered him a chair. He did not seem to notice her, but advanced to the bed, and gazed long and earnestly on the ashy features of the sufferer, while the tears chased one another down his cheeks; then turning away he threw himself into a chair, and wept with uncontrolled emotion. This, as the reader may have guessed, was Mr. Carlton. He came into the neighborhood and inquired for Mr. Carter, and had been told of his sickness, and its probable cause. The good woman where he stopped had a warm heart and voluble tongue, and little suspecting who her auditor was, she had given full scope to her eloquence, in denouncing the man who suffered her poor neighbor to walk fifteen miles, and return without even a dinner.

Mrs. Carter stood gazing with silent astonishment on her visitor, when he arose, and placing a heavy purse in her hand, said—

“Take this and let no expense be spared for your husband’s recovery. I will call again,” and before she had time to express her gratitude, or surprise, he was gone.

The next morning William was better. The crisis had passed—the fever was gone, but he lay weak and helpless as a babe, and but for the many comforts which that purse procured he might have died. He grew stronger day by day, and at the end of a week he was sitting, supported by pillows, in a large arm chair. Mrs. Carter approached the window and exclaimed—

“There comes the stranger who gave me the purse.”

A minute more he entered the room. Approaching William, he grasped his hand, and said, earnestly—

“Thank heaven that you are alive—that you will live. If you had died, I never could have forgiven myself. I have come to make you some atonement for injustice, of which I was guilty;” and he placed a folded paper in his hand. “There,” he continued, “when you are able, read that. Do not thank me. It is but justice. The pocket-book was of great importance to me, and it has cost you dear.”

When the gentleman was gone, William opened the paper and found a deed for his old house and farm. There was dancing and shouting among the children; and in the hearts of the father and mother, a deep and holy joy mingled with thankfulness and trust in God.

I need not pursue my story further, nor tell of the happy reinstating

in their former home, nor how in after days, William Carter often gathered his grandchildren around his knee, and told them of his bitter trial and temptations, and taught them that they who put their trust in God are never forsaken.

A Brother's Requiem.

The day is lovely as a laughing rivulet that sparkles joyously in the sunlight. I open my casement to behold the brothers of the holy Order bearing to his last resting place one of their loved number. Hither they come, with their solemn music, to bury the dead, and they come bearing in their hearts no malice or revenge. O! as those strains of music flow forth, can they not by their sweet chimings woo the spirit back again to earth? Can they not reanimate the ashes of their brother, call the rosy hue to the pallid cheek, brighten the lusterless eye, and quicken the deafened ear? No, the spirit is free; music sweeter than the dulcet strains of earth is wafted to his ear, and he heeds not the ceremonies that are performed for him. He is exulting with joy as he finds himself no longer clogged by the fetters of materiality.

But as those strains lingering die away in the distance, I too linger to catch the last notes with which they think to waft their brother into the spirit land. O, that strange wild melody! It strikes the heart-strings and makes them echo back again the song. O, ye brothers, when you thus assemble to witness the departure of one of your band, may ye not hope that his soul may ascend pure, free, and guileless? Hope ye that as he enters the portals of yonder heavenly mansion, some bright being will conduct him onward to a fair and fadeless bower, where purity forever dwells. Yes, ye are brothers, and prove yourselves worthy of the holy mission entrusted to your keeping. Thine is the hand to check the orphan's bitter tear, and the lone widow's sorrowful sigh. Thy motto, "Friendship, Love, and Truth," betokens much. Friendship, not that which the world calls friendship, but that pure, disinterested feeling that shall win for your name the brightest laurels, and shall crown your brow with a coronet of gold, the luster of which shall forever remain unsullied through thy toilsome journey on life's troubled wave.

Truth, the brightest link in the chain, and the fairest star in thy destiny; gird on thy sword and fight, for the bright shining light of truth shall guide you on, o'er many a rugged mountain pass. The champions are already in the field, and will you stand idle while the conflict is raging around you, waiting until the smoke and noise of battle has rolled away, but to reveal to your eyes the going down of this queenly orb, perhaps never more to rise triumphant? No, up! let the holy brotherhood be foremost in the ranks; yield not until the conflict is won,

the victory yours. Then how rich will be your reward, how sweet your felicity, how calm your content!

Love, O! thou pale flower that blossoms in the heart of man—thou sister of the good, thou gem of princely beauty—ever may this institution cherish, water, and watch thy budding, until thou shalt expand and blossom, sending out thy incense far and wide, until all shall feel thy elevating influence. Do you not already feel its influence when you hear thy praises ascending to the celestial altar, coupled with the widow's tear of gratitude? Are you not already reaping your reward, when you behold the orphan's heaving breast, the dark uplifted eye, which tells that you are her benefactor, that you and your brothers shielded her from the cold frowns of a friendless world? Yea, rich is thy recompense, and bright shall sparkle the gems in thy coronet,

When the flowers shall wave above thee,
And the azure sky shall weep,
Then some friend will smoothe thy pillow,
Some kind watcher vigils keep,
As you float adown the billow
Of death's deep, mysterious sleep.

Odd Fellows' Secrets.

Yes, they have secrets—secrets that teach them to entertain and practice, not only with their own brethren, but with the grand brotherhood of all mankind, the principles of charity, friendship, mutual aid, love and truth, secrets which learn them to be near and aid each other, at all times, in whatever circumstances they may chance to be; secrets which enable them to minister to the sick, relieve the unfortunate, cheer the heart of the mourner, provide for the widow, and lead the orphan to a happy home; secrets which make men love one another; secrets which kindle in the heart an abhorrence of the vices which disgrace and oppress our fellow men; secrets which learn them to love good for itself, and to reverently worship and adore the great Source of all good; secrets which preserve us from the intrusion of the unworthy, and the machinations of the malignant.

This is all the use we make of our secrets. Many of our brethren come from a distance, and solicit the aid of our Institution. How should we know them, unless there were signs and tokens peculiar to our Order? We should be the constant dupes of imposture, and the prey of deception and fraud. The whole secret of our secrets, then, is this: to prevent imposition and to know each other. If we are to be condemned for such secrets, then you may condemn the faithful sentinel at his vigils, who allows no man to pass into the camp without the "countersign."

Stella.

CHAPTER V.

The ghosts of memory stern, severe,
Thronged round him in his prison drear,
And throbbed with anguish, thrilled with fear,
By turns he groans, then drops a tear,
As move the dismal phantoms near.

Alone in a cheerless cell sat De Lorme St. Luke, his hands clasped so tightly together that the nails seemed penetrating the flesh, while his thin, pale cheeks rested heavily against the iron grating which had been placed by the strong arm of the law between him and the pleasures of liberty. Only ten hours had he been in that miserable place, yet these to him seemed immeasurable; for in them he had lived over his past life, and the pain of remorse which reflection brought gave leaden wings to time, which made each hour an age. Far off like a distant echo from the realm of love and joy, sounded the music of his childhood years; tones of innocence and peace, the first in our mortal harp to die, again struck upon his ear, and the white wings of his angel guide, once more sheltered him. He dreamed a happy dream of youth, of home, and friends departed, and for one little moment, the doves of purity and youth fluttered near, and sought an entrance to his heart; then the scene shifts—his boyage has changed to manhood; he walks no more by the still waters and through the green pastures of life, but with a bark unmoored, he moves toward the open sea, over whose waters hover the spirits of darkness, while only one bright star is seen on all the waste, which can guide the wanderer to peace or rest. But pride, hope and ambition go with him, and far off beyond the beautiful track which lies before him, rises the palace of his dreams—its white pillars resting on golden clouds, and the path leading to its crystal portals pleasant and easy of ascent. But a little while and this scene vanishes also, and storms are abroad upon the waters, and through the darkness are seen only the shoals and quicksands of life, and a lone bark leaping madly on towards a vortex of vice and folly, from whose giddy circles there is no escape. Then presently from earth to heaven are borne to angel ears the tidings of a shipwreck more fearful than the loss of freighted argosies, and from celestial strings is sounded a requiem for a ruined soul.

Beautiful were the spirit pictures which the sins of the unhappy man had defaced, and dark and unlovely were those which he now found in the house of age. But it was not the wrinkles on cheek and brow—it was not the white hairs or his sightless eyes, which gave him anguish. It was the prison walls, the manacles on hand and foot, which made his fiery spirit writhe. Liberty! how had he worshipped her! and the

ocean, air, the wind ! how had he loved them, and sworn to be like them, *free* ! Notwithstanding his numerous crimes, St. Luke had never before been openly accused of any thing which would have made him amenable to human laws ; he was a prisoner for the first time, and deeply did he feel this to be the finishing stroke to his wretchedness, for always had he entertained peculiar views concerning personal freedom, never having been known willingly to submit to the slightest restraint put upon his actions, even in childhood. Never, perhaps, had a wayward will been more indulged than had his. An only son, heir to a large estate, educated, refined, and handsome, fortune, at the age of twenty-one presented no barrier to his wishes. No pains which the solicitude of the tenderest parents could devise had been spared in the cultivation of his intellect or deportment, so far as the etiquette of the times required ; but of his moral nature, alas ! they heeded not the weeds which indulgence was planting there—fondly, in their blindness, thinking he was already too good. They knew not of the strange mingling of the demoniac with the god-like in his character, and when they found him stubborn and unyielding, they attributed it to his superior intellect, and left him to his will. Miserable parents ! what anguish would have been theirs could they have been permitted to behold the result of their neglect of duty ! What infinite regrets would they not heap up for their misguided son ! Who would imitate them ? Reader, would you ? But we digress, and must continue our brief history :

At twenty-five, by the decease of his parents, the associations of home were broken, and De Lorme St. Luke declared himself a cosmopolite. It was now that the depravity of his nature began to manifest itself. Hastily repudiating all belief in natural or revealed religion, condemning them as silly creeds, unworthy the lofty reason of men, he applied himself closely to the study of the living languages and philosophy, hoping from the latter to find some support for an hypothesis as revolting to a developed soul as it is irreverent towards God—"Death is an eternal sleep."

"I will enjoy myself while I can," said the infatuated youth, and he passed over to Europe, hoping that a tour through its old kingdoms would relieve him of the ennui which oppressed him. Previous to his departure, he had engaged himself to a talented and accomplished daughter of the pastor of N—— village, but it was never his intention to keep this engagement. A mere fancy had attracted him toward her. She was poor, and his scorn of woman, whose nature he was unable to appreciate, led him to laugh at the pictures of domestic enjoyment she was accustomed to draw for him at their weekly reunions. His desire to travel he made a convenient excuse for deserting her, and without a sigh for the land he was leaving, or a tear for the flower he had crushed, he left, and she, alas !

The wealth of her heart betrayed,
Sweet hope departed,
She pined for the grave's deep shade;
She was broken-hearted !

Poor Eveline ! the tidings of her death reached De Lorme as he stood by the tomb of Romeo and Juliet, and their constancy brought so strangely into contrast with his own heartlessness, made his proud spirit quail for once before an accusing conscience, and a generous impulse sprang up in his heart. He would return, and relieve by the bestowal of a liberal gift the poverty of the old man whose daughter he had sent to an untimely grave. He had already visited every place of interest on the continent, and learned how vain is the pursuit of happiness amid scenes which continually remind one of the vanity of all earthly greatness. He was ready to return, a wiser but not much better man. In ancient lore his mind was deeply versed ; science and philosophy had become but pastimes in which his vigorous intellect reveled and grew strong with healthy exercise. From Europe he had passed into Asia, and along the shores of the dark Nile, wandering mid the catacombs, those silent cities of the dead, and looking upon the vast pyramidal structures which have made that land an object of living interest for ages, his heart had become somewhat softened, and, like Alciphron, he sighed for the keys to unlock the hidden mysteries of life, and yearned "to discover some principle which should make him as immortal as the deathless stars."

When he returned to his native land, it was with these feelings, mingled with something of regret that he had never formed any definite aim for life, and had he at this time possessed a friend who would have sought to direct his mind to a higher standard of moral excellence, his powerful will would have enabled him to overcome any obstacle in order to attain to it, and in the world's convulsive throes for truth and right, he might have been a mighty hero. Alas ! he might have been ! What is he ?

Harshly, and with maledictions which hardly became an apostle of Jesus Christ, was the already unhappy De Lorme sent from the humble home of Eveline, when, with repentant emotions, he sought to make restitution for his wrongs to her by relieving the distress of the parents. I know that the world would applaud the spirit of the father for spurning the gift of the betrayer, but the world has yet to learn that the spirit of Him who suffered and upbraided not dwelleth not in it. He who prayed for his persecutors even on the cross left us a sublime lesson on forgiveness, which mankind, in eighteen centuries, have not yet learned. It was well to refuse the wealth which could be no compensation for the loss of a beloved child, but "vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I

will mete out the rewards of the wicked;" it was not well for the pastor to curse a repentant wanderer. The Good Shepherd doeth not so. It had a hardening effect upon the heart of De Lorme. His strong mind was quick to perceive the inconsistency of the act with the profession of the ministry, and from that hour he became a violent opposer of all religion, pursuing the downward track which leads to darkness. His atheistical prejudices returned with double force, and like a upas tree, they embraced all thoughts, all feelings, and all affections, till, like pale withered flowers, they drooped beneath its dismal shade. To free himself from the pain of reflection, he turned his attention to business; he became a speculator on a vast scale, he schemed, he plotted, he worked day and night; he tricked, he defrauded and wronged all who came within his grasp. The tears of many widows and orphans appealed to him in vain for pity. He was a heartless villain, but his coffers were filled with gold, and the world applauded him.

"But the triumph of the wicked is short." A change in one spring of the wheel of fortune, and his untold thousands are swept away. He is poor, yet his iron will bends not; he retrieves his fallen fortunes, woos and wins the lovely heiress, Mary Linwood, and retires from business again a wealthy man. For a while he was able to conceal the baseness of his nature from his young bride, and in every way he sought to contribute to her happiness. But his mind had never been accustomed to the quiet of domestic life, and two short years sufficed to make him weary of its restraint. Then commenced a species of petty tyranny toward his devoted wife, which, though it could not alienate her affections entirely from him, finally resulted in the ruin of her health. Consumption, that beautiful destroyer of human life, placed its mark upon cheek and brow, and after ten years suffering under the wrongs of him who should have been her protector, her gentle spirit passed away from the troubles of earth and winged its flight to a higher and happier sphere.

She left but one child, Stella. By the death-bed of his wife, De Lorme, whom remorse now lashed with her scorpion sting, promised to watch tenderly over the helpless child, and never on any occasion to exert that tyranny over her which he had used toward his now dying companion. It was a promise more readily given from the reason that he had always devotedly loved the fair child. He fancied there was something in her character which strongly resembled his own. There was the same proud, independent spirit, the same powerful will which feared not to brave any difficulty in the accomplishment of an object, and there was the same love of freedom, and of all things free. This he saw, and was pleased with the child, but he did not know that Nature, in bestowing upon her all that was beautiful in his own intellect had also combined with them the high moral qualities of the mother, and that even in in-

fancy that stony will had received a bias for the right which no after training or circumstances could destroy. To her De Lorme was always kind, and until disease brought on by dissipation deprived him of his eye-sight, she never had a wish ungratified. This affliction, which deprived him of external enjoyment, made him also poor, for the agents to whom he entrusted his business soon contrived to appropriate to themselves the most of his large fortune. It was in this way, and not in the manner which Albert Linwood supposed, that De Lorme St. Luke became a poor man. He did not squander his wife's fortune himself—she never suffered from poverty, but the hand which sent her to the grave was more cruel than want and worse than a dream of death—her husband's neglect, his tyranny and wrong.

This, in brief, is the history of the poor old man who sat alone, clasping his irons in the prison cell of S———. With him we have taken a retrospective view of his former life, and as his thoughts slowly emerge from the darkness of the past, and turn mournfully to the present, so our thoughts return; but, unlike his, they glance hopefully on the future,

Knowing that on a wintry sky
Some spots of sunshine still may lie.

CHAPTER VI.

The phantom hosts have fled away,
And through the clouds afar,
With ever mild increasing ray,
Shines forth one faithful Star.

The day dawned calm and beautiful, and its sweet rays, as they floated down, and came gliding in through the grated prison windows, seemed almost to laugh at the raving of the unhappy inmate, who, with sightless eyes turned towards the glowing East, cursed the morning, the noon, and night of his existence, declaring in his wrath, "There is no God;" then in the next breath calling on him to send down his vengeance upon all the human race. His daughter, he cursed her too! "My Star is gone!" he said, "my angel Star! she also hath deserted me. She must have heard of my arrest, and, had she wished it, might have followed and found me ere this; but I suppose she grows weary of her poor old father, and so, ha! ha! ha! she too hath deserted me, but I may as well be merry over it, so ha! ha! ha!

Let me go to the banquet of Death,
And dance to the grave;
I'll find there a dreamless bed,
Where the willows, willows wave.
Ha! ha! ha!

I've that here in my sleeve which the Argus eyes of the jailer failed to find. This could give me that eternal sleep, and why should I wish to

live? Why, pshaw! what is there in death for me to fear? And yet there may be,—but no, I'll not think of it. If there was a God he would have made a better world; he would not have left it so that a little white drug like this should have the power to destroy the crowning workmanship of his hands."

So saying, he took from the lining of his coat sleeve a small paper containing a poisonous substance, which he was about to apply to his lips, when the door of his cell opened, and the silvery voice of childhood, so seldom heard there, rang through the gloomy hall. There was a pattering on the prison floor of young feet, and the rustling of a light dress, and then, like a sunbeam embraced by clouds, there was gathered to that old man's heart a child-form from whose lips came trembling forth the words, "My father!" to which the reply was, "My child!" and mid the silence so fearfully eloquent, tears of repentance dropped from the old man's eyes. His Star had returned unto him and he was saved.

From that hour De Lorme St. Luke became a better man. The power of a child's love, simple, earnest, truthful—ah, who can estimate its worth? We believe in ministering spirits commissioned of God to watch over us in our earthly pilgrimage, but we also believe that there are those who in this life have learned the mission of angels, for of such was Stella. As soon as the first passionate feelings of joy at their meeting had subsided, and she perceived that her father was relapsing into sadness, having subdued her own fears for the future, the heroic child addressed herself to soothing those of her father.

She told him all that had happened to her in his absence. The loss of her flowers, her meeting with Rose, the promise of Alfred Malcomb* to plead his cause—she related all, and in conclusion she added: "And you know my promise, father. I shall never forget it; so if they do shut you up in a dark prison, you'll have your Star with you. So you'll not grieve much, will you, father?"

"No, child, Stella; no, dear, I shall not grieve much if they permit you to remain with me," replied the suffering man, his manners losing all their harshness in the presence of his good angel.

"But they *must* let me stay with you now. My promise, father; they would not have me break that. I *must* stay with you."

"But," said the father, "is it your promise only which makes you

* NOTE.—In a former chapter the name of Alfred Linwood was substituted for Alfred Malcomb. The printer supposed that as Alfred was the adopted son of Albert Linwood, Stella's uncle, he had also assumed the name of Linwood, and that the authoress had made a mistake in writing. As the error might create confusion in the mind of the reader, this correction is deemed necessary.—Ed.

wish to stay with me? Have you not regretted a promise which has already caused you to suffer, and do you not know, has no one told you, that you would be better off if you would desert your father and look out only for yourself?"

These questions, which implied a suspicion as cruel as it was unjust, brought the tears to the eyes of Stella, but without uttering a word of reproach, she freed herself from his embrace. Then, taking his manacled hands in hers, and kneeling down before him, she placed them close to her throbbing heart; then with meek eyes raised as if in the presence of attesting spirits, she said:

"Father, right here, throbbing in my heart, is something which binds me to thee with a chain stronger than any promise; stronger, even, than these irons; and had my lips never breathed the words which it were sin to recall, still on my heart would have lived a promise written there by the angel of love long ere it was uttered. Father, do you doubt me now?"

"No, no, my Stella. May God, if there be one, bless thee, child; but I cursed you but now, when I thought that you too had deserted me. Can you forgive me, Stella?"

"'Bless and curse not,' my father. I forgive you," said the child; "and," she continued, "I hope we shall yet be very happy together."

"If you will consent to become my teacher, and I can learn to be patient like thee, I may be happy then," was the reply.

"It is easy to be patient when I remember what mamma said to me; that she was going to go a great way off, and leave me, but that sometimes she would come back to see if I loved her yet, if I tried to be good, and if I were patient under all trials. When I think of this, I am very patient. Then, father, will you not help me to remember it always?"

"Would that I might, my child. But I hear the turning of the key in the door again. It is to let my dove of peace out, and to leave me to despair again, I fear."

"Fear not, my father," said Stella; "it is only our good landlord, Mr. Templeton, who, now that our meeting is over, has come in to see you. He is our friend, father, greet him."

"I have no friend but thee, child," said De Lorme, but Mr. Templeton, without heeding his remark, stepped quickly up to him, and after the usual salutations, informed him that he had been to see the officers who arrested him, and after much persuasion, gained their consent to have his child accompany him to his place of trial. De Lorme, touched by this act of kindness, would have given his hand to Mr. Templeton, but, on the attempt, he felt the irons which fettered him, and sank back into his seat with a groan which showed but too plainly how deep was the mortification he endured.

In language simple but earnest, Mr. Templeton then sought to cheer the unhappy man, telling him that while he was possessed of so faithful a daughter, he had no need of a better friend. "For," said he, smiling, "the charm of an angel would, I believe, be insufficient to attract her from you. She has a will about her which resists all persuasion. Never despair while she remains by your side. I question whether any jury could pronounce you guilty after one look into her pleading eyes."

These words caused Stella to blush deeply, but she made no reply. In about an hour, their friend informed them, they would have to set out with the officers, who were to take them to C—— City, there to await the sitting of the summer term of the Circuit Court. This information caused Stella many an anxious thought, but she restrained all emotions; and when Mr. Templeton left them, the tear which sparkled in her eye was a real heart token of her regret at parting with one who had been so good a friend in the hour of her greatest need. With a fervent "God bless the child, and may we meet again in happier days," the honest face of Mr. Templeton passed from the door, and Stella and her father were alone.

The Wail of Judah.

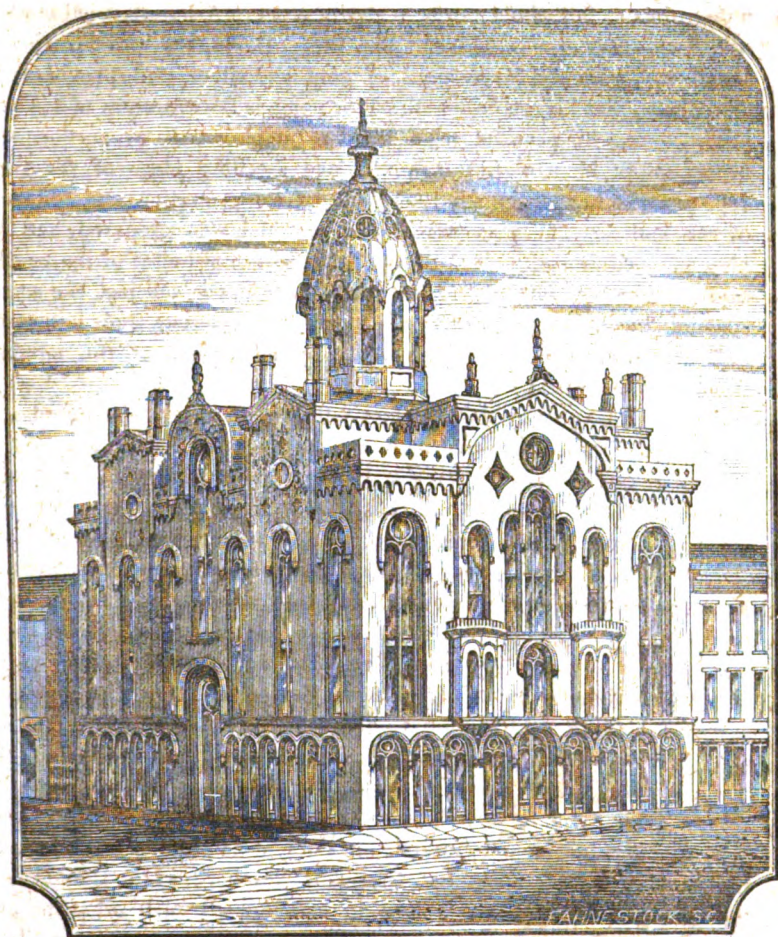
O'er Babel's dark stream there rolls a wild song,
'Tis Judah's deep wail of suffering and wrong.
No strains from her harp can sooth her sad lay;
From her chief joy she's exiled to strange lands away.

She sat down and wept, while to Heaven her cries
Were borne on the whirlwind and lost 'mid the skies.
Thus shorn of her beauty, her harp left unstrung,
In the sight of her wo on the willow is hung.

She remembers her Zion where she once faithful trod,
On her emerald mountains, and worshiped her God.
She sighs for her home, while in bondage she groans;
For deliverance she weeps, and for Zion she mourns.

To *compel* man to do his duty to his fellow, is not the object of the Order of Odd Fellowship. Man's duty to man is amply known and acknowledged without the peculiar institution of Odd-Fellowship to point out, to mark the prescribed limits with mathematical accuracy; but still the Order stands like an oasis in the desert—a bright light to the traveler—a haven for the mariner; in fine, it is to the moral world what Christianity is to the religious, not by any means assuming to fill up a void which the gospel has left but each separate and distinct, is destined to fill its own peculiar sphere—looking for its own common destiny.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE ORDER.



INDIANA.

The corner stone of the Grand Lodge Hall, in progress of erection at Indianapolis, was laid with imposing ceremonies on the 19th by G.M. Edwards, assisted by D.G.M. Luther Mann, Jr., and Rev. G. Taylor, Grand Chaplain, according to the usual formula of the Order. Grand Master Neilson, Grand Secretary Glenn, and other distinguished brethren were present, and participated in the proceedings. The Hall when completed, as will be seen by the accompanying engraving, will be one of the handsomest and most elegant structures in the West.

After the proceedings of laying the corner stone of the Grand Lodge, Grand Patriarch E. H. Barry delivered the following appropriate

ADDRESS: Three thousand years ago, in a city whose name is as familiar to us as household words, a city of western Asia—that old mother of nations—was enacted a scene like this. David, the warrior king of Israel, had gathered large sums of gold and silver, and provisions in abundance, that his son Solomon, whose name is the synonym of wisdom, might, during his peaceful reign, build a temple whose proportions and beauty might be a worthy memorial and dwelling place of the great Jehovah who had so signally interposed for the protection and guidance of the nation. The plan was drawn, material was prepared, and the king and priests and nobles of the land, with multitudes of the people, assembled to lay, with prayer and praise, with music and joy, the corner stone of that building which was not only to perpetuate their name and skill to coming ages, but which was to stand as one of the admired wonders of the world.

For seven long years the workmen toiled in the mountain quarries, in the forests of Sidon and Lebanon, on the banks of the Jordan, and on the hill of Moriah, when at length the cap-stone was brought forth, with shouts of "grace, grace unto it," adjusted to its proper position, and this splendid monument of art and industry and fraternity was *finished*.

And there it stood—not only as a place where acceptable worship might be rendered to the true and living God, not only as a visible monitor of the presence of the *All-seeing eye*—but also as a center about which the nation might continually gather and towards which might turn with solicitude the thoughts and affections of those who wandered in distant lands, or who braved the dangers of the mighty deep. Thither the tribes went up to renew their vows and testify their gratitude to the Giver of all good—to take counsel together for the peace and prosperity of the nation, and to interchange the greetings of brotherly affection. And while the people were attentive to the lessons of unity and fraternity taught them by this silent but impressive teacher—while they obeyed the laws of their God, and walked in love toward each other, no evil befel them. The sun of prosperity shone upon them, and the fields of plenty were spread out before them. But when these lessons were unheeded, when discord and hatred came in among them, their beautiful temple fell a prey to the destroyer, and they were led away captives by the heathen, and they sat down by the rivers of Babylon and hung their harps upon the willows, and bewailed the sad desolation, and earnestly desired once more to stand in the courts of the faithful—but in vain. Their temple no longer had an existence. Its mission is *finished*.

But another temple was built, destined to be honored by the presence of one greater than Solomon. One who would more clearly expound

and more forcibly illustrate the great fact of human fraternity—one whose life of purity would point out the *way* of holiness, whose teachings would inculcate the most sublime principles of divine *truth*, and whose wisdom would open before the world the gates of immortal life. Jesus lived and labored and died; lived a life of unblemished purity, labored for the present and eternal good of man, and died a sacrifice for humanity. And as he hung upon the cross, in the agony of death, looking back on the past, and recalling the divine promise of his exaltation, he saw therein the pledge of future success to the kingdom he had established, saw at the last it should triumph over all, and closed his eyes on the world, exclaiming, "*it is finished.*"

This temple we here build will not cost the toil, and time, and treasure of Solomon's. It will not vie with it in the magnificence of its proportions—in the beauty of its architecture, nor in the splendor of its ornament; yet it is one which will present no mean appearance among the buildings by which it is surrounded. Here will be magnitude enough to show the triumph of mind over matter, and beauty enough to please the cultivated taste. But it is in the purpose for which it is designed that it is chiefly important to Odd Fellows, and in the thought it symbolizes that it has significance for the world.

Here will the Lodge assemble, and in this sacred retreat of benevolence and peace, with the selfish toil and cares of the world shut out, may its members meditate on the estate of man, the duties of life, and the destiny that awaits him. Here will lessons be taught, which, if rightly apprehended, will lead on to primary truth, and although these lessons may show *man* the bond servant of ignorance and sin, they will also point out the way, toilsome and dangerous though it may be, by which he may at last, if he will follow the faithful guide provided for him, reach the sacred Temple of Truth and Holiness. Here will the voice of antiquity, speaking from the lips of *age*, utter the lessons of wisdom, recorded in the book of *experience*, as a guide to the feet of the *present*, to lead on to the blooming paradise of the *future*.

Here will the new-made brother be taught to bear his heart in his *open hand*, that there may be no concealment of feelings and purposes; and that while the *ax* of divine truth must be laid at the root of the tree of evil before the sunshine of love will cause the soul of man to bring forth fruits of holiness, yet that we may not seek to bind man with any other *chain*, but that whose golden links are Friendship, Love and Truth. And as he advances he will be further taught to maintain the innocence of the *Lamb*, the impartiality of the *Sun*, and to bound his benevolence, only by the circumference of the *Globe*. He will be instructed in the importance of *union*, as an element of strength, as exemplified in the Bundle of Rods, while the Bow will teach him faithfully to keep his

covenant with his brethren, and the *Arrows* to be swift to warn a friend of danger, that he may escape the wrath of an enemy. He will also learn, that among Odd Fellows, let the practice of the world be what it may, he must poise the *scales of justice and mercy* with a steady hand, while his mind should be stored with good that he may be able to scatter blessings abroad, as profusely as rich fruits are poured from the Horn of Plenty. He will also be reminded by the symbol of the *Coffin* of that closing scene of human life, when all the honors of the world, and the applause of men, will not be able to hold us here; while from the pages of the *Bible* he may learn of that immortality to which he is destined, and find assurance that he who made the Rod of Aaron to bud, will protect, cheer, and support those who trust in Him.

Here, too, shall the Patriarchs spread their tents, and under the folds thereof, teach peaceful lessons; and while he who seeks to enter them, will be attended by a vigilant watch, and be examined with a rigid scrutiny, until it be seen that he is no enemy in disguise, but a true Odd Fellow, he will find that the Patriarchs here assembled, will never close their tents against a stranger in distress; but that, as God, the Universal Father, is kind even to the evil and unthankful, so will they minister to the wants of the stranger, asking not his country or his creed, nor even the cause of his misfortune. And there prostrate at the foot of the *sacred mount* will he be taught to receive and revere that *Holy Law* which must govern his future life. And as he turns his attention to the *tents* of the host, he will be reminded that man has no permanent home on earth, but is a mere sojourner, while the great Shepherd of souls is guiding him to a city that hath foundations. And, when he sees that the Three Pillars on which rest the temple of universal Brotherhood, are Faith, Hope and Charity, he will learn that lesson of *Toleration* which will lead him to see that no distinction of creed or country, should turn back the tide of his love, for all are equal; all are brethren owning one origin, one nature, one destiny, and from his heart, as from an *altar of incense*, shall go up prayer and praise, to the Father of all! And having thus passed through all the difficulties, discouragements, and dangers of the way, all true brothers may at last attain that sublime summit, to which *Faith* points, *Hope* aspires, and *Love* guides, and there dwelling in the bowers of *Rest*, a prelibation of the repose of Immortality, he may look back on his labors, and say, "*it is finished.*"

Here, too, will the Grand Bodies hold their convocations, and listen to the messages sent them from the subordinates. Here will they strive to heal all wounds which may have been inflicted on any part of the body, from whatever cause; here endeavor to amend and improve our laws as the light of experience directs them; here devise means for the extension of our borders and the diffusion of our principles; and here

will they labor to strengthen the bonds of peace and fellowship throughout our vast communion. And to this place will the brethren come from the east, and the west, from the north and the south, leaving behind them all sectional and selfish feelings—meeting together as brothers indeed, whose minds are guided by a common thought—the good of the fraternity—and whose hearts are moved by a common impulse—love for each other, and for all mankind, and interchange the greetings of an exalted friendship. And, as each communication draws to its close, in reviewing the past, may it be said in verity, that in Friendship, Love and Truth all the work has been *finished*.

And is not all this of interest to the world? Is there no more significance in the erection of an Odd Fellows' Hall, than of another building of equal dimensions? Nothing more than the addition of a new improvement or ornament to the city? What are Odd Fellows? An association of persons banded together for a common purpose. What is that purpose? Benevolence, Mutual Relief and Charity. And what is the basis on which the institution rests? A recognition of the Brotherhood of Man. This building, then, should be to the eye of every intelligent beholder, another symbol of Fraternity and another pledge of Benevolence.

1. As a symbol of the fraternity of the race, it deserves consideration. Consider the state of mankind, how it is diversified in color, language, religion, laws and interests—consider the antagonisms and wars, with all the sin and suffering they produce, and which grow out of these differences; consider how great an effect in arresting and mitigating these evils, a recognition of the Brotherhood of Man would have—its recognition, not simply as a speculative truth, or a scientific fact, but as a great moral element of human action—consider these things, and is it not worthy of note, that a society exists, numbering its hundreds of thousands, recognizing and teaching this great truth—making it indeed the fundamental basis of its moral instructions, erecting and dedicating Halls for its inculcation? Is it not noteworthy that at the altar here erected may bow the men of every nation under heaven, with all their conflicting interests, feelings and prejudices. Truly it is not more incredible to the wisdom of the world, that the wolf should dwell with the lamb, the leopard with the kid, and the young lion with the calf, while a little child should lead them, than that the followers of the Shaster, the Koran, and the Bible, should exchange the offices of brotherhood; while the weapons of war, of civilized and savage, are alike broken at this shrine. This building will contain but a fragment of the race, and will mingle but a few of the diversities which exist, yet it will stand as a symbol to lead the thought to that vast Hall erected by the Supreme Grand Architect of the Universe, wherein the men of every age and

clime shall mingle as one family; and into whose mysteries we shall be initiated by the Conqueror of Death.

2. This building should be regarded as a pledge of Benevolence. As our Order regards mankind as one family, so it recognizes it as the duty of each to assist the other. The fact of the fraternity of man is vitalized by the spirit of love, and this finds its expression in deeds of kindness. "We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan." Such is the language addressed to every brother. And to do these in a systematic and efficient manner is the avowed object of our affiliation. And oh! how much need is there of this? Look at the condition of the world, and see the sickness and suffering to be alleviated, see the messenger of death all abroad in the land, see the ignorance and inexperience to be instructed, and you will confess we have ample room for our labors. What we have done in these respects in times past is known in part. Let that which is not known to the world remain with Him to whom nothing is secret. Let that part which is known speak for us. It is not my purpose to pronounce an eulogium on our Order. It needs none at my hands. We have associated together that each, in time of prosperity, placing his part in the common purse, may, in the time of his need, draw thence to supply his wants; and, also, that we may have somewhat to make glad the heart of the widow and the fatherless. And to the safe keeping of such funds, and the prudent management thereof, is our honor pledged.

No Utopian schemes occupy our thoughts. We do not go out in the battle of life, seeking to revolutionize empires, overthrow erroneous creeds, or renovate corrupt social systems by the strong arm of might. But, we would do our part in the great work of elevating man in the quietude of the individual soul. We demand of those who would share the benefits of our organization, that they acknowledge fundamental truth, and practice good works, leaving these to work as the silent leaven, and only going abroad to seek such objects of pity as it is our duty to relieve. With us the potency of the electric spirit of love is not in the lightning's vivid flash, which blinds the eyes, nor in the thunder's fiery bolt which rends the oak; but it is in the quietude and constancy with which it runs from place to place, feeding the vital elements of the system, and giving life and motion to all.

And now our Corner-Stone is laid. Our work of to-day is completed. And in due time, under the Divine permission, our temple will rise in its full proportions, to gladden our hearts, another instance of the finished work of man.

So, Brethren, our fathers having laid the corner-stone of our mystic edifice, may we, as faithful workmen, labor in our lot until its walls are reared to their full design. And may the work go bravely on, under

the superintendence of the Grand Master above, until every soul of man, fitly prepared for the builder's use, is placed in his due position, a living stone; and the whole building compacted together, shall grow up a temple worthy the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Then the toils of human life, the charities of Old Fellowship, and the triumphs of redemption, being all completed, we may sit down beside the river of life, in the Paradise of God, and exclaim, *it is finished*.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—The session of the Grand Encampment commenced on Monday, July 17th, at Indianapolis. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

Marshall Sexton, of Rushville, M. W. Grand Patriarch.
 Rev. G. Taylor, of Madison, M. E. Grand High Priest.
 L. Humphreys, of South Bend, R. W. Grand Senior Warden.
 William Rea, of Jeffersonville, R. W. Grand Junior Warden.
 Willis W. Wright, of Indianapolis, R. W. Grand Scribe.
 G. G. Holman, of Indianapolis, R. W. Grand Treasurer.
 E. S. Tyler, of Indianapolis, R. W. Grand Sentinel.
 W. J. Wallace, of Indianapolis, R. W. D. Grand Sentinel.
 E. H. Barry, of Rushville, and J. H. Stuart, of Delphi, G. Rep's.

From the Grand Secretary's Report we learn that the receipts for the quarter were \$403.38, and the expenditures, including \$250 paid for stock in the Grand Lodge Hall, \$525.45; the Grand Encampment is entirely out of debt, and has some \$200 in the treasury.

Charters were granted for Subordinate Encampments to be located at the following places:

Indiana Encampment, No. 40, at Franklin; Logan, No. 41, at Edinburgh; No. 42, at Greensburgh; Switzerland, No. 43, at Patriot.

There were, on the first of July, 1349 contributing Patriarchs under the jurisdiction of the Grand Encampment of Indiana; 256 Past Chief Patriarchs, and 205 Past High Priests.

GRAND LODGE.—This Body met at Indianapolis on the 17th. The following are the officers for the ensuing term:

M. W. Grand Master, O. P. Morton, of Centerville.
 R. W. Deputy Grand Master, C. M. Heaton, of South Bend.
 R. W. Grand Warden, A. H. Matthews, of Laporte.
 R. W. Grand Secretary, Willis W. Wright, of Indianapolis.
 R. W. Grand Treasurer, J. B. McChesney, of Indianapolis.
 Grand Representative, Daniel Wooley, of Evansville.
 Alternate Representative, W. C. McReynolds, of Terre Haute.

Charters were granted for Subordinates to be located at Milford, Crawford, Boonville, Renselaer, Pennville, Goepport, Sulvian, Montgomery county, Economy, Camden, Carroll county.

The attendance was large, and much interest was manifested in the proceedings. We will give a more complete report of the transactions of this Body in our next number.

KENTUCKY.

The Grand Encampment held its annual session in Louisville on the 19th of July. The reports exhibit this branch of the Order steadily progressing in the State of Kentucky. Three new Encampments have been instituted during the past year, while there has been generally a corresponding increase of membership. The following are the officers for the ensuing year:

Amos Shinkle, of Covington, M. W. Grand Patriarch.
 John B. Davies, of Louisville, M. E. Grand High Priest.
 W. R. Hydes, of Louisville, R. W. Grand Senior Warden.
 J. M. Armstrong, of Covington, R. W. Grand Junior Warden.
 John Fonda, of Louisville, R. W. Grand Treasurer.
 Matthew Neill, of Louisville, R. W. Grand Scribe.
 G. A. Waggoner, of Louisville, R. W. Grand Sentinel.
 John W. Pruett, of Frankfort, R. W. Grand Representative.

GRAND LODGE.—The Grand Lodge met in annual session in the city of Louisville on the 18th of July. A large number of representatives from all parts of the State were in attendance, and a lively interest manifested in the progress and workings of Odd-Fellowship in that State. The officers for the ensuing term are as follows:

A. G. Hobson, of Bowlinggreen, M. W. Grand Master.
 J. M. Mills, of Frankfort, R. W. Deputy Grand Master.
 Henry Gray, of Perryville, R. W. Grand Warden.
 William White, of Louisville, R. W. Grand Secretary.
 John Fonda, of Louisville, R. W. Grand Treasurer.
 M. J. Durham, of Perryville, R. W. Grand Representative.

OHIO.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—It is known to our readers that a portion of the members of this Body dissent from its action in adopting the new Constitution at the special session at Zanesville in February last. This minority held an annual meeting in this city on the 20th of July, according to the provisions of the old Constitution, received the reports of Subordinates, and elected the following officers:

William S. Phares, of Hamilton, Butler county, G. Patriarch.
 C. W. Cowan, of St. Marys, Auglaize county, G. High Priest.
 John A. Adams, of Milford, Clermont county, G. Senior Warden.
 J. Griswold, of Cincinnati, Grand Scribe.
 P. E. Bancroft, of Springfield, Clark county, G. Treasurer.
 Nathan Stewart, of Cincinnati, Grand Junior Warden.
 H. N. Clark, of Cincinnati, Grand Representative.

GLEANNINGS.

A MORE beautiful sentiment than that expressed in the following lines is rarely met with :

“The lips that utter kindly thoughts,
Have a beauty all their own—
For gentle words are sweeter far,
Than music's softest tone;
And though the voice be harsh or shrill,
That bids the oppressed go free,
And soothes the woes of the sorrowing one,
That voice is sweet to me.”

“YOUR old Kentucky home ! you poor soul you !” said Mrs. Partington, as she thrust her head out of the window, to catch the notes of a song an individual was singing in a dismal voice, near her dwelling. “I wish with all my heart you was there, where your friends could take care of you and do for you. It is a terrible thing to be in distress away off among strangers, particularly where you ain't acquainted with any of 'em ; but I don't think it looks well for a man to wake up a whole neighborhood at midnight with his sorrows.”

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dull reflection—itself a broader shade. We look forward into the coming lonely night ; the soul withdraws into itself ; the stars arise, and the night is holy.

A LAZY, over-fed lad, returning from dinner to his work one day, was asked by his employer if he had no other motion than that. “Yes,” replied the youth, drawling out each letter, “but it's a little slower.”

READING.—Make it a rule to read a little every day, even if it be but a single sentence. A short paragraph will often afford you a profitable source of reflection for a whole day. For this purpose, keep some valuable book or paper always within your reach, so that you may lay your hand upon it at any moment when you are about the house. We know a large family who made itself intimately acquainted with history, probably more than any other family in the United States, by the practice of having one of the children, each one taking turns, read every morning while the rest were at breakfast.

LEIGH HUNT, in his reminiscences, relates that Coleridge upon the death of the master of a school he had attended when a boy, remarked : “It was lucky that the cherubims who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them on the way.”

BIRTH AND GENIUS.—In Willis' play of "Bianca Visconti," Bianca utters the following fine sentiment:

"If the rose
Were born a lily, and by force of heat
And eagerness for light, grew tall and fair,
'Twere a true type of the first fiery soul
That makes a low name honorable. They
Who take it by inheritance alone,
Adding no brightness to it—are like stars
Seen in the ocean—that were never there
But for the bright originals in heaven."

LITERATURE.—The study of literature, says Cicero, nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delighted at home, obtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day nor by night, in journeying, nor in retirement.

A **TEACHER** in one of the Sunday Schools was lecturing a class on the influence of parental instruction in the formation of youthful character. "Ah, Miss Caroline," said he to one of the class, "what do you suppose you would have been without your good father and pious mother?" "I suppose, sir," answered Miss Caroline, "I would have been an orphan."

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions; one who loves life, and understands the use of it—obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one, we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, or the profoundest thinker.

"I CAN as little live upon past kindness," says Buckingham, "as the air be warmed with the sunbeams of yesterday."

ONE can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal was gold or brass by which the stamp was made.

MEN'S fame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them.

ALL Truth is a *unity*. He, therefore, who seizes upon a fragment of Truth, magnifying and honoring *that* to the neglect of other parts of the same great whole, not only wrongs himself, but does violence to the very Truth he professes to regard.

A **GOOD REASON.**—"Here's your money, dolt. Now, tell me why your master wrote me eighteen letters about this contemptible sum!" said an exasperated debtor.

"I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, sir; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it was because seventeen letters didn't fetch it."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—Bro. O. P. Gray, of Lawrenceburg, Ia., has purchased an interest in the Casket, and will hereafter devote his entire attention to extending the circulation of the work. Bro. Gray has an extensive acquaintance throughout southern Indiana, and being a member of the Grand Lodge, is known to the fraternity generally as a devoted and zealous Odd Fellow. The firm will now be styled Tidball, Turner, & Gray, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed.

TIDBALL & TURNER.

AUGUST.—The burning heats of Summer are upon us, and Sol has smitten many with the stroke of death. The pestilence which "walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon day," has also been among us, and many have been borne to the silent tomb. Who does not sigh for the country, with its deep shades, and balmy breezes, and beautiful flowers? How many have left the heat and dust of the city for the northern lakes, for Niagara, or Saratoga, or Cape May, or the White and Green mountains of the far-off east? What multitudes seek refuge from the scorching rays of August's sun at the Yellow and White and Blue Sulphur Springs, among the dells and woodlands; or have buried themselves in the deeper shades of the Mammoth Cave, where, amid its world of wonders in its subterranean palaces, or on the banks of its dark echoing rivers, they spend day after day of joyous mirth!

Little do they think, and perhaps less do they care, for the toiling millions they have left behind, whose destiny is changeless: to work or die. The weary day to them closes only to bring the sultry night, in garrets and chambers that more resemble ovens than places of rest, and from whence, instead of coming forth in the morning refreshed and invigorated for the toils of another day, the feverish tongue and aching head and limbs, tell of anything else but rest. To such indeed

"Life is a torrid day,
Parched by the wind and sun."

While the affluent rest on beds of ease, or wander amid the cool fragrance of their pleasure gardens, or seek, by the many facilities for rapid and extensive travel, more desirable retreats away from home, the toiling poor are left to struggle on without a green spot in the vast desert of their existence. Affluence might, with small expense, procure for such in Cincinnati a public park where they might enjoy a little rest and recreation, and the health of the entire city be benefitted by it; but, alas! the selfishness of those who have grown rich out of the poor man's sweat and blood and brains, can see no pay in all this, and the life for self is

the all absorbing thought, and no such word as philanthropy is to be found in all the scanty vocabulary of their knowledge and researches. We know of no help for such but to work out their destiny, and toil on in patience and hope to the end of life's torrid day, being assured that

"Death is the calm cool night
When the weary day is done."

We pity the heart that grows not sad at the unequal distribution of life's blessings everywhere apparent, and that not only does not wish that it were otherwise, but that does not contribute his influence to make it so. The design of God is evidently the happiness, and not only the happiness, but the highest happiness, of all his creatures, and it is a God-like attribute in man to care for his brother man, and labor to bring about the time when the deep-toned *miserere* of humanity, which has rolled over earth for six thousand years, shall be changed into the glad triumphant *jubilee* of earth redeemed. It was a benevolent economy of the Jewish commonwealth, and as wise as benevolent, that gave to the entire population of Palestine a Sabbatic year, where freedom from toil was the boon of every man, whether bond or free. Then the crushing heel of avarice and oppression was stayed, and the cringing hand of poverty was opened to receive the bounty which a benevolent Providence had secured. Nothing demonstrates more clearly the divinity of the Bible than this provision of its author, and while it was attended with the most incalculable good to man, it serves as an infallible indication for nations to do likewise. While we would not be so agrarian as to level all down to the common standard, we would labor to bring all up to the common level of enjoyment, for the earth, which is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof, is sufficiently capacious in its resources to make all God's creatures happy.

CATHOLICISM AND ODD-FELLOWSHIP.—The publications of the Church of Rome have frequently denounced the Order of Odd Fellows, and similar societies, and admonished their members against the "heresy" of becoming associated with us. The following extract from an article published some time since in a Pittsburgh Catholic paper, embraces the teachings of this church on the subject:

"The Church has condemned every secret society, no matter what may be its object. A Catholic who joins the Odd Fellows, or any other secret society, has lost the grace of God, and is no longer within the pale of the Church. When a Catholic joins one of these secret societies, the grace of God forsakes him, and he can no longer be considered a member of the Church. It is to be feared that the majority of Catholics who join these secret societies, in a short time become infidels."

If the workings of friendship, love and truth, is an evidence that an individual "has lost the grace of God," and if the diffusion of the principles of benevolence and charity tends to promote infidelity, then indeed

are we infidels. But let us notice the character of the resistance of this church to the operations of Odd-Fellowship.

Several cases of the practical opposition of Roman Catholics to our Order, have recently occurred, to one or two of which we wish to direct attention, that our readers may see the manner in which this opposition is exerted. The Pittsburgh Token gives a statement of a case which occurred in Allegheny City a few weeks since. It appears that notice was given for the members of Robert Blum Lodge, No. 414, to attend the funeral of one of their members, but when assembled for that purpose, it was announced that they would not be permitted to appear in the funeral procession wearing the regalia or any emblem of Odd-Fellowship; for the reason that the widow of the deceased brother, her near relations, and likewise the Roman Catholic clergy, would not consent to it, nor have any thing to do with Odd Fellows. So far, indeed, did their feelings of aversion to our Order influence their conduct, that they refused to bury the deceased in the usual place in the grave-yard, but had him interred in an obscure corner allotted to heretics, strangers and paupers. After this strange conduct, they had the effrontery to demand from the Lodge the payment of "funeral benefits," which they alleged were due the widow of the deceased member. This was refused by the Lodge on the ground that he was not entitled to benefits, not having been a member of the Lodge for a legal period.

The July number of the Ark contains an account of another instance of interference by the Catholic priests, which presents them in a still more ungrateful and unchristian position. An Italian who had formerly been a member of the Romish church, but had become disconnected with it, was admitted into one of the Lodges in Louisville, and also entered the Encampment. Some time afterwards he was attacked by a lingering and loathsome disease. During his protracted sufferings, the members of the Order, like a noble band of sympathizing brethren, stepped forward to his relief, watched by his bedside, soothed him in his agony, cheered him by their presence, and administered to his pecuniary wants; and when it became necessary for extra attention, they secured the services of an efficient nurse to attend him. At last he died; but a few hours before his death, his Catholic friends, who had only honored him with a passing inquiry, became greatly alarmed for the good of his soul, and hied off for a reverend father to sprinkle him with holy water, or some other as efficient ceremony, preparing him for death, etc.; but it appeared there was a great barrier in the way of his future happiness, and before he would move one step in the matter he must renounce Odd-Fellowship. The result was, Odd-Fellowship was renounced, and the words, "I absolve thee" spoken. His Catholic friends did not demand his absolution from our Order during the earlier part of his sickness, which was long

continued and certain to terminate fatally. No, they were willing that he should receive the care and attention of Odd Fellows, *and their money*, as long as possible; then at the last moment, by the miraculous power of the priest, the stain of Odd-Fellowship was eradicated, and he was buried in a "consecrated" graveyard, in full possession of the benefits of the last rites of the church.

Odd-Fellowship is founded upon the great principles of human brotherhood, civil freedom, and religious toleration. No man is proscribed for his religious sentiments, and no peculiar religious opinions or duties are required, further than to recognize the sovereignty of God and the brotherhood of man. But it is this very feature of our Order which encounters the opposition of the Romish church. The church has not manifested such hostility to all secret societies; for it is well known that some of the most noted and extensive secret organizations in the world are found in the bosom of the Church of Rome. We must therefore conclude that it is the benevolent and liberal character of Odd-Fellowship, and similar societies, which incurs the opposition of the intolerant spirit of popery.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.—Nothing bespeaks more emphatically or significantly the prosperity and permanency of our great national institutions than the common schools of our land. If, in the language of Washington, "Intelligence and virtue lie at the foundation of our liberties, and constitute the two great pillars of human happiness; in vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who would labor to subvert them." A nation's curse must sooner or later fall upon that man or system of policy either in Church or State, that aims a blow at the education of the masses. The superannuated and rotten despotisms of the old world, founded upon the ignorance of the masses, have taught Americans a lesson not easily to be forgotten; and the motto of every true patriot, that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," is emblazoned on every banner that floats over American institutions. Rome may boast of the exalted piety and extensive literature of the Dark Ages; infidelity may boast of her age of reason, when the Bible was ignored, and the Christian religion vetoed, but American Protestants know that ignorance can never be the mother of devotion, nor can an unbridled licentiousness bear for a moment the name of true liberty. He only is the free man whom the truth makes free, and that system of education which excludes the teachings of science because they may conflict with some of the dogmas of the church, or discards the Bible because the general reading of it interferes with the doctrine of infallibility as residing in the church and clergy, is at war with humanity and every dictate of sound reason and true religion.

When we commenced this article, we only intended to call attention to the Common Schools of our country, but more particularly those in our midst. There is nothing of which Cincinnati may be more proud than her "colossal" school edifices which loom up in every ward of the city, and in which thousands of our children are receiving a sound practical education. We rejoice that they meet with such a hearty patronage, and that the staunchest friends of these schools are to be found among the most intelligent and influential of our citizens. The recent Commencements which have been held both at the Central High School, and the various district schools, the examinations and exhibitions of which were attended by thousands from day to day, evince most clearly the strong hold which they have upon the affections of the people.

OUR PROSPECTS.—We have an utter abhorrence of boasting. Some editors are everlastingly gassing about what they are going to do, and one would think from their fulsome professions and liberal promises in regard to improvement in appearance, themes of unwonted interest, and splendid contributions, *et cetera*, that the eyes of their readers would be so dazzled, and their minds so illuminated, and their hearts so thrilled, that a perfect millenium of intelligence and happiness was about to dawn upon the world. But, alas! such boastful professions are rarely if ever realized. We prefer letting our periodical go forth unheralded into the world, and if it possess any merits they shall speak for themselves. As one of the organs of Odd-Fellowship, all the profession we make is that of devotion to the sublime principles of Friendship, Love, and Truth; and in illustrating these, we shall follow no dull, prosy, stereotyped formula. All that we ask is an open field and fair play, and if, under such circumstances, we can not make progress, we shall then consent to leave the work to abler hands.

Thus far, success has crowned our efforts, and while we neither boast of our monthly nor beg for it patronage, simply asking for it on the ground of a full equivalence, we are determined to go ahead and labor to make it the best production of the kind in the world.

THE FOURTH AT MASON.—By invitation, we attended a celebration of the Odd Fellows at this place. Being the anniversary of our nation's independence, the whole surrounding country was out to the celebration. A stand and seats were fitted up in a beautiful grove. After the exercises, which consisted of music by the band, singing by the choir, prayer, and an address, the procession moved to the hotel where a sumptuous repast was provided, and the day passed off pleasantly.

We learn that a district of Lodges intend having a celebration the latter part of this month at the beautiful village of Glendale.

WOODWARD LODGE, No. 149, which has been meeting in Germania Hall heretofore, has changed its place of meeting to Magnolia Hall, corner of Sixth and Walnut streets. The Lodge still continues to hold its sessions on Tuesday evenings.

LODGE OFFICERS.—The following is a list of the officers of the various Lodges of Cincinnati, elected for the present term:

OHIO LODGE, No. 1—E. B. Dobell, N. G.; D. Musselman, V. G.; D. Workum, Sec.; Robert Hedger, Treas.

WASHINGTON, No. 2—Henry Westrup, N. G.; John Elliott, V. G.; John Shaw, Sec.; A. B. Colville, Treas.

CINCINNATI, No. 3—R. T. Thorburn, N. G.; R. M. Clement, V. G.; J. H. Forbush, Sec.; John Beattie, Treas.

FRANKLIN, No. 4—Wm. G. Voris, N. G.; J. W. Carter, V. G.; Jos. Kirkup, Sec.; G. F. Nieber, Treas.

WM. PENN., No. 56—James Carson, N. G.; Matthew Hall, V. G.; William Gilman, Sec.; Joseph S. Ross, Treas.

FIDELITY, No. 71—Thomas Abbott, N. G.; Joseph Davis, V. G.; John Pettit, Sec.; James Smiley, Treas.

MAGNOLIA, No. 83—Chas. S. Betts, N. G.; Joseph Dean, V. G.; Henry N. Bird, Sec.; George D. Winchell, Treas.

EAGLE, No. 100—B. F. Branon, N. G.; E. D. Norris, V. G.; J. Y. Clark, Sec.; W. B. Chapman, Treas.

GERMANIA, No. 113—Fred. Muller, N. G.; W. Joachim, V. G.; H. Bohling, Sec.; Thomas Streif, Treas.

METROPOLITAN, No. 142—William B. French, N. G.; E. S. Lippitt, V. G.; Wm. S. Getty, Sec.; H. Hainer, Treas.

WOODWARD, No. 149—Samuel H. Dunning, N. G.; John R. Blackemore, V. G.; Jacob J. Dennis, Sec.; Osborn Thomas, Treas.

MOHAWK, No. 150—John W. Carlton, N. G.; Adam Hornung, Jr., V. G.; J. Dan. Jones, Sec.; J. V. Richardson, Treas.

AMERICAN, No. 170—J. J. Lyons, N. G.; John King, V. G.; C. H. Erwin, Sec.; J. S. Fountain, Treas.

PALMETTO, No. 175—A. Hanna, N. G.; J. B. Lawder, V. G.; John Pummill, Sec.; W. W. Magill, Treas.

CRYSTAL FOUNT, No. 176—H. C. Grosvenor, N. G.; Elisha Locke, V. G.; Holmes G. Estes, Sec.; Joseph Hargrave, Treas.

TRUTONIA, No. 177—W. Dickinan, N. G.; W. Kreinagen, V. G.; J. Dunker, Sec.; J. Wieser, Treas.

VULCAN LODGE, No. 178—John H. Hallam, N. G.; Geo. W. Cooper, V. G.; S. T. Barker, Sec.

HERMAN, No. 208—Charles Kulencamp, N. G.; Frederick Mayer, V. G.; George Peterman, Sec.; Ferdinand Bremer, Treas.

QUEEN CITY, No. 229—William P. Swain, N. G.; Paul Reinlin, V. G.; Wm. S. Wilson, Sec.; Wm. Sullivan, Treas.

CIN'TI DEGREE LODGE, No. 1—J. M. Werneberg, W. L. M.; E. P. Johnson, D. L. M.; J. Dennis, A. L. M.; Wm. C. Smith, Sec.; S. J. Moses, Treas.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 2—Wm. P. Wiltsee, W. L. M.; Cyrus Harris, D. L. M.; L. B. Hancock, A. L. M.; Alonzo Halcomb, Sec.; Geo. A. Stinger, Treas.

CINCINNATI RELIEF COMMITTEE.—The names and residences of the Junior Past Grands composing the Committee of Relief of our Order, for the term commencing in July last and ending in January, 1855, are as follows:

- T. J. Stephens, Ohio, No. 1. Residence, Mill Creek House, Cumminsville.
 B. Eggleston, Washington No. 2. Residence, N. W. corner of Eighth and Elm streets; place of business, south side Miami Canal, bet. Walnut and Main.
 J. D. Thompson, Cincinnati No. 3. Residence, 245 Western Row.
 Samuel Stokes, Franklin No. 4. Residence, 170 Ninth street; place of business, 33 Third street.
 T. Marsh, Wm. Penn No. 56. Place of business, corner of Sixth and W. Row.
 Chas. H. Rhil, Fidelity No. 71. Residence, 252 Hopkins street.
 R. G. Hunting, Magnolia No. 83. Residence, 14 Perry street.
 L. Boals, Eagle No. 100. Residence, Covington; place of business, Fourth and Walnut streets.
 Peter Jenner, Germania No. 113. Corner of Liberty and Elm streets.
 James A. Semple, Metropolitan No. 142. Residence, 374 West Sixth street; place of business, 44 West Fifth street.
 G. F. Dick, Woodward No. 149. Residence, 39 Pleasant street; place of business 249 Western Row.
 C. Piepenbring, Mohawk No. 150. Hamilton Road, near Locust.
 I. Shingledecker, American No. 170. Eighth street, bet. Cutter and Linn.
 Thos. W. Farrin, Palmetto No. 175. Residence, 466 Eighth street.
 D. B. Lupton, Crystal Fount No. 176. Residence, Fourth, near Elm street; place of business, Third street, near Main.
 John F. Hackman, Teutonia No. 177. 222 Fifth street.
 J. F. Gunkle, Vulcan No. 178. Residence, 138 Clinton street; place of business, 8 and 10 Columbia street.
 H. Bruns, Herman No. 208. Residence, No. 11 Madison street.
 Alex. Pyle, Queen City, No. 229. Residence, 422 Seventh street; place of business, 89 Main street.

SAMUEL STOKES, Chairman.

THOS. W. FARRIN, Secretary.

Literary Notices.

SKETCHES OF WESTERN METHODISM, Biographical, Historical, and Miscellaneous; Illustrative of Pioneer Life. By Rev. J. B. FINLEY. Published by Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati.

This book contains sketches of a biographical, historical and miscellaneous character, which will prove not only interesting to the members of the church to which the author belongs, but to readers generally. Who will not be interested with the recital of the labors and incidents connected with the lives of those pioneer preachers, who traversed this wilderness upwards of fifty years ago, and following the trail of the backwoodsman and hunter through the dense forests, preached in the camps and log cabins of the early settlers? There is a moral sublimity connected with the lives and labors of men who were contemporaries of Boone and Kenton and Zane, and who, while these daring spirits were penetrating the wilderness, and protecting the settlements from the depredations of the savage—

such as Burke, and Poythress, and Collins, and Bascom, and Parker, a fearless band—were bearing the messages of the Gospel, and the consolations of religion, to the pioneers on the verge of civilization.

CATALOGUE OF THE WHITE WATER COLLEGE for the year 1853-4. Centerville, Ia.

This Catalogue shows the institution to be in a flourishing condition. Rev. Prof. Nutt, the President, is a devoted and enthusiastic educator, and the college, under his supervision, must prosper. We notice that our friend Bro. George B. Jocelyn is Professor of Mathematics and the Natural Sciences in the institution. The number of students in the primary, academic, and collegiate departments is two hundred and eighty-nine.

CATALOGUE of the Officers and Students of the Female College and Springfield High School. 1853-4.

From the above, we learn that the number of students in this highly flourishing college during the past year was greater than at any former time, being two hundred and twenty-seven. The course of study in the primary, preparatory, and collegiate departments is full and thorough. Under the superintendence of its learned and highly talented President, the Rev. J. W. Weakly, A. M., assisted by as fine a corps of instructors as the country can boast, we predict for this institution a brilliant career.

We had the honor of an invitation to attend and participate in the exercises at the late Commencement, but was Providentially detained. We learn, however, from those who were present on the occasion, that the exercises were of the most interesting character. The address to the graduating class by Mr. Baker, editor of the Scioto Gazette—a fine scholar and eloquent speaker—was everything that could be desired. The college edifice is being enlarged and remodeled, and from the engraving which accompanies the catalogue, it presents a chaste and beautiful appearance. It was designed by Mr. Tinsley, the finest architect in the western country, and will prove an ornament to the city of Springfield.

Speaking of colleges reminds us that we attended the annual Commencement of Professor Lippitt's Literary and Classical Institute. The exercises were held in the Melodeon Hall, and were attended by a large and highly intelligent audience. The Red Rover brass band discoursed excellent music, but we abhor a brass band in a house. Like the cannon, we think it better suited to the field, but tastes differ, and we are no connoisseur of the fine arts. The programme was unique, and as the pieces were designed to take off some of the humbugs of the day, notwithstanding the intense heat of the weather, many came to listen, and went away delighted with the performance. Prof. Lippitt is a fine classical scholar, and devoted to his profession. In a community where talents and worth are appreciated, he must succeed.

We have received the Twelfth Annual Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Wesleyan Female College of this city. We noticed the exercises connected with this institution, in the last No. of the Casket. The number of pupils connected with this school, increases from year to year. The number in attendance the past year, was four hundred and seventy-nine.

We received also the Catalogue of Herron's Academy, located on Seventh street. This is an old institution and has received a large share of the public patronage, of which it is highly deserving.

Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH"

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

NO. 3.

Eoline's Dream.

PART FIRST—EOLINE TO JESSIE.

With the sunny sparkles dancing round me, where the forest trees
Make a twilight in the noontide of the sultry August day;
In the cool delicious silence write I, Jessie, at mine ease,
Noting down the wayward fancies o'er my idle brain that stray.

I must tell you of a vision, wild and strange, yet wondrous fair.
Yestereve at chime of vesper to this self-same spot I stole,
While the voices of the chanter, floating on the sunset air,
Backward came like strains of angels to the rapt and dreaming soul.

On this bank of primrose blossoms I was lying, half in thought,
When a vague sweet sense, like slumber, of deep peace upon me fell—
And a Presence far exceeding all the beauty I have sought,
Stood before me. Was I dreaming, or unbodied? Who can tell?

Stood she in her regnant beauty, with her gold hair's wavy flow,
And her eyes serene and holy looking downward into mine:
While around us, through the forest, musically soft and low,
Angel voices rose and floated, whispering ever—"Eoline."

Then my spirit, white and queenly, rose up from its cell of clay,
And I followed where the Presence beckoned with uplifted hands;
Toward the portals of the sunset floating on our silent way,
Paused we by a crystal river lapsing over silver sands.

Down its silvery current gliding, passed we through the realm of dreams.
Broken fragments of sweet singing chimed upon the charmed ear;
Thronging shapes of shadowy beauty, pictured in uncertain gleams
Of some far-off light, were dimly seen through all this haunted sphere.

Still, as if by spirit guidance, onward swept our fairy barque
To a realm whose wondrous glory must have blinded earthly eyes;
Therefore knew I why my spirit left its clay companion dark
While it wandered, rapt and 'wilderer, in this unstained Paradise.

VOL. II—9

Drifting lightly shoreward, gently touched our barque the diamond strand,
While a flood of morning sunlight turned the crystal stream to gold;
Hill and valley, mount and river, over all that pleasant land
Lay rejoicing in its radiance, fearing neither blight nor cold.

Oh! the unimagined splendor of that realm of song and sun!
Stately fanes, with pictured windows, rose within the woodland's heart:
Here the broken strains of dream-land have their full expression won;
Here its vague yet glorious shadows into perfect beauty start.

In the midst uprose a temple far surpassing human skill;
Parian stone, inlaid with cedar, pillars flashing back the light—
Crystal-domed, with mighty arches—spaces sound could scarcely fill;
Sculpture wrought her grandest marvels here to charm the gazer's sight.

And within its golden portals spirits whose exceeding grace
Mocked the poet's dreams of splendor, walked apart—a radiant throng!
From their lips outpouring ever songs that, soaring into space,
Held compressed the unwrought music of that marvelous realm of song.

How my glad harp thrilled exulting, as it mingled in the strain!
Then the angel presence left me, rising as on viewless wings;
But her voice came downward floating, scattering like golden rain
Blessing and farewell, whose music evermore around me rings.

Oh, the power, the light, the glory that upon my spirit lies!
To my earthly lute, dear Jessie, hath a charmed wire been given:
I would keep it pure and holy, that its dying tones may rise,
Mingling fitly with the angels when my soul takes flight to heaven.

You will say that fame awaits me. Pray for me its icy chill
Gather not so closely round me as to hold me from the sky;
That the old and true affections round my path may linger still,
Guarding me from aught of evil. Bless you, darling! so, good bye.

PART SECOND—EVA TO JESSIE.

Jessie, very dark and lonely is our humble home to-night;
She we have so loved and cherished leaves us in the world alone.
Very pale and feeble grew she, fading daily in our sight;
Now the silver chord is loosened; and the prisoned bird has flown.

Young, and Oh, so rarely gifted! Was it strange that we should turn
From the warning voice that told us she was destined for the tomb?
That the flowers already blossomed which should strew her funeral urn,
And the ripening year should bring us Death amid the summer bloom?

When men marveled, by the wayside listening to her wondrous lay,
And Fame's laurel wreath was shading the pure whiteness of her brow,
Turned she smilingly, yet sadly, from the world's vain praise away,
Praying that the good she planted might bear fruit upon the bough.

Twining closer love's sweet tendrils round our humble cottage hearth,
 She was happiest ever, singing to her lute the songs of home;
 Yet we saw e'en love availed not to retain her on the earth,
 For the angel of her vision nightly beckoned her to come.

So her soul rose up to follow, and she faded day by day,
 Though her soul was clinging to us sadly, fondly till the last;
 From the gem within was falling the frail tenement of clay,
 And its radiance shone out clearer as her days were fleeting fast.

"Eva, darling! we will wander to the primrose bank, for there
 Came the blessed vision to me that has filled my life with peace.
 Let me breathe my life out, darling, gently midst its odorous air,
 While the vesper chimes are dying, and the chanters' voices cease.

"Weep not for me. You will join me, dear one, very soon. The while
 Let my dying blessing guard you, Oh, my sister! from life's ill."
 Then she spake of you, dear Jessie, saying with an earnest smile,
 "Round the friends of early childhood how the old love lingers still."

So the sun went down in splendor, and across the forest came
 From afar the chanters' voices, and the chime of vesper bells.
 "Eoline!" a voice of music seemed to syllable her name,
 And her spirit joined the angels where Love knoweth no farewells.

The True Brotherhood.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SONG OF THE BOW.

The days of Israel's haughty monarch were numbered. Clouds of darkness were gathering around his destiny, and not a single ray of hope penetrated the midnight gloom which enveloped him. The wrath of the Philistines, which had been aroused by the successive victories achieved over them by the army of Israel, at length excited them to desperation, and they resolved to marshal their remaining forces, and concentrating all their energies, to make a last and desperate assault upon the enemy. Interposed between the valley of the Jordan and the plain of Esdraelon, which spreads out from its south-eastern base, rise the mountains of Gilboa. Here Saul and his army were encamped, awaiting the Philistine hosts who were in hot pursuit of the Israelites. The numerous desertions from Saul's army which we have already alluded to in the preceding chapter, together with the disaffection which prevailed among those who still clung to Israel's standard, had so weakened the forces of the king that nothing but a hearty and desperate resistance on the part of the army could save it from the power of the enemy. The mind of the king was tossed with fearful forebodings, and dark spirits hovered

round his frightened imagination. His unwise and cruel conduct had driven from his presence the only man who could have soothed his troubled spirits, and whose valiant arm had achieved for him so many signal victories. With him had fled many other choice spirits, and none remained on whom he could rely but Jonathan, his faithful son, who, notwithstanding his father's perverseness, had linked his destiny with that of his ill-fated parent.

At length the day of doom arrived, and the army of the Philistines was seen darkening the plain and valley below with its numerous warlike hosts. Onward they pour, like lions from the desert in search of their prey. A thousand archers whose arrows flew thick as hail in their midst, added to the spears and javelins which, descending, flashed in the light of the morning sun, shocked but stayed not their progress. Not an arrow was sped, nor a dart thrown by the advancing cohorts. At length they gain the summit, and flanking out on all sides, begin the attack with all the fury of madmen. Under other circumstances, it would have seemed as if the leader of the Philistine army had been infatuated, so wildly was the maneuver planned and so desperately was it carried out. But a divine hand was employing an agency for the accomplishment of its purposes. Saul had filled up the measure of his iniquities, and was about to receive the reward of his deeds. The deadly conflict waxed hotter and hotter; hundreds fell, slain in the strife. At last a cry and a shout rise simultaneously above the din of battle. Jonathan and his two brothers have fallen, and lie dead among the heaps of the slain. The sad intelligence comes to Saul, who has himself been severely wounded, having been several times pierced by arrows. Feeling that all was lost, and determining that he would not fall alive into the hands of the Philistines, he summoned his armor-bearer to his side and commanded him to thrust him through with his sword. This the armor-bearer refused to do. Having resolved to die rather than be taken by the uncircumcised, he placed the handle of his own sword upon the ground, and falling upon the point, his heart was pierced, and he soon expired, exclaiming:

"My kingdom from me rent, my children slain,
My army lost, myself from hope cast out!
The seer hath spoken well; all is achieved.
David, thou art avenged!"

The armor-bearer on seeing this also took his own sword, and falling upon it, breathed his last by the side of his fallen monarch.

An Amalekite, on witnessing this last dreadful act in the drama of Saul's reign, immediately hastened to the fallen king, and snatching from his body the insignia of royalty, and taking the crown from his head, hurried from the scene of conflict. David was then at war with the

Amalekites, and it occurred to him that if he would take the crown of Saul and the badge of royalty to David, and tell him that he had himself slain Saul at his own request, he would not only secure the safety of his nation but bring distinguished honor to himself. Accordingly, he hastens to the camp of David at Ziklag. When he entered the camp with the crown and regalia of the king of Israel, all were taken by surprise. Approaching David, he fell upon his face, exclaiming:

"News, my lord, from the camp of Israel."

"How went the battle? Is Saul slain, that thou hast his crown and badge of royalty?"

"The Israelites have fled, and many are slain. Saul, and Jonathan his son, are dead also."

"How dost thou know that Saul and Jonathan are dead?"

"As I stood on mount Gilboa, I saw Saul leaning upon his spear, and the horsemen and chariots were hard upon him. Looking behind him, he saw me and said, 'Who art thou?' I answered, 'An Amalekite.' Then said he, 'Fall upon me and slay me, for my heart is filled with anguish.' So I fell upon him, and slew him, because I knew he would be slain by the Philistines. Then I took his crown and his bracelet, and have brought them unto thee."

"For this thou shalt die. Inasmuch as thou hast dared to stretch forth thy hand against the Lord's anointed, thy blood be upon thy head, because thou hast testified against thyself, saying, 'I have slain the Lord's anointed.'"

So saying, he ordered a young officer to slay him with a sword, exclaiming, "Alas for Saul and Jonathan!" The whole army joined in the lamentation, for however much their minds were alienated in regard to the king, they all loved Jonathan. David immediately composed a dirge entitled "The Song of the Bow," and the men of Judah were commanded to teach it to their children. All the circumstances of this mournful tragedy were recorded in one of the lost books of the Bible, but the song still remains as one of the most beautiful specimens of Hebrew poetry. It runs thus:

"On thy hights, O Israel, is the gazelle slain!
How are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice—
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Hills of Gilboa, no dew—no rain come on you, devoted fields;
For there was stained the bow of the mighty;
Saul's bow, never anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty,

The bow of Jonathan turned not aside,
And the sword of Saul came not back empty.

Saul and Jonathan! lovely and pleasant were ye in life,
And in death ye were not divided.
Swifter than eagles, stronger than lions, were they.

Daughters of Israel, weep ye for Saul;
He arrayed you pleasantly in scarlet;
He put ornaments of gold on your apparel.
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle!
O Jonathan! slain in thy high places!

O Jonathan, my brother, I am grieved for thee;
Very pleasant wert thou to me;
Wonderful was thy love, passing the love of woman.
How are the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished!"

The friendship and deep devotion of the ever faithful Jonathan crowded upon David's mind and failed not to excite his tenderest sympathies. His early attachment, which had been formed at his father's house and grew stronger as dangers crowded upon the way of the son of Jesse, ceased only with his life, and the many evidences which he had given of that attachment, only cemented in a more powerful manner the links which bound the heart of David to him in an unbroken love.

After the fatal battle had ceased on Gilboa, the Philistines sallied forth to plunder the dead. Finding Saul, they stripped off his armor, and severing his head from the body, they carried his headless trunk to the temple of Beth-shan and nailed it, with the bodies of his sons, to the walls thereof; and they placed the armor of Saul in the temple of Ash-taroath, proclaiming to all the inhabitants of the land the great victory they had achieved over the hosts of Israel. Shocked as were the Israelites at this inhuman conduct, there were none of them who had courage and bravery enough, save the valiant men of Jabesh, to interfere in the matter. No sooner did these men hear of the indignities offered to the bodies of Saul and his sons than they started forth with a resolute determination to rescue them at all hazards. They had been delivered by Saul at the commencement of his reign, and they had a grateful remembrance of his interposition in their behalf. After having traveled all day, at midnight they came to the banks of the Jordan, and crossing over, they marched up in the face of the garrison of hostile troops, and taking the bodies from the walls, bore them away and burned them; after which, they carefully gathered up the ashes and buried them under a tree. Here they continued mourning and fasting seven days for their fallen king.

This act of kindness on the part of the men of Jabesh impressed the

heart of David most favorably in relation to them, and desiring to form an alliance with them he sent the following message :

“O ye men of Jabesh ! blessed be ye of the Lord, that ye have showed kindness to Saul and Jonathan, and have buried them. Now may the Lord show you kindness and truth, and I will requite your benevolent acts. Therefore let your hands be strong, and be ye valiant, for though your master, Saul, be dead, yet the house of Judah hath anointed me king over them.”

To this message the Jabeshites cheerfully responded, and giving themselves up to the protection of David, joined his standard, for notwithstanding his temporary alliance with the Philistines they well understood his claims to the throne of Israel, and now that Saul was dead they believed that it would not be long until he should ascend the throne.

David was now king by right, and all other rights having been waived, as the Lord's anointed he made preparations to assume that position for which he had been designed, and for which he was solemnly set apart by the venerable prophet. He would not, however, be too hasty in an undertaking of such magnitude, and before taking a single step, he sought for divine guidance. Through the sacred oracle he inquired of the Lord whether he should go up into any of the cities of Judah. To this he received an affirmative response, and was directed to go to Hebron. Accordingly, David and his men marched up to Hebron, and took possession of it and the adjoining cities. Scarcely had they become settled in their new home until the tribe of Judah assembled, and with all the pomp and ceremony the occasion required, David was inaugurated King of Israel, in the room and stead of the deceased monarch. It seems probable, that had the remainder of the tribes of Israel been left to their own preferences and impulses, they would have joined with Judah in proclaiming David king, coming, as he did, before the nation with the highest sanctions known to their institutions. The natural result which might have been expected to flow from these considerations was, however, prevented by Abner, the first cousin of Saul, and for a long time chief captain of his host. This officer was held in great esteem throughout Israel, and his influence among the tribes was great. This influence he determined to exert in sustaining the house of Saul ; besides he felt himself unwilling to sink into an inferior position to that which he had occupied in the army, and ambition gained the mastery over his better judgment. The character of the man was displayed in the course which he took to thwart the purposes of David, and the policy he adopted indicated him to be at least a wise general in regal matters. Knowing the disaffection which existed in the trans-Jordanic tribes, he crossed over with Ishbosheth the only surviving son of Saul, and proclaimed him king at Mahanaim. No sooner was the proclamation made known

than the Western tribes gave in their adhesion, and thus David was shut out from establishing his government over the whole nation. The king of Israel, unwilling to resort to any coercive measures for the purpose of putting down his rival and establishing his kingdom, preferred to wait the course of Providence, being well assured that the divine authority which placed him upon the throne would sooner or later vindicate his rights. Not so, however, with Abner. Being anxious that the heir to the crown, who had been accepted by the tribes beyond the Jordan, should obtain universal sovereignty, he mustered his powers as General of the army, and concentrated them at Gibeon, on the very confines of the territory of Judah. This warlike demonstration was met by Joab, the commander of the forces of Judah, by a like concentration of an army at a point sufficiently near the enemy to watch its movements. Joab was a brave and daring officer of David's army, and eminently fitted for the post assigned, as well from the fact of his skill and courage as a soldier as that of his having the entire confidence of his king and the esteem of his fellow soldiers. Two such forces could not long occupy the positions they did without a conflict, nor could two such bold and fiery spirits remain so near each other without testing their power. To prevent a general war, Abner proposed that the contest should be settled by twelve picked men from each army. The day arrived, and at a chosen spot near a fountain they met. There man met his fellow man in deadly conflict, nor did it end until every one of the twenty-four lay dead upon the field. The controversy thus being unsettled, a general action ensued, and after a severe and desperate battle, the troops of Abner were routed and fled from the field of battle. Joab started in hot pursuit of the retreating army, and overtaking the fugitives on the top of a hill, he was arrested by the voice of Abner calling to him for quarters. At this Joab sounded his trumpet, and gathering his men, returned to David to report the battle.

Had Jonathan survived, instead of Ishbosheth, this strife between David and the house of Saul had never existed, and he would have been allowed peacefully to have ascended the throne. But the beloved Jonathan was dead, and the influence of that friendship, which began in the secret place at Gibeah, and continued unabated through all the rigors of war and reverses of fortune, was buried in the grave. Though occupying positions in different armies, between which was waged a deadly war, they were bound together in a friendship which rose above the strife of contending interests, and presented, in their lives, the faultless model of a Brotherhood, which

**"Time, nor space, nor grief can change,
Nor death itself could part."**

Mahomet.

The object of this sketch is to inquire whether there are reasons to believe that Mahomet was insane, or that he was an artful, energetic and sagacious imposter, seeking for power, fame and pleasure.

In the first place, he did not step into power as the heir of the English throne may be expected to do when Queen Victoria shall cease to govern the kingdom of Great Britain, and as a new sovereign, assume the crown of an intelligent, law-abiding and prosperous people. Without reputation, without wealth, with comparatively few friends—and, indeed, as but an agent for a rich widow whose name was Kadija, he began that career that ended in placing him in a position of almost unlimited power over a warlike and powerful people, whose influence is felt in no mean degree at the present day.

He laid the foundations of his subsequent influence when but a young, unmarried man, in traveling as an agent or overseer of caravans, trading between cities of his native country. He was born at Mecca, about A. D., 571. In his person he was handsome, and in manners attractive. His talents soon gave him influence, not only with those persons of the caravans with whom he was conversant, but also with merchants of the various cities at which he traded. So successful was he in business, and withal so popular, that the widow Kadija, his employer, gave him to understand that she would not disdain a union with him, though far his superior at that time in wealth and standing.

He therefore formed this connection, and thus acquired an additional influence of much value to him in his ambitious schemes.

The attachment thus formed seems to have been strong and lasting; although Mahomet had many wives and concubines subsequently, yet he always seems to have loved and respected his first. Abalseda relates the following anecdote of Mahomet's affection for his wife Kadija.

His subsequent wife Ayesha one day reproaches him with his grief on her account. "Was she not old?" said Ayesha, with the insolence of blooming beauty; "has not God given you a younger, a better and more beautiful wife in her place?" "More beautiful, truly," said the prophet, "and younger, but not better; there can not be a better. She believed in me when men despised me—she relieved my wants when I was poor and persecuted." Kadija was the first disciple of Mahomet. It is said that he, at this time, could neither read nor write, and he is supposed to have arranged the Koran by the assistance of Abdia, the son of Salem, who was a Persian Jew, and the Nestorian Monk named Bahira. He gave himself to solitude, retiring frequently into a cave of Mount Hara, to spend his time in fasting, prayer and meditation—pro-

fessedly for these purposes at least. He, according to Abalfeda, received his divine mission as prophet under the following circumstances. While waiting with some of his family in the cave, the angel Gabriel appeared to him, and after certain words of revelation or conference, he finally went into the middle of the mountain, and heard a voice from heaven, saying, "O, Mahomet! thou art the apostle of God, and I am Gabriel." The prophet then retired and announced the vision to his wife. This step being taken, he brought upon himself many foes. His few friends, however, were faithful, and enthusiastically attached to him. In the thirteenth year of Mahomet's mission, the Koreishites, his bitter enemies, sought to assassinate him, and, fleeing, he hid himself in a cave. During three days that he lay hidden here with one of his followers, Abubeker, a spider, it is said, spun a web over the mouth of the cave, and a pigeon laid two eggs near it, so that his pursuers, passing by, thought they could not be within, seeing these signs, that the place had not been disturbed. As soon as their pursuers had passed away, they came out and got safely to a town called Yathreb. From this event of the reception of Mahomet, the town lost its ancient name Yathreb, and was called Medinatol Nabi, or "the town of the Prophet," and at last Medina. This Hegira, or flight of Mahomet, is the era from which the Mahometans date all their transactions. It is thought by chronologists that the era of the flight was Friday, the 16th of July, A. D., 622.

His band of followers, though small at first, gradually increased in numbers and wealth, by his reputation and means acquired by his marauding expeditions and battles, until he finally compelled his foes to sue for mercy at his feet.

Thus his power increased; and, as the assumed prophet of God, by whom the Deity was supposed to reveal his will to men, he produced that convenient book, the Koran, one adapted to his own purposes, and calculated to lead men already blinded by superstition and passionately attached to his person.

It is said that Mahomet had association with Christian society at one time, and that he compiled much of the Koran from the Bible and the Jewish Talmud; and he doubtless learned to appreciate the power and virtue of the precepts of the Bible. The Koran is held in the highest veneration by the Mahometans. The book must not be touched by any one but a Mussulman; nor even by a believer, except he be free from pollution. The orthodox opinion, in reference to the origin of the Koran among believers, is that the original has been written, from all eternity, on the preserved table. Of this they believe a complete transcript was brought down to the lower heaven, (that of the moon,) by the angel Gabriel, and thence taken and shown to Mahomet, once every year of his mission, and twice in the last year of his life. The Koran, as a

whole, has been divided by a celebrated commentator, into three general heads.

I. The precepts, or directions, relating to religion, as prayers, fastings, pilgrimages ; or the civil polity as marriages, inheritances and judicature.

II. Histories, whereof some are taken from the Scriptures, but falsified with fabulous additions ; others are wholly false, having no foundation in fact.

III. Admonitions, under which head are comprised exhortations to receive Islamism, to fight for it, to practice its precepts, prayers, alms, etc., and the moral duties, such as justice, temperance, etc. ; promises of everlasting felicity to the obedient ; dissuasions from sin ; threatenings of the punishments of hell to the unbelieving and disobedient. Many of the threatenings are levelled against particular persons, and those, sometimes, of Mahomet's own family, who had opposed him in propagating his religion.

With the two fundamental principles laid down, that Mahomet is God's prophet and vicegerent ; and that the sayings of the Koran, revealed only through him, are the rules to guide men to celestial happiness, he lays the foundation of that mighty power which he so wonderfully gained over an ignorant but enthusiastic and mighty people.

How careful was he in forming the minor rules of this book, to mingle truth and error, that it might be the more powerful. And being a child of the sunny clime, and truly an oriental in lust and passion, he knew well what kind of a heaven would be most pleasing to men like himself. Indeed, it is said he had no shame in avowing that his chief pleasures were perfumes and women.

And what was to ensure this desired heaven ? The Koran answers the question by promising the same to those who devoted their all, not excepting life itself, to the cause of Islamism, etc. And he who should die, sword in hand, should not fail of reaching Paradise, there to enjoy one hundred houris, and the things most desirable to the lustful fancy of a Mussulman.

With these two points of faith well established in the minds of his followers, viz : his divine commission, and the promise of eternal happiness to the faithful, what could he not accomplish among a people ready to follow him to the cannon's mouth, or to die in single combat at the word of command ?

As for other points of doctrine, he varied them to suit the occasion and circumstances of the moment. Did he want a mistress, the 66th chapter of the Koran permits him to have concubines. And so mighty was his power, that even a husband would give up his wife to satisfy his passion, and feel happy in making the sacrifice. "Mahomet, on one oc-

casation, going into the house of his friend Laid, did not find him at home, but happened to espy his wife Lainab, so much in dishabille as to discover beauties enough to touch a heart so amorous as his was. He could not conceal the impression made upon him, but cried out, "praised be God, who turneth men's hearts as he pleases." Lainab heard him, and told her husband when he came home. Laid, who had been greatly obliged to Mahomet, was desirous to gratify him, and offered to divorce his wife. Mahomet pretended to dissuade him from it, but Laid easily perceiving how little he was in earnest, actually divorced her. Mahomet thereupon took her to wife. On another occasion he debauched a young maid sent to him from Egypt, and, as his wife did not approve of his conduct, he obtained a revelation from heaven justifying it. Tom Moore alludes to this occurrence in *Lalla Rookh*.

"And here Mahomet, born for love and guile,
Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile;
Then beckons some kind angel from above,
With a new text, to consecrate their love."

One of the objects of highest honor, with the Mussulman, was the Kaaba at Mecca. This was the place where the ancient Arabs worshipped their heathen deities. To this place the Koran made it obligatory, for each true believer, to make a pilgrimage at least once in his lifetime. And to satisfy his own ambition, and to give a precedent to his followers, he advanced at the head of a mighty host, estimated by some at 100,000 persons, upon a pilgrimage to Mecca, where he sacrificed sixty-three camels, answering to the number of his birth-day, it being the sixty-third. With what pride could he then look over cities that had once scorned his name, which he had lived to see proclaiming his power from thousands of Minarets, as the call to prayer was re-echoed on the morning air, Allah acbar, Allah acbar, etc. "God is great, God is great; there is but one God, Mahomet is his prophet; come to prayers, come to prayers." And this is the very form in use to this day among the Mussulmans, who, however, in the call to morning prayers, add the words, "prayer is better than sleep, prayer is better than sleep."

Prayer is to be performed, by the Mussulman, five times in twenty-four hours. 1st, in the morning before sunrise; 2nd, when noon is past; 3d, a little before sunset; 4th, a little after sunset; 5th, before the first watch of the night.

The power of his armies was extended by numerous and bloody battles; and, finally, his career is closed by death, A. D., 632. His death is supposed to have been hastened by poison, administered to him in food, by a Jewess.

Thus we have given a brief, imperfect sketch of the life of this truly wonderful man. And what shall we call him? A madman? An in-

sane but sincere enthusiast, deceived himself and deceiving others? We must say, that we are not satisfied that he could be of this character, so well does his life answer to the description of that of every other selfish, lustful and ambitious man, so like that of men who seek power and influence at all hazard, and make mind and will bend to the one great object, personal gratification.

True, his doctrine is a novel one; his course is perhaps unparalleled in success, but, nevertheless, bears the same invariable marks that characterize wicked ambition, when and wherever found.

Cities of Switzerland.

LAUSANNE.

Rousseau, Voltaire, our Gibbon, and de Stael,
Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore,
Thy shore of names like these; wert thou no more,
Their memory thy remembrance would recall.—BYRON.

LAUSANNE is a neat picturesque town, about eight hours' drive from Geneva, and is deservedly celebrated for the singular beauty of its situation. The climate is salubrious and delightful, and the romantic scenery of the Pays de Vaud has not its equal in the world. Nothing can surpass the glowing magnificence of a summer's evening in this fairy region. When the sun descends beyond mount Jura, the Alpine summits reflect for a long time the bright ruddy splendor, and the quiet lake, unruffled by a breeze, assumes the appearance of liquid gold. In the distance rises the vast chain of Alps, with their seas of ice and boundless regions of snow, contrasted with the near and more pleasing objects of glowing vineyards and golden corn-fields, and interspersed with the wooded brow, the verdant and tranquil valley, with villas, hamlets, and sparkling streams.

Lausanne is the capital of the Pays de Vaud. The church is a magnificent gothic building, and was the cathedral when the country was subject to the Dukes of Savoy. It was taken from the house of Savoy by the canton of Bern, under whose dominion it remained for nearly two centuries and a half, until the French revolution altered the whole face of affairs in Europe. Switzerland caught the cry of liberty and equality, and the government of Bern, which had hitherto been vested in an aristocracy, was transferred to a representative council, chosen by the people.

The inhabitants of Lausanne are Calvinists, although none of that mortifying spirit is discernible which characterizes their brother Presbyterians of Scotland. The only point on which they appear to feel the

necessity of a strict observance, is the time of divine service on the Sabbath day. Every thing then is as quiet and still as though all classes were convinced of the necessity of, at least, an appearance of religious duty, and few persons are seen in the streets, unless on their way to church. But so soon as the services are ended, the day is devoted to gayety and recreation. As in France, the neighboring places of amusement are crowded with visitors, and every thing exhibits a more than usual appearance of gayety. Their festivities, however, are conducted on a more moderate scale; for great attention is paid by the government to repress the growth of luxury, which, despite of the endeavors of the Swiss republicans, is making a rapid progress. Many of the foreign residents find it extremely difficult to accommodate their habits to the regulations imposed on the inhabitants, and sometimes incur the penalties awarded in cases of infringement of their sumptuary laws.

Lausanne, in addition to the natural beauties with which it so richly abounds, derives new interest from the associations to which it gives rise.

The house of Gibbon, one of the most attractive objects at Lausanne, is visited by every stranger. To this retreat he retired, to complete those great historical labors which have immortalized his name. The little impression which he had made in public life—the loss of his seat at the Board of Trade—and the neglect of the coalition ministry, who “counted his vote on the day of battle, but overlooked him in the division of the spoil,” all seemed to render his voluntary banishment desirable; while his attachment to the society and scenery of Lausanne, and his intimate acquaintance with the people and the language, gave that banishment almost the air of a restoration to his native country. Familiar as he had been with the society of the learned, the noble, and the great, he valued it too correctly to mourn over its loss. “Such lofty connexions,” he observes, “may attract the curious and gratify the vain; but I am too modest, or too proud to rate my own value by that of my associates; and whatever may be the fame of learning and genius, experience has shown me that the cheaper qualifications of politeness and good sense are of more useful currency in the commerce of life.” The historian’s choice was well made, nor did it subject him to repentance. “Since my establishment at Lausanne,” he says, “seven years have elapsed, and if every day has not been equally soft and serene, not a day, not a moment, has occurred in which I have repented of my choice.”

During his residence at Lausanne, Gibbon in general devoted the whole of the morning to study, abandoning himself in the evening to the pleasures of conversation, or to the lighter recreation of the card-table. “By many,” he observes, “conversation is esteemed as a theater or a school; but after the morning has been occupied with labors of the library,

I wish to unbend rather than to exercise my mind, and in the interval between tea and supper I am far from disdaining the innocent amusement of a game at cards."

In a letter to his kind and excellent relative, Mrs. Potter, Gibbon has described what he terms the "skeleton of his life at Lausanne:"

"In this season (the winter) I rise, not at four in the morning, but a little before eight; at nine I am called from my study to breakfast, which I always perform alone in the English style, and with the aid of Caplin I perceive no difference between Lausanne and Bentinck street. Our mornings are usually passed in separate studies; we never approach each other's door without a previous message, or thrice knocking, and my apartment is already sacred, and formidable to strangers. I dress at half-past one, and at two (an early hour, to which I am not perfectly reconciled), we sit down to dinner. We have hired a female cook, well skilled in her profession, and accustomed to the taste of every nation, as, for instance, we had excellent mince pies yesterday. After dinner, and the departure of our company, one, two, or three friends, we read together some amusing book, or play at chess, or retire to our rooms, or make visits, or go to the coffee house. Between six and seven the assemblies begin, and I am oppressed only with their number and variety. Whist at shillings or half-crowns is generally the game I play, and I play three rubbers with pleasure. Between nine and ten we withdraw to our bread and cheese, and friendly converse, which sends us to bed at eleven; but these sober hours are too often interrupted by private or numerous suppers, which I have not the courage to resist, though I practice a laudable abstinence at the best furnished tables."

The gifted conversation and kind manners of Gibbon, attracted the friendship of some of the most estimable of his neighbors, and in the society of the family of De Severy he found some consolation for the loss of his friend Deyverdun.

"Amongst the circle of my acquaintance at Lausanne, I have gradually acquired the solid and tender friendship of a respectable family; the four persons of whom it is composed, are all endowed with the virtues best adapted to their age and situation; and I am encouraged to love the parents as a brother, and the children as a father. Every day we seek and find the opportunities of meeting; yet even this valuable connection cannot supply the loss of domestic society." It was indeed this feeling of solitude and loneliness which "tinged with a browner shade the evening of his life." After enumerating, with the pride and partiality which its comforts and its beauties justified, the many advantages of his literary retreat, he touchingly adds—"but I feel, and with the decline of years I shall more painfully, that I am alone in Paradise."

"It was on the day," said he, in alluding to the completion of his

great historical work, "or rather night, of the twenty-seventh of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame; but my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

The sentiment of regret thus breathed by Gibbon has been no less beautifully expressed in the verse of Lord Byron, who has made Tasso lament in the same spirit over the dismissal of the Jerusalem:

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done,
My long-sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight—
Thou too art gone, and so is my delight;
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.

The terrace which the historian used to perambulate, still remains. Here, not unfrequently, he was accustomed to walk and converse with the distinguished strangers who sought him in his retreat. In one of his letters to Lady Sheffield, he has recorded, with excusable pride, a memorable assemblage of rank and of talent upon his terrace. "A few weeks ago, I was walking on our terrace with M. Tissot, the celebrated physician; M. Mercier, the author of the '*Tableau de Paris*;' the Abbe Raynal; Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle Necker; the Abbe de Bourbon, a natural son of Louis XV.; the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, Prince Henry of Prussia, and a dozen Counts, Barons, and extraordinary persons, amongst whom was a natural son of the Empress of Russia. Are you satisfied with the list, which I could enlarge and embellish without departing from the truth?"

Lausanne and its neighborhood are also rendered illustrious by their having afforded a residence to Necker and his most celebrated daughter. In a country house, near Lausanne, before he removed to Coppet, Necker composed his "*Treatise on the Administration of the Finances*," and it was here that Gibbon became acquainted with the ex-minister. At that

period Mademoiselle Necker was only a gay and giddy girl. "Mademoiselle Necker," says the historian in a letter to Lord Sheffield, "one of the greatest heiresses in Europe, is now about eighteen, wild, vain, but good natured, with a much greater provision of wit than of beauty." It does not appear that Gibbon, at this time, appreciated the talents and the genius which afterwards shone forth so brilliantly in the writings and conversation of Madame de Stael. Not unfrequently the Neckers visited the historian in his humble mansion, where the great financier conversed freely with him on the subject of his administration and his fall. Occasionally also, Gibbon spent a few days with his friends at Coppet, and the correspondence, which has been published, between himself and Madame Necker, proves the very amicable terms on which they stood to one another, and from which, perhaps, the recollection of their youthful attachment did not detract. In visiting the scenes formerly illustrated by the lofty genius and graceful society of Madame de Stael, the traveler will regret that there is no adequate memoir of a person so truly distinguished. "Some one," it is well observed by Lord Byron, "some one of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit and of easy hospitality attracted within the friendly circles of Coppet, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are, in fact, more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties is rather discovered amongst the interior secrets than seen in the outward management of family intercourse; and which indeed it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the center of a society ever varied and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother, tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved; the friend, unboundedly generous, but still esteemed; the charitable patroness of all distress, can not be forgotten by those whom she cherished, and protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best; and to the sorrow of very many friends, and of mere dependents, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublime scenes of the Lemman lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable Corinna."

Many amusing and interesting anecdotes of Madame de Stael, are, however, given in the "Notice" prefixed to her "*Œuvres Inédites*," by Madame Necker Saussure. From her we learn that the "wild, vain, but good-natured" Mademoiselle Necker actually proposed to her pa-

rents that she should marry Mr. Gibbon, in order that they might secure the uninterrupted enjoyment of his society! Her devotion to her father is said almost to have amounted to idolatry, as the following anecdote will sufficiently prove. Madame Necker Saussure had come to Coppet from Geneva in M. Necker's carriage, and had been overturned on the way, but without receiving any injury. On mentioning the accident to Madame de Stael on her arrival, she asked, with great vehemence, who had driven; and on being told that it was Richel, her father's ordinary coachman, she exclaimed, in an agony, "My God! he may one day overturn my father!" and rung instantly with violence for his appearance. While he was coming, she paced about the room in the greatest possible agitation, crying out at every turn, "My father! my poor father! he might have been overturned!" and turning to her friend, "at your age, and with your slight person, the danger is nothing; but with his age and bulk, I can not bear to think of it." The coachman now came in; and this lady, usually so mild and indulgent, and reasonable with all her attendants, turned to him in a sort of frenzy, and in a voice of solemnity, but choked with emotion, said, "Richel! do you know that I am a woman of genius?" The poor man stood in astonishment, and she went on louder: "Have you not heard, I say, that I am a woman of genius?" Coachee was still mute. "Well, then! I tell you that I *am* a woman of genius—of great genius—of prodigious genius! and I tell you more, that all the genius I have shall be exerted to secure your rotting out your days in a dungeon, if ever you overturn my father!" Even after the fit was over, she could not be made to laugh at her extravagance, and said, "And what had I to conjure with but my poor genius?"

It is singular, that though her youth was passed amidst the most enchanting scenery of Switzerland, Madame de Stael had little relish for its charms. "Give me the Rue de Bac," said she to a person who was expatiating on the beauties of the Lake of Geneva; "I would prefer living in France, in a fourth story, with a hundred louis a year."

M. Simond has sketched with considerable ability the character of this celebrated woman. "I had seen Madame de Stael a child, and I saw her again on her death-bed. The intermediate years were spent in another hemisphere, as far as possible from the scenes in which she lived. Mixing again, not many months since, with a world in which I am a stranger, and feel I shall remain so, I just saw this celebrated woman, and heard as it were her last words, as I had read her works before, uninfluenced by any local bias. Perhaps the impressions of a man thus dropped from another world into this, may be deemed something like those of posterity. * * * Madame de Stael lived for conversation; she was not happy out of a large circle, and a French circle, where she

could be heard in her own language to the best advantage. Her extravagant admiration of the Paris society, was neither more nor less than genuine admiration of herself; it was the best mirror she could get, and that was all. Ambitious of all sorts of notoriety, she would have given the world to have been noble and a beauty; yet there was in this excessive vanity so much honesty and frankness, it was so void of affectation and trick, she made so fair and so irresistible an appeal to your own sense of her worth, that what would have been laughable in any one else was almost respectable in her. That ambition of eloquence, so conspicuous in her writings, was much less observable in her conversation; there was more *abandon* in what she said than in what she wrote; while speaking, the spontaneous inspiration was no labor but all pleasure; conscious of extraordinary powers, she gave herself up to the present enjoyment of the deep things, and the good things, flowing in a full stream from her own well stored mind and luxuriant fancy. The inspiration was pleasure—the pleasure was inspiration; and without precisely intending it, she was every evening of her life, in a circle of company the very Corinna she depicted, although in her attempts to personify that Corinna, in her book, and make her speak in print, she utterly failed, the labor of the pen extinguishing the fancy.”

Among the literary associations which Lausanne affords, it must not be forgotten that it was the last residence of that very amiable and highly accomplished man, John Philip Kemble.

WHAT IS ODD-FELLOWSHIP ?—We fear that a fatal mistake is made by many in regard to the true answer to this question—that they look to the forms, rules and ceremonies of our organization, as constituting the whole of Odd-Fellowship. Aside from all organization it exists, and is that love, felt only by the benevolent and generous heart, that extends to all creatures of a common Father—a love that prompts, as a matter of duty and privilege, to relieve distress wherever we behold it, to smooth the asperities of the human pathway when in our power. It is the will, the desire, to do good for its own sake. No matter who is suffering, the command of the Order is to relieve it if possible. No matter how often the needy and distressed demand our assistance, we must ever be ready with the means we possess, and in the best manner we may, to respond to their cries.

This is Odd-Fellowship—these are its requirements. It exists separate from outward insignia, far down in the heart of kindness, and the paraphernalia of the Order is only the machinery by which we seek to draw refreshing waters from the full wells of mercy, for the use of the sorrowing.

The Anglo-Saxon Monasteries.

The accession of William, the conqueror, to the throne of England, was the signal for the annihilation of the institution of the Anglo Saxons and for the confiscation of their estates. The curfew tolled the knell of their departed glory, and the forced employment of the Norman language in all public acts; the compulsory teaching of the Norman in all the schools; and the introduction of Norman manners and Norman customs into social life, subjected the Anglo Saxons and their language to ridicule and contempt. Their fortunes were blasted, and they were forced to fly to the mountains, or seek refuge in foreign lands. But though the fabric of Norman power was enacted on the ruins of their government, life and vigor yet dwelt in the subjugated race. While the Saxon noblemen, in the fastnesses of the country, maintained an open and deadly hostility towards the conquerors, the monk, in whose veins flowed the same Saxon blood, in the quiet retreat of the monasteries of Britain and the Western Isles, cherished in silence, a similar hatred engendered by the disgrace of his beloved countrymen.

From the ruder days of the fifth century, the monasteries of the Anglo Saxons had been the noblest specimens of architecture that adorned their country; within the silent halls of those stupendous structures, beautified with arches, with carvings and fine tracery-work, and reaching, with their massive walls and spires, to the clouds, the learned sought a safe retreat from the ravages of Norman tyranny and Norman oppression. There the gilded images of angels, and the "Virgin," looked down from the vaulted ceilings. The most sublime paintings, whose subjects were taken from the narratives of the Evangelists, and life-like statues of holy men, adorned the walls of those magnificent temples of God. There sacred tapers burned upon golden altars. There pious monks, habited in black tunics and cowls, offered up, in silence, their morning prayer. Amid stillness, like that of death, gentle clouds of incense rose towards heaven. That awful silence was broken by the solemn sound of the organ re-echoing along the walls. The holy Abbot proclaimed, from the desk, the sacred words of inspiration. The light of the sun, as it rose in the heavens, fell upon those splendid piles, and piercing through their beautiful painted windows, shed its softened rays upon the solemn scene.

The solitude of the monasteries, hallowed by the presence of God, and by every religious association, was eminently fitted to inspire, in the breast of the scholar, a deeper devotion to letters. Here, remote from the turbulent world, he could cultivate his native language and literature. Here, undisturbed, he could pursue the study of the fine arts, of philoso-

phy and of poetry. Here he could direct his thoughts heavenward, and expend the energies of his mind upon elevated themes.

Those pious monks, while they served their God and drank deep at the fountain of letters, did not forget their country. Under the monk's gown those stern Saxon hearts swelled with emotions, and the laboring brain often toiled with patriotic fervor under the unmarked cowl. They exhibited in their writing the most ineffaceable marks of that hatred which possessed the hearts of their countrymen. They burned with ardent aspirations to elevate their nation from its rude and uncultivated condition. They labored to give a national character to their people, and stability to Anglo-Saxon institutions.

Thus inspired by patriotism, those devoted monks cherished a love for Anglo-Saxon letters. The monasteries became, at once, both the repositories and the seminaries of learning. Literature flourished under their protection, and many valuable works were preserved in their libraries. It was in their quiet halls that Cædmon sung of the creation: Alfric taught the principles of language to his unlettered countrymen; and the venerable Bede composed an ecclesiastical history of his race which alone claims the confidence and admiration of posterity. It was in the solitude of the convent that a series of monastic authors recorded, as eye-witnesses, upon the pages of the celebrated Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, the history of the times in which they lived. To these institutions we are indebted for the historical chronologies, for the theological treatises, and for the religious and narrative poetry of those times.

Those works, by reducing the language to a written form, gave permanence and character to the Anglo-Saxon tongue. By the cultivation of it in the monasteries it became a forcible and expressive language, capable of exhibiting, with beauty and elegance of expression, the most sublime sentiments in poetry and prose.

After a century and a half the Anglo Saxon came forth from those sacred retreats, full of its original spirit and with far more than its original purity, that modified by contact with the Norman tongue, it might form the English language of a later period. From these sources we follow, with reverent admiration, the advance of that noble language along the course of centuries, till now it contains the most solid treasures of human wisdom, poesy and wit. The poet can now successfully embody, in the English language, the loftiest creations of his imagination! the philosopher his gravest thoughts, and the orator his most persuasive appeals! There is no conception of the human intellect which can not here find its most elegant and vigorous expression. Other languages may possess, in a higher degree, some peculiar excellence, but in all the highest purposes of a language, the palm is borne away by that tongue which was spoken and studied by the monks of Whitby and Wearmouth.

Thus those venerable monasteries have performed a noble office for mankind : they have long since gone to decay ; their massive walls have crumbled away ; their fine carvings have yielded to the touch of time ; and their beautiful painted windows and statuary have been broken and mingled in the dust. The deep tones of the organ have ceased to sound along those ornamented walls. Prayer is no longer offered up from golden altars. The light of the sun no longer falls upon structures rising in majesty to the clouds : it falls upon a pile of desolate ruins. Those stern Saxon hearts have long since ceased to beat ; they are no longer inflamed with anger towards their haughty oppressors. Those pious monks now sleep in peace their last long sleep : those splendid ruins mark their burial place ; their immortal spirits have taken their flight to God, but the language which they fostered in the monasteries, in its higher and nobler forms, is still extant, and is destined to live for many ages as a proud monument to their patriotism and to their devotion.

Lost Child.

To a denizen of a large city the words which stand at the head of this article produce but a faint impression when compared with that produced upon the mind of the villager. To the former it is a familiar sound, and he is accustomed by day and by night to hear the bellman's voice rising above the din of the city, or ringing out on the clear night air, "Lost child !" But when these words fall upon the ear of the dweller in the woods, or the inhabitant of the wilderness, a thousand frightful images at once rush upon the mind, rousing all to the most intense excitement. Once, while returning home about eleven o'clock, on a cold winter's night, in a large city, we heard, at the corner of a square, an alarm bell, and we stopped to listen. Presently a despairing cry arose, "Lost children," accompanied by a description of their persons, and directions where to take them if found. Knowing it was not the old bellman, whose voice had become familiar to us in crying, "Lost child," we waited till the crier came up. When he reached the corner where we stood, he rung his bell and cried again. Just as he concluded, a whiskered animal, dressed in gentleman's clothes, coming along, exclaimed, "Try it again, old fellow !" "You heartless wretch !" said we, but he passed without noticing us. We then asked the crier whose children were lost. "Mine," said he, "and the child of a poor widow living close by me. We are not able to pay the bellman, and I started out myself to hunt the children." "O, God," we thought, "what a heartless world ! Here is a poor man seeking his lost child at the dead of night, in the streets and alleys of a vast city, and not a soul to sympathize with or help him !" But to our story.

In the year 1805, when all the region of country bordering upon the Ohio river was a wilderness, and only here and there were villages, which had sprung up in the vicinity of forts—such, for instance, as Marietta, at Fort Harmar, and Cincinnati, at Fort Washington—and the savages roamed unmolested over the broad prairies and through the dense forests of the west, a scene occurred at a settlement about thirty miles northeast of Cincinnati, which produced the most astonishing excitement throughout the whole surrounding country. There lived at this settlement a family by the name of Osborn, which consisted of the father, and mother, and two daughters, the elder of whom was about eleven years of age, and the younger about seven. In those days of backwoods life every member of the family was employed, from necessity, in farming pursuits, and almost as soon as a child was able to walk it was taught to engage in some employment connected with rural life. While the father was engaged in attending his small patch of corn, and the mother was attending to her domestic concerns, of cooking, knitting, spinning, or weaving, the children would be employed, if sons, in assisting the father in the field or barn; and if daughters, in helping the mother in domestic duties.

It was usually the duty of the younger boys to hunt the cows, which were left to run in the woods, and sometimes were difficult to find. As there were no boys in this family, it devolved upon the girls to search the ranges of the cattle, and drive home the cows. One afternoon in the latter part of summer, the little girls of the Osborn family started out on their accustomed pursuit. After finding the cows, which they were enabled to do by the tinkling of their bells, they started to drive them home. The elder girl, having become bewildered, supposed, from the direction the cows took, that they were going from instead of toward home. Fully impressed with this belief, she requested her little sister to stay where she was, and she would run and head them, and turn them in the right direction. But the cows, intent on going home, would not be diverted from their course. What to do she knew not; and fearing that her sister would be lost, she left the cattle, and started on hunt of her; but alas! how did her young heart ache when, after wandering about for a long while, and crying out her name in the woods, she could not find her! Sadly she started, without her sister, in the direction of home, as she supposed; but instead of this, the poor, bewildered child took an opposite direction from her father's cabin. The younger girl followed the sound of the cow-bells, and arrived safely at home; but Lydia—for that was her name—wandered on, and was lost in the wilderness.

Night came on, casting its darkened shadows over the forest, but she came not to greet the anxious eyes of her parents, which were growing

sorrowful and dim with watching. No time was to be lost; their child was in the woods, exposed to the savages and wild beasts. The neighborhood was roused with the alarm of "Lost child!" The cry became general, like the cry of fire at night in a country village. Every heart was touched, and soon, in every direction, torches were seen flashing their light into the darkness of the forest. Bells were rung, horns were blown, and guns were fired through the woods, if, perchance, the sound might reach the ear of the lost one. The whole night was spent in a fruitless search. The news flew in every direction, and reached the settlement where we resided, and as many as could leave home turned out to seek for the lost child. This day was also spent in vain, though some signs of her tracks in crossing branches and miry places were discovered, all, however, indicating that she was going farther into the wilderness. On the third day, the famous backwoodsman and hunter, Cornelius Washburn, arrived, with about five hundred others. Washburn was accompanied by his noted hunting-dog, of which it was said he would follow any scent his master would put him upon. At length the night of the third day arrived, but still no intelligence of the lost child. We were now deep in the wilderness, and we all made preparations for camping out that night. After lighting our fires, and taking some refreshment, we retired to rest by lying down upon the ground by our camp-fires. At daybreak we were up again, and ready for our search; but as the collection of people was so numerous, we concluded it was best to form ourselves into companies, and take different directions, and meet at night at a place designated, and report in relation to our discoveries. Money was collected and sent to the settlements to buy provisions, to be brought to the place of rendezvous. Every day we received accessions to our numbers, so that on the seventh day it was supposed there were more than a thousand persons gathered from all parts of the country, and many from Kentucky. The seventh night was spent on the headwaters of the East Fork of the Little Miami. Washburn reported that he had discovered where the little girl had slept for several nights. The place she had selected was where one tree had fallen across another, which was lying down, and afforded a good protection. He also saw where she had plucked and eaten some fox-grapes and whortleberries. To this place the whole crowd hurried. Nothing could have restrained them, so eager were they to find the lost child, or some clue that would lead to her discovery.

In all these journeyings the father was present, and so absorbed in grief at the loss of his dear Lydia, that he could neither eat nor sleep. Sorrow drank up his spirits, and he refused to be comforted. When hope was kindled in his heart that his child would be found, he seemed like one frantic, and flew in every direction, calling most piteously the

name of his child ; but she was not there ; her little feet had borne her to some other quarter of the wildwood. It was agreed the next morning that all the company should start out abreast, about three rods apart, with a man in the middle, and one at each end of the line, whose duty it was to blow horns at certain intervals, for the purpose of keeping the line in order. It was an immense line, extending for several miles. Each man was instructed to examine carefully every branch and wet place, and every hollow log and thicket, to see if any traces of her were discoverable.

Thus, day after day, and night after night, the search went on, till sixteen days were passed away in the fruitless endeavor to find her. In the mean time, some of the company having lost all hope of finding her, returned home, but others came and filled their places, so that on no day were there less than one thousand persons on the search. On the fourteenth day, accompanied by two others, we took across to the North Fork of Whiteoak, and carefully searched the banks of that stream for miles. On the morning of the fifteenth day we found where she had crossed, by her footprints in the sand, at the water's edge. These footprints appeared to be fresh, and greatly revived our hopes. We were now distant from the main body of men several miles ; and while one of our number was dispatched to communicate the intelligence, we proceeded to follow up a fork of the creek which puts in just where her footsteps were found. Here there was an opening on the bottom land, where there was a large blackberry patch nearly a quarter of a mile in length. Near this patch we found a neat little house, built of sticks, nicely adjusted. It was covered with sticks, and over these were placed, in regular layers, pieces of moss taken from the logs and sides of trees in the neighborhood. The cracks were all neatly stopped with moss. In the center, on one side, was a little door, and in the interior was a bed made of leaves, covered with moss, and decorated with wild flowers. All could see at once that it was the work of a child ; and we may have been childish while gazing upon it ; for the tears stole freely down our cheeks. Here, away in the wilderness, far from human habitation, had this lost child constructed this miniature house, and thus recalled the scenes of home, and sister, and mother, and father.

The child must have been here for several days ; for, from her little house to the blackberry patch, she had beaten quite a path, and some parts of the patch were picked quite bare. We imagined that we had at last found the place where the little wanderer had fixed her abode ; but now that we had got in reach of the prize, how to take it was the question. To make a noise would frighten her away to some hiding-place where she could not be found ; for children, when lost, become wild as the antelope in his native forest, and if caught will make every possible

resistance, even looking upon their best friends as enemies. Supposing that she was not far off, and would return to her house, we removed to a short distance, where we would be unobserved, and sat down to wait her coming. But there were no signs of her returning, and fearing lest we might be discovered by the lost child, we stole softly under covert, from tree to tree, and cleared the opening. Ascending an eminence, where we had a full view of the blackberry patch, we carefully scanned every part of it, and were satisfied that she was not there. Returning again, and making a more thorough examination, we could discover no fresh signs of her presence, and we concluded to return to the main creek, and wait for the company, and prevent, if possible, the press of the eager crowd from rushing on and destroying what signs might yet remain undiscovered. It is said that there were more than a thousand men encamped along the creek that night. The encampment extended for half a mile.

Fearing the consequences of making a disclosure of what we had seen at the blackberry patch, we kept it a secret till morning, and then taking aside the best woodsmen in the company, we led them to the house of the child. We then returned and formed the whole company into military order, and marched them out into the opening, where, flanking out right and left, they surrounded the entire space, and formed a hollow square. At the sight of the little cabin a scene occurred which it would be impossible to describe. Here were brave, stalwart men, who had been subjected to the perils of the wilderness, contending for every inch with savages and wild beasts, whose hearts were never known to quail with fear, who, at sight of that little cabin, were melted into tears. Some, as if deeming it unmanly to weep, or to be seen manifesting so much sympathy, turned aside, while others left the ranks to give vent to their feelings in solitude. But when the father came up to the little dwelling his own dear child had built for herself, and exclaimed, "O, Lydia, Lydia, my dear child, are you yet alive!" a thousand hearts broke forth in uncontrollable grief.

The result of the investigation made by the hunters was, that the signs were three or four days old. Horse tracks were also found in the grass, supposed to be about the same age. The conjecture was, that she had been discovered and taken away by some hunters, or a party of Indians. It was agreed, however, to make another effort. The company was divided, and sent out in different directions, to see if any further signs could be found of hunters or Indians. Two miles from "Lydia's camp"—for so it is called to this day—her bonnet was found hanging on a bush, and eight or ten miles further off, an Indian camp was discovered, supposed to have been vacated for five or six days. The conclusion was that the child had been carried off by the Indians, none knew where.

Further pursuit being considered useless, the company disbanded, and returned to their homes. Not so, however, with the father. The love of his child was to him sweeter than life. He never gave up the search, but penetrated the wildest solitudes, and sought for her among the Indians till the day of his death. The lost was never found.

LOVE.

What is the object of Odd-Fellowship, and what is the influence it should exert upon us? We need not be told that its chief object is charity. But charity, in a pecuniary sense, is, in our view, one of the least important of its objects. It has higher aims; it has nobler ends. It cultivates the *charities of life*. Its tendency is to remove the barriers which an artificial society has thrown around its members; to *tear away* the film of repulsion which we find to exist in the world, and to make us feel and act toward each other as BRETHREN.

The causes that have been at work to separate man from his neighbor are various. They seem to have existed since the fall of our first parents, and are coeval with the existence of sin. Jealousies, heart-burnings and contentions which were first exhibited in the factious spirit of Cain, have ever since existed, and still are found in the bosoms of all the children of earth. "Mountains interposed have oftentimes made enemies of nations that had else, like kindred drops, been mingled into one." Do we not speak truly when we say that a state of warfare is an unnatural condition of man? Men were not born to be enemies to each other. For God is not an enemy to man. The fair and beautiful earth, the glorious sun, the moon, the stars, the seasons—all, all speak to us of Love:

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full, in MAN!"

When we meet together, week after week, and month after month, to engage in the business of Odd-Fellowship, do we not feel our spirits softened, our rougher natures smoothed? Do we not feel the influence of Friendship, do we not feel our spirits softened, our rougher natures smoothed? Do we not feel the influence of Friendship and of Love stealing over us, binding us by the holiest ties to each other and to itself?

Above all, then, let us *love one another*. This is the Divine command, and it is the command of Odd-Fellowship. Let us be, truly and sincerely, BROTHERS.

"Brother!" Beautiful word! and how pleasant when kindly spoken!

How much of love is bound up in those seven letters ! how the human heart hugs the heavenly sound ! Surely it has a peculiar fitness to symbolize pure affection. Blessed be the lips that first uttered it ! and let the wretch never be known whose bosom could not respond to it !

What a relationship it expresses ! It is the name of him who is our equal ; our father is his father—our mother is his mother. The love which cares for us cares for him ; and the eyes that weep when we sorrow, weep also when he sorrows. He is our counterpart, and has with us equal rights beneath a common paternal roof ; he eats from the same table, and sleeps beside us on the dreamy couch. He is partaker alike of our joys and pains ; and when an enemy appears, we stand back to back and shoulder to shoulder. Boys together, we grow to manhood : the stream of life sweeps one hither, and the other thither, and years pass on ; but neither distance nor years can prevent our longing spirits from speeding over land and ocean to commune with our second self.

Brother ! Generous epithet ! Every man should speak it lovingly to his fellow ; but how much more the Odd-Fellow ! Who should utter it if *he* does not to his brother ! The term is his peculiarly ; God has given it to him ; and will he not use it ? Is the poor Odd-Fellow afraid or ashamed to apply it to the rich one ? is the rich one too exalted to call an humble one by so sweet a title ? And is it so ? Children of one family—who are, or should be, going to the same home, to live there together for ever—refusing or neglecting to love one another ! Never—never should an Odd-Fellow permit an unkind feeling to have a place in his breast against his BROTHER !

God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. If a man say, "I love God," and hateth his brother, he is a liar. He who loveth God, loveth his brother also.

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.—The doctrine of the brotherhood of man is a very important subject, and should claim the serious and candid attention of all, yet, how few there are who fully realize its great and mighty import ? How narrow and contracted are the views of many upon this subject ? How few there are, who, when they look around to see on whom they shall confer their charities, do not ponder in their minds—do not ask themselves the questions, "Shall we give to this sect, or that party ? Shall we bestow our bounties upon this society, or that association ? Shall the natives of this country, or the citizens of that land, be the recipients of our benevolence ?" But these questions, and numerous others of like significance, should never be allowed to obtrude themselves upon our minds ; for, wherever we see man, no matter what his religion or creed may be, they are all our brothers, and all have strong and indisputable claims upon our sympathy, friendship and love.

Stella.

CHAPTER VII.

The hour which remained to Stella and her father previous to commencing their sad journey, was spent in earnest conversation. The separation of a few hours served to make the old man feel how deep was the love which bound him to his child, and how very much his happiness depended on her constant presence, while her faithfulness, which had led her to him through so many difficulties, added another rill to the already strong tide of his affections, and at the same time caused him to look with regret upon his own unworthiness, and finally gave birth to that beautiful flower of the soul, the desire to become better, which is no sooner implanted in our moral nature than it begins to spread a benign influence over mind and heart, causing the waste places made desolate by sin to bear again the blossoms of loveliness.

Such is the redeeming power of one faithful love, that, clinging to a mournful wreck, stranded and shattered on the shore of the stream of life, it is able to snatch it from destruction's brink, and like an angel of light guide it back to still waters. The few moments during which he had been saved from the fatal influences of despair and called back to life's duties by the cheering words of his child, had, while it revealed to him her worth, effected a greater change in the heart of the unhappy prisoner than years have been known to do in the lives of others. He became more quiet and gentle in his manners, and in his conversation manifested less bitterness toward the world, and for the first time he acknowledged to himself the justness of his sufferings. He seemed also to have found both a companion and teacher in his child. In his heart he confessed her superiority, and a feeling of reverential awe for the lofty principles which already were developed in her character, took possession of his mind—so much does the beauty of goodness elevate one ever in the estimation of the depraved. But more keenly than ever did he feel the loss of sight, which deprived him of the pleasure of looking upon his fair child, and drawing her close to him, he said :

“O! that I could look upon thee, my Stella! This darkness is more terrible to me than aught that man hath power to do. Let them deprive me of liberty if they will; dearly as I have ever loved and worshiped it, I can bear its loss with patience, since I know they can not take away my child's love—and could I see thee once more, I should be happy in spite of these walls. But, my child, will not thy young heart grow weary of sharing the confinement of thy father? Will it not pine for the fresh green hills, the woods, the fair fountains of nature? It may be a long time ere we roam over them together again, a very long time.”

"Think you so, my father?" exclaimed Stella, who for some time had remained silent, mournfully regarding the changed aspect of her unhappy parent, on whom the intense suffering of the past few hours had left visible traces in the deepening lines on cheek and brow, and in the whitened locks which had grown whiter. "Think you so?" she continued. "Will they put an old man in prison? Talk not so hopelessly, my father; I have a better faith in man than that. You will be free yet, and we shall be happy, very happy then, shall we not, father?"

"Alas! my child," rejoined the old man, "little do you know the world. Experience has never taught you its injustice, or you would indulge in no such vain hopes. I know but too well the tricks of the law and its ministers. To be poor is to be already condemned. It is possible to prove any thing against the poor."

"But you are innocent, my father; they will not punish the innocent, will they?" said Stella, whose guileless heart taught her to believe every one to be as innocent as herself. These last words of Stella produced a strange effect upon her father; a heavy shade passed over his countenance, his features worked convulsively, his chest heaved with a suppressed groan, and in attempting to speak, his voice faltered, the words trembled and died upon his lips, and he relapsed into a gloomy silence. During this time the attention of Stella had been arrested by the unfastening of bars, the turning of keys, and the grating of the door upon its hinges, so she witnessed not his agitation, but from the commencement of these admonitory sounds had begun hastily to readjust her bonnet and mantle, knowing that the time for their departure had come. These arranged, she stepped quickly up to her father, and imprinting a kiss upon his furrowed cheeks, said:

"They come for us, father. We shall see the soft sunlight trembling along the hills again."

"Yes," replied her father, mournfully, "you will see the sunlight on the hills, Stella, and it is very beautiful, my child, but there is a light which far surpasses it; a light without which even the sunbeams bring no joy; but what if you were blind to both, my Star,—would you be happy then?"

"Alas! my father, forgive me that in my selfish joy I forgot for the moment your sightless eyes. But tell me, of what light did you speak just now?"

"Of the light of innocence, of truth, and love. Keep that, my Stella, and you will never be blind, like your father."

Here their conversation was brought to an end by the harsh voice of the jailer calling to them to follow him. To this summons, Stella replied by silently pointing to her father's limbs, and the jailer understanding her, exclaimed, while he advanced to remove the fetters:

"Ah! yes! I had forgotten the *ribbons*! We'll just remove them a bit. There, now, old fellow, your locomotions are free; just let's see you use them. Come, none of your tread mill tramping," said he, interlarding almost every word with an oath. "Out with you, my old and young covey," for it is by such measures, and not by a law of love which prompts the kind word and the cheering smile, that too many even of the present ministers of the law seek to call back the fallen into paths of virtue and peace. Stella and her father walked more rapidly, in order to avoid further abuse, which, in their present forlorn condition, would have been folly to resent, and soon had passed the prison bounds, and were met by the two officers who were to take them to B. These, though men of but little refinement of feeling, were more courteous than the jailer, and assisted their unfortunate charge into the coach with some show of kindness.

Stella's quiet, gentle demeanor prepossessed them greatly in her favor, and when she entreated them for a seat next to her father, they even put themselves to some inconvenience to grant her request, but for this they felt amply repaid in the sweet "Thank you, sirs," with which this favor was received. All being seated, the coach rolled heavily away from the prison door, and after stopping to take in other passengers, and various windings and turnings up crowded streets and busy thoroughfares, it came out at last upon the turnpike, and before her, stretching far as the eye could reach, Stella beheld the broad beautiful country, its hills, fields, streams, and groves, all bathed in sun light. She saw the spring flowers waving by the brook, and caught the sweet sounds of dimpling rills, singing birds and bees on joyous wings astir, and again her soul chords vibrated with delight at the talismanic touch of beauty. She longed to be alone with her father, that she might describe to him the scenery around them, but the wish, alas! was vain, and it was with a subdued and mournful feeling that she again ventured to contemplate the ever changing landscape. A journey of eighty miles was before them, and Stella, after the first hour, owing to her excitement of the day before, was unable to keep awake, and reclining her head upon her father's arm, she fell into a quiet sleep from which she did not wake till the stopping of the coach at noon. Refreshments, and a fresh relay of horses being then obtained, their journey was resumed.

De Lorme, who, wrapped in his own gloomy reveries, had heretofore preserved an obstinate silence, now turned to Stella, and in subdued tones asked if she had felt refreshed by her sleep.

"Yes, father, and I have had such a sweet dream!" was the reply.

"What was it, my love? It could not have borne the slightest resemblance to the reality, or there would have been little sweetness in it; do you remember it still?" he inquired.

"Oh! yes, father. I thought mamma, my angel mamma, came to me as I sat on the shore of a pleasant stream. She floated down on a golden cloud, and came close to my side. She had a pink robe on, and her face was very bright. There were rays of light all about her head, and in one hand she held a dove all white, which she said was purity, and in the other an olive branch, which she waved over me and called it peace; and she said that while the dove lived the olive branch would never fade. Then she gave me the dove and told me to take care of it—to give it water only from the fountains of truth, and to feed it with the fruits of love, the seeds of which, she said, were planted in the garden of the heart, and which I must tend carefully, lest weeds spring up and check their growth; and when I promised to do this, she smiled upon me, and her smiles were like the sunbeams which gild the tops of yonder mountains. Then she sang to me, father, a beautiful song about 'Loving and trusting forever in God,' and after a while the cloud came down again, and she disappeared; but the air was filled with music, and afar off in the blue heavens a voice of love seemed singing to me, and telling me not to fear; and I was listening to this heavenly music when the coach stopped and waked me. I felt sorry to come back, till I remembered you were here, father, and then I was very glad. Was not that a beautiful dream?"

"Yes," replied De Lorme, in a dry husky voice, which betokened deep emotion. Nor were his emotions unshared by the other passengers. One, in particular, seemed deeply impressed by her simple narrative. shaking his head gravely, he said, addressing his nearest companion, and using the Scotch dialect:

"Poor bairn, poor bairn! She's nae lang for this world. There be those who want her aboov; she's too bonnie for this world;" and he shook his head again superstitiously, then turned upon the fair subject of his remarks a compassionate gaze, which she returned with a smile so cheerful that it seemed almost to mock at his gravity. Nevertheless, he continued his exclamations of "Poor bairn, poor bairn!" at intervals, during the remainder of the journey, which lasted till nine in the evening, before they reached B——.

Poor Stella was sadly fatigued by her long ride, and as they entered the gay city, and she beheld the gas lights gleaming out from rows of clustering shade trees, and saw the merry groups passing and repassing beneath them, all hurrying on to find somewhere a home, she could not resist the tide of mournful feelings which swept over her young heart-strings and left where joy had been a dirge-like music. And, as if to complete her sadness, just at the time when she was trying to shake off her gloom, the clock of the cathedral sounded the hour of nine, and the merry chimes took up the strain, and afar on the evening air trembled

the soft notes of "Home, Sweet Home," a beautiful variation to the song of Time. Aye! beautiful to those whose hearts can take up the glad melody and sing, "I'm going home,"—but O! how mournful to those who, like Stella, have no home! who expect no friendly greeting, no eyes to brighten, or fond lips to smile at her coming! To such, that strain is a mockery—a wizzard spell summoning up from the Past's buried urns the ghosts of departed memories. Well did Stella remember the time when she too had a home, and when loved ones waited her coming, to whom her lightest footfall was a sound of joy. But, alas! her present lot was a sad contrast to the picture of what *had* been. She was not going home. God of love, have pity on such who like her are no longer waited for by a circle of loving friends!

In the midst of her gloomy reflections, the coach stopped, and darkly frowning before her she beheld the massive walls of another prison. A moment more, and they stood within its gloomy walls, shut out from the moonbeams and starlight, from the love, the hope, and joy of the world without—from all that makes life blessed. God have mercy on us if we pity not such as these! Stern eyes were now fixed upon the miserable father, and in harsh tones he was accosted by the rude jailer; but of Stella he had never heard, and the light being dim, she began to hope that she should be able to pass on unobserved by the side of her father. But she found her mistake, for soon the argus eyes of the dread minister of the law were fixed upon her, and with surprise he started back, gave a low shrill whistle, peculiarly disagreeable; then lowering his light till it was in range with her face, he took a leisurely survey of her, then exclaimed with much emphasis:

"Je-ru-sa-lem! whom have we here? Ho! there, you officer Bill, so to catch the old dog you've trapped the young cub too! Well, now what is to be done with her? I reckon she don't come under the indictment too, does she? She looks most too innocent like. Hang me, if she doesn't look like a *speerit* hanging on to the old one's arm!"

Here the one whom he addressed as officer Bill, drew him aside and related to him the earnest desire of Stella to be permitted to share the cell of her father, and ended by a strong entreaty on his part that her wish might be gratified. But the only answer was, "It can't be done, no how, officer Bill, without higher orders. Sheriff Jones is the man to do it; it can't be done, no how, without." And finding that neither his own request, or the pleadings of both father and child, had any influence in overcoming the mulishness of the keeper, the officer then besought him to allow her to stay for the night with his family; but this was also refused. And indignant at the man's brutality, which overstepped the utmost rigor of the law, officer Bill declared his determination of seeing the sheriff that night, and getting his consent to let Stella remain with

her father. Promising to be back in half an hour, if able to find the sheriff, he left the girl. The keeper then, with impatient tones, ordered De Lorme to free himself from his child and follow him.

"Monster in human shape," said the now outraged father, "think you I will obey your orders and leave my child here, alone? Until I am a condemned prisoner, the law gives you no power to insult me. Come Stella, you shall go with me to the door of my cell; the wretch dare not refuse you that privilege."

The keeper, somewhat awed by the commanding appearance of the old man, kept silence, and led the way to the gloomiest part of the prison, where, opening a door, he commanded the unfortunate man to enter his room. Without any hesitation, except to stop and whisper to Stella to fear nothing but remain where she was till the return of the officer, De Lorme entered the miserable apartment with a firm proud step, like the tread of a Roman hero, and a bolted door separated him from his beloved child.

Ah! what a trial was this for the faithful Stella; but courage, courage, her heart still said, and she sat down patiently to wait the coming of the officer. An hour passed away, then another, and another. Still, he did not come—and overcome by fatigue, the poor child at last fell asleep, and dreamed, but her dreams were wild and full of terrors, and she waked often with a sense of something horrible impending over her. Morning found her in the same uncomfortable position—pale and exhausted, crouching silently on the damp prison floors by her father's cell. Officer Bill had not returned. Unfortunately, he had been met on his way to the Sheriff's by some of his boon companions, whose invitations to go with them and have a treat he could not resist, and with the fumes of the liquor in his bosom all good resolutions fled. He forgot the lonely heart which pined for his coming, and at midnight reeled off home. When he recovered his senses, he felt grieved at what he had done, and as soon as possible set out to visit the prison and look after Stella. The thought of her sitting there all night, so sad and lonely, filled him with remorse; and when he beheld her pale and exhausted, many were the maledictions he pronounced on his own head for his cruel neglect, and firmly did he resolve from that hour to abstain from all that doth intoxicate. A kind heart had officer Bill when it was really touched, as was the case now. With the sense of the wrong he had committed came the desire to make reparation; and tenderly addressing the lonely child, and telling her to be of good cheer, all should be right yet, he promised to seek the Sheriff without delay, and gain his consent to her admission into the cell of her father. This he accomplished in half an hour, and with his heart full of joy he returned, and as a reward for his kindness was permitted to witness the happy reunion of father

and daughter; and when he left them he was a better man—a good deed and a good resolution having worked wonders in his external appearance.

De Lorme, from anxiety concerning Stella, had rested none during the night, and he now looked haggard and worn, and as the Sheriff had given a written permission for Stella to remain with her father as long as she pleased, she persuaded him to lie down and rest while she watched by his side. He soon fell into a heavy sleep, which lasted many hours, and when he awoke it was with a burning fever and delirium which threatened to destroy the vital spark. Stella now became his nurse, and faithfully did she attend upon him. Day and night found her at his bedside, and in concert with officer Bill, who again showed himself a friend, did every thing in her power to alleviate his sufferings. A week passed thus, and then the old man's reason was restored, and he began slowly to amend. The ever kind and watchful care of his child had saved him, and great was her joy when she discovered that he again recognized her. But her own health had suffered from constant watching, and as soon as it was safe for the old man to be left alone, he urged upon her the necessity of taking more exercise, and to please him she went out every day to the woods and to the sea shore, her favorite haunts, from which she always returned with a wealth of flowers and shells with which to deck her father's lonely cell. From this healthful exercise, and a cheerfulness of temper which no sorrow could subdue, the bloom was soon restored to her cheeks, and she became more lovely than ever. But she missed the society of her father in all her walks, and when she was informed that owing to the absence of important witnesses his trial could not take place under some weeks, seeing how much he was depressed by this long suspense, she thought it her duty to remain always near to console him, and announced her determination to take no more walks until he should be free to share them with her. But to this arrangement the old man would not listen, but insisted on her taking a long ramble that very day, and to please him she set out.

She sought the sea side, and in listening to the mysterious moaning of the mighty main, and watching the play of its wild waves on the shelly shore, she forgot herself, and wandered off farther than usual, and getting tired, she sat down to rest herself in a little alcove formed by the dashing of the waters against a projecting rock during high tide. Busied in selecting some of the many beautiful shells left there by the retreating waves, she thought not of danger till suddenly aroused by a loud rushing noise. The tide was coming in! there was danger in a moment's delay. She sprang up and looked wildly around. But a yard off the sea rose up before her like a wall, and with majestic strides was moving to her destruction. Flinging down her shells, she rushed out and fled

rapidly onward. A little ways and she should reach a place of safety. Just the turning of the rock beyond, and the waves would be cheated of their prey! On, on she fled, but the mighty heaving waters broached it first! She was too late—retreat that way was cast off. She stopped, calmly eyed what seemed her inevitable fate, gave one shriek, and with the words "My father," trembling on her lips, the waters closed over her. But at the same instant a shout was heard from the rock above, followed by the plunging of a heavy body into the mad element, and quick as thought a strong arm was around the form of the helpless child. Then there was a fierce buffeting with the angry waves, then a bold leap, and the rock was regained; they were saved—Stella and her preserver!

It was some time before she recovered from the state of insensibility into which she had fallen; but her eyes at length unclosed, wandered strangely around, and then fixed in a half dreamy, half terrified look upon the unknown form that bent over her. He was a young man, seemingly about twenty, of fine manly appearance, a frank open countenance, and a lofty brow that seemed almost to radiate thought, so brilliant was the mental illumination which dwelt within, and which gleamed from his dark and speaking eyes. With a pleasant smile, he returned the confused looks of Stella, and thus reassuring her, she inquired where she was, what had happened, and requested to be taken to her father.

"You have been overtaken by the tide," was the reply; "but, thank God, I reached the rock in time to save you. I was wandering along the shore here, and saw you when you entered the alcove and thought I would keep watch of the tide and warn you away in time; but I became lost in a reverie, by which we both came near losing our lives. I was rushing toward you when you shrieked, but you did not perceive me. Thank God, though, you are safe! And now, my little girl, if you will tell me where you live, I will take you home."

At these words, Stella drew a deep sigh, and while the tears trembled in her eyes, said: "I have no home, sir. You have saved me at the risk of your own life, let me give you no more trouble. I will seek my poor father alone; and O, sir! he will bless you always, and remember you as the preserver of his only child. Will you not tell me your name, that I may bear it to him? and we will both think of you each day."

"I did but a simple act of duty, child, and ask no reward for it; but my name is Norman Griswold. Will you not give me yours now?"

"It is Stella, sir, Stella St. Luke," was the prompt reply.

"That is a pretty name," he remarked; "but you said you had no home, just now. Where, then, is your father?"

This was a hard question for the sensitive girl to answer, and it caused her to blush deeply; but at length, conquering every temptation to evade

the truth, sighing deeply, she replied in tremulous tones: "In prison, sir—in prison."

"And do you stay with him?" asked her surprised companion.

"Ah! yes; how could I desert my father, who is old and poor and blind?"

"You are a strange child, Stella St. Luke," said Norman. "Know you not that for those very reasons the world would think you excusable for leaving him? It has become fashionable for children, now-a-days, to desert their parents when they are no longer able to administer to their comfort; but I am glad to meet with one who has not yet learned to be ungrateful. It is getting late, child; I must leave you now, but we shall meet again. I will not ask you any more questions now, on a subject which I know must be painful. But let me say to you, always strive to do right, and no matter what your position, you will ever have a friend in Norman Griswold."

So saying, he bowed and left her, as she desired to seek alone the prison's gloomy cell, made cheerful only by her father's presence.

Benevolence.

The proper distribution of charity, and the prompt and active performance of acts of benevolence, is a subject demanding the highest attention, and frequently involving as much difficulty as any question which we are called upon practically to decide. We are taught by divine revelation, by observation and experience, and by the common reason and impulses of our nature, to regard this as the crowning virtue. When a great and good man is spoken of, and allusion is made to his virtues in support of his brilliant character, how common is the remark, that he was kind to the poor and unfortunate—that he deeply sympathized with suffering humanity, and was ever ready to administer relief. All join in commending the spirit and practice of true benevolence, and in doing honor to those who are truly charitable.

Benevolence is not properly a principle or faculty of the mind; but it is the exercise and practical application of the noblest sentiment, the purest feeling, of the human heart—namely, LOVE. This principle is the direct and only source of all manifestations of true kindness and charity; and the existence of the latter without the impulse of the former, is as impossible as to find a stream without a source. Love is the sentiment or feeling which lies at the foundation of all virtue and goodness; hence the inspired writer declares it to be "the fulfilling of the law." Love to God and love to man is the sum of human obligation, and its exercise embraces the whole of human duty. As love to our fellow men is made

an indispensable element of the love and adoration of the Creator, this may be regarded as the great test of human character. Of the correctness of this position we are assured by our own sense and judgment, but still further by the highest of all testimony: "If a man say, *I love God*, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" The same truth is most beautifully taught by the poet in the following lines:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And mine is one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished.

The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

The works of benevolence and charity are the certain and legitimate fruits of love to our fellow men. They are not only the evidences of its existence, but the very means by which it is nourished and strengthened; without their constant influence, man becomes selfish and debased, unable to secure his own enjoyment, because he is not seeking to promote the happiness of others.

But to make our remarks more definite and practical, let us consider some of the difficulties in the way and errors to be avoided, in the administration of relief to the needy and distressed of our fellow men. In what manner are means of charity to be appropriated? how are the objects to be selected and the means applied? We speak with reference to relieving suffering and destitution in our midst, and without regard to foreign enterprises. While public institutions, supported by government, or by religious or other organizations, are made effective in doing much good, yet very serious objections exist to their *exclusive* instrumentality, or a dependence upon them to discharge our duty of benevolence. Although

physical relief may be most judiciously administered, yet the great *moral* effects of charity are almost entirely wanting. The heart of the recipient does not throb with emotions of gratitude, and become softened and expanded by feelings of love, as in cases where the means of relief are received directly from the hand of the benefactor; but the gift is claimed and received as a right, without even a feeling of gratitude. But a still greater fruit of true charity is lost—the most important result of the practice of this virtue: its holy influence upon the giver is entirely wanting. The means are obtained by taxation, or by appropriation from some fund, which has been paid in, if not grudgingly, at least as a common business transaction. So long as it is remembered that “it is more blessed to give than to receive,” the truly benevolent heart will not be satisfied with public institutions of benevolence alone. But whenever suffering and want are sending up their cries around him, he is ready to administer relief. Public institutions, possessing the advantage of organized effort, accomplish the highest objects of charity in many cases which private or individual assistance could not reach. They have their appropriate work. But true individual benevolence is not simply the performance of an act of charity, or a number of such acts, but a disposition of the heart towards our fellow men, which is seen in a life of kindness and love, in imitation of him who “went about doing good.”

Another very dangerous error to be avoided is indiscriminate almsgiving. While the motive may be good, yet if the object be unworthy, it is misdirected, and inflicts ultimate injury upon the person to whom the kindness is intended to be shown. Charity should always be bestowed in such a manner as neither to encourage vagrancy or allow the needy to suffer. But there are certain kinds of benevolence which can scarcely be improperly exercised, and should be incorporated with a man's existence.

The teachings and workings of the society of Odd Fellows are unsurpassed in carrying out the true principles of benevolence, mutual assistance, relief, and brotherly kindness. This institution combines the promptness and efficiency of organized effort, with the wholesome results of individual action. It also, by its system of mutual aid, prevents the occurrence of those circumstances which create demands for charity.

We have said that it is love to our fellow men that prompts to ministrations of relief, and forms the basis of all true benevolence; that love is the center of all the Christian and manly virtues, around which they cluster, and from which they flow. How appropriately, then, does it occupy the center of that ever beloved motto of Odd-Fellowship—“FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.” Our institution is therefore very properly termed a benevolent one. Its mission is to relieve the suffering, and minister to the wants of the needy.

The Laws of Nature.

From everlasting ages past,
In solitary grandeur stood
The throne of God, whose wisdom vast
Unlocked the stores of endless good!

From His eternal dwelling place,
With eye omniscient He surveyed
The dark abyss of boundless space,
But saw no life or power displayed.

"In Him was life," in Him alone;
Beyond was pure nonentity;
Created light had never shown
Throughout the vast immensity!

The will of the Eternal Word
Nor life nor being had ordained;
No song of praise had yet been heard,
For universal stillness reigned.

Not even chaos could be found,
Nor angel hosts, nor seraphs bright;
Nor motion, being, life nor sound,
Nor earth, nor moon, nor star, nor light.

But wisdom fixed the destined hour,
When from His throne th' Eternal Sire
Should speak with all-creative power,
That millions might his love admire!

At His command the work was done—
Ten thousand worlds rushed into view,
And join to praise "the lofty One!"
To whom all praise is ever due.

Angelic hosts proclaim His love—
Sun, moon and stars unite their lays
With earth beneath and heaven above,
To swell the notes of joy and praise.

But did the Lord of all decree,
That all throughout the universe,
All matter, mind, in form, degree,
Should know no LAW from last to first?

This cannot be, for laws control
All things known in boundless space;
All matter, "one stupendous whole,"
By laws its numerous forms displays.

E'er since the morning stars attuned
Their harps of joy at nature's birth,
And orient beams the world illumed,
These laws have ruled the heavens and earth.

Aerial forms that round us rise,
All liquids that are seen to flow,
All bodies known through earth and skies,
By rule are governed, all should know.

Efficient laws that know no change,
In perfect adaptation seen
Throughout creation's boundless range,
Guide and control the vast machine !

Old Ocean's tide that never tires,
The earthquake, thunder, and the rain,
Revolving worlds, electric fires,
Aloud these wondrous laws proclaim.

All colors, odors, crystal forms ;
All sizes, grandeur, beauty, sounds ;
All that composes or adorns,
Declare that perfect law abounds.

In fire and wind, in water, earth—
In rocks and seas, in dearth and flood—
In every age since nature's birth,
These laws are seen, both wise and good.

The stars that gem the vault of night,
The planets vast, all bodies known,
The darkness and each beam of light,
Are ruled by Nature's laws alone.

Hence, beauty, harmony and life,
Are seen throughout the vast domain,
And law, amid the general strife,
Binds every being with its chain.

What did I say ? These laws alone ?
No ! not without a power divine !
For without this, light ne'er had shone,
Or, shining once, would cease to shine.

Chance had no wisdom to devise,
No boundless skill to form, create ;
No laws to govern earth or skies,
No power to guide the small or great.

But he who spake all things from nought,
And thus his power and love unfolds,
By laws transcending human thought,
Can guide, protect, and e'er control.

As world on world sprang into life,
 And showed that God Almighty reigned,
 To quell the universal strife,
 Laws corresponding were ordained.

Here is a power that can apply
 The perfect laws to nature given—
 Above all power in earth or sky,
 A power omnipotent—in heaven.

Then let all nature own His sway,
 Who rules o'er all the earth abroad ;
 With saint and seraph join the lay
 Of praise and honor to their God.

Musings.

Oh ! when we meet those lovely friends,
 Whom absence renders dear,
 Shall we not o'er their coming shed
 One bright and joyous tear?

Yes, let us shed tears of joy at the coming of those dear friends, who so soon flit away from our embrace, as a golden sunbeam flits from the eager grasp of some playful child. A tear, as Byron says, is "the test of affection." Tears speak the language of the heart: then tell me not of the proud and haughty mien that the stoic throws around him at the parting hour—it is only Nature perverted. If a being, upon whom the all-wise Creator has bestowed the finer feelings of a sympathetic nature, smothers and buries within the deep precincts of his own heart all those feelings which awaken at the touch of others, is he not sinning—disobeying the laws which a supreme power has established? Who would blush to weep, even over a broken and withered flower—it is so life-like—or some frail bud, which we have cherished long and tenderly, that has met with some untimely end, and so faded away like the last soft tint of a declining sun upon a summer's sky? Nature is all beautiful—and were it not intended that our hearts should be stirred, even each emotion therein, by the sight of so much meekness and purity, why then these beauties? What mission have the flowers, but to teach us our own frailty, and inspire us to good and generous action? And thus, if we would look into each thing that is created, we could draw some useful and needed lesson: many, very many, are the precepts which we must receive here, e'er we can enter the portals of the heavenly spheres, to which the footsteps of men are rapidly tending. Life is like the flow of a mighty river, that is ever hastening onward to the goal that is beyond, until it is almost lost in immensity, yet still preserving its identity; and

man shall preserve his own individuality while wandering on through illimitable space, and his life and character hereafter will correspond with the character he formed here. How important then that that character should be well formed, the finer feeling all developed, so that he shall have no lingering regrets to impede his onward progress.

It is well to strive to beautify the soul while here, and throw round it every charm that could allure an angel from its bright abode; for, how supremely lovely it would appear when divested of every trace of materiality! The human soul is like a bright bird, that flutters and flings itself against the bars of its dark prison-house, striving in vain to free itself, and soar away to some more congenial clime, where the weary, throbbing heart shall be still, and the gentle voice of some dear mate would sooth it quietly to rest.

The little bird that blithely hops from tree to tree, strives not to stifle the feelings that are swelling in its little breast—but pours them forth in one long gush of thrilling melody, filling the air with its cry of joy, or its shrill piercing note of wo, until its tones seem to die away, and are lost, perhaps, in some sphere of the spirit-land, where they are caught up and echoed and re-echoed by the tuneful host, until its silvery chime fills all the arch of yonder shining heaven.

'Tis a beautiful belief, that each person is ever attended by some bright and pure being from the celestial world, and that our dear departed friends are ever waiting to administer to our happiness, to whisper words of love and wisdom, and point us onward to some haven of rest. How then shall it grieve and disappoint them, if we close our hearts to the fountain of emotions that they fain would stir, and thus, by our own coldness and listlessness, force them from us, no more to move the heart-strings to melody, never more to witness the overflowing of our cup of joy! Then, when they are gone, all gone, will we become silent and motionless, and the stream of life will flow on sullenly, and disturbed and heavy clouds, and black, will be seen floating far down the dim vista of the future, obscuring every ray of brightness that will gild the memory of the past, and throw a charm around the present.

Let us, then—since life can do but little, save to allure us for awhile with her soft and balmy air, and the voice of song, or the perfume of flowers, or the melodious murmuring of streamlets—endeavor to look upward to the throne of light, and entreat the good, the beautiful, the true, to come and dwell with us, and by their soft and winning ways woo our minds to dwell upon things heavenly, and assist us to cultivate our heart's emotions aright. Perhaps the stoic would say, how weak, how foolish to laugh or weep! Let him check, for a time, the merry bursts of childhood glee, and force back again into its fountain the tear that glistens like a dew drop in the eye of youth, and soon the child will be-

come morose and sullen, the sprightliness of his nature gone, and before he is a man, will wear the sober garb that age puts on ; and when, at last, his struggling soul is free, it will seem more like a cloistered nun than a bright thing of light—a part of God himself. But is the stoic happy ? Can he allow the poetry—the softness of his nature—to run to waste, and feel no secret gnawings, no bitter regrets ? Can he live alone upon cold philosophy, without a knowledge and a feeling that there is a void—a something that can not be filled—by putting on a cold, stern appearance, and shutting out the sunbeams that call to life the flowers that blossom in the garden of the heart ? No, happiness is not for him ; if joy appears, it is but a transient gleam, and quickly succeeded by a wild burst—a furious storm, that dashes the adverse waves athwart his little bark, threatening to overwhelm it in a dark ocean, over whose troubled bosom no ray of moonlight may be seen resting, to point out the beacon-light that shall seem to murmur, welcome, welcome, ye wanderer home. O, then, see the frosts of age come on, and life be chilled by the cold breath of stern experience. “Let us learn to rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep.”

“ Then give me tears, for 'tis well to weep
For the friends we cherish, but can not keep.”

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND PATRIOTISM.—Our Order is no political association. We are taught, as Odd Fellows, to be subservient to “the powers that be,” and to obey strictly the laws, yet we give no political pledges—we are united by no political bond of union—we aspire not to any political authority. We are bound by our obligations to perform all the duties which can be required of good citizens ; and a violation of any of those laws, if proven against a member of our Fraternity, will subject him to immediate expulsion from our Order. We do not profess to a love of country beyond that of other men : in our teachings we counsel and inculcate peace and deprecate war ; but in defense of the honor or the rights of their native land, Odd Fellows would not be the last to respond to her call. As a proof of this assertion we might refer to the hundreds of our brothers who enrolled themselves in the regiments of the volunteers in the Mexican war : and we might also say that while the bones of many of them were left on the fields of battle in a foreign land, their names and virtues are yet green in our memory ; and that, though on earth we shall never again grasp their hands in friendship, yet we confidently expect to meet them in the Odd Fellows' home of glory, where those who have obeyed the precepts and teachings of our brotherhood may evermore dwell in harmony and love.

The Creditor.

Keep thy spirit pure
From worldly taint, by the repellent power
Of virtue.—*Bailey's "Festus."*

This is the fruit of craft;
Like him that shoots up high, looks for the shaft,
And finds it in his forehead.—*Middleton.*

"Well, money I *must* have," soliloquized Harry Whitford, as he leaned back in his rocking chair, beside the fire of his father's office. "Debts of honor must be paid," he continued, "and if I can not earn the money I must borrow it. I was a fool to be enticed by Whipple into that gambling saloon, but since I have been there, and lost money, the best I can do now is to pay it, and then I will leave them forever. Oh, how my angel mother would grieve, if she were on earth, at beholding her child, her beloved son, in such a place, for such a purpose! And my honored father! why, it would 'bring down his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave,' if he dreamed the truth; but he has all confidence in me, and I ought to be noble enough to act worthily in his absence as well as in his presence. Alas, that I should ever have acted otherwise than he would desire! I should be happier to-night if I had spent all my evenings with him, or in those haunts so dear to him, where piety and virtue preside. But, at any rate, I must have money now, before I can break away from them. They would think me mean and dishonorable if I left them with any debts of honor unpaid."

Harry arose, and paced the little room which was used by his father, an eminent lawyer, as his office. Sometimes his thoughts seemed pleasant, and then again, dark shadows would thicken upon his fair young brow, as if evil thoughts were reigning in his bosom, or striving for the mastery. Those evil monitors triumphed, and he exclaimed, as he approached his father's desk:

"I must have money, and I will borrow from him. Only *borrow* it. By industry and economy I can soon repay it, and he will never know. I would ask him for it, but he would wish to know the use I intended to make of it."

Opening the desk with his father's keys, which he took from the accustomed place, well known to the son, from whom his father did not dream that there was need to secrete them, he carefully sought for the amount he desired. But it was not there. In vain he looked in drawer, box, and pocket book. There were not twenty dollars there, and he desired at least a hundred. He remembered, at last, that he had heard his father speak of having deposited nearly all his money in the bank, and he well knew he could not obtain it from thence without his father's

knowledge. Then he thought of a broker of whom his tempter, Whipple, had told him ; and his eye fell on some notes of hand belonging to his father, which he had received from some clients who were not prepared to remunerate him in cash. The evil spirit, looking, as the German legend saith, over his left shoulder, prompted him to take one of them, and seek to negotiate with that broker for a portion of its present worth, leaving the note in pledge. His hand trembled as he took it, for he felt that he was doing an act which, in his better moments, he should not approve, but the evil spirit whispered, "*you must have the money,*" and the note was taken.

Harry was careful to take one which would not become due for six months, and as he intended to redeem at the expiration of one month certainly, he thought he should escape detection ; and he argued with himself, or rather, silenced the monitions of conscience, ever faithful to her trust in the youthful bosom, by the sophistry which said, "*I am only borrowing it.*" Carefully placing the note in his pocket-book, he sat down to await his father's return, when he intended to go out himself to the broker's office, and then to meet his gay companions.

Soon that father entered, but no smile greeted him from that guilty son. He was so little inured to crime that he could not act with willful wickedness, and yet evince no compunction, but wear a gay and honest exterior.

"Harry," said his father, "I have been so successful in business of late that I can afford to give you a greater salary for your services in my office, and I cheerfully do so."

The young man felt truly grateful, and from his heart thankfully acknowledged the kindness. The thought came to his mind that if he waited a short time he would earn the money he was intending to raise on that stolen note, and he was half inclined to put it back silently in its proper place, and requesting his companions to wait, pay them when he had honestly gained money enough. But then he feared they would think him mean, and, perhaps, even call him so ; and what young man can calmly bear that cognomen of contempt ? He pleased himself, too, with the idea that if he paid them in this way, he would leave them now, and the righteousness of one act would compensate for the wickedness of the other. Parleying with sin frequently leads to the commission of evil, and this young man left his father's house that night intent on the fulfillment of what he deemed a necessary purpose, though it was really a criminal one. He passed hastily along the street, absorbed in thought as to his deeds and designs, until he found himself upon the door-step of the broker's office. A moment's hesitation, as better thoughts came to his mind, and then he entered.

The broker knew him very well ; in fact, he had requested Whipple

to entice Whitford there, if possible, for reasons which he chose not to communicate. He was careful, however, to play the part of a perfect stranger to his new customer, and received him with extreme politeness, exhibited in bows and flourishes, which were not very pleasant to the purer taste of the young man, who was for the first time about to be entangled in the net of a crafty and deceitful man. In confused terms Whitford succeeded in informing Mr. Flint, the broker, that he desired some money on a note of hand, which he also wished to redeem in a short time.

"Step this way," said Mr. Flint, and they were both soon seated in an inner room, where were no listeners to disturb them, while the only clerk took charge of the outer room. "This note is payable to Lawyer Whitford, I perceive," said Mr. Flint; "may I ask if you are related to him?"

"I am his son."

"Oh, ah!" said the broker, and seemed as if musing for a moment. It was his policy to appear to be unwilling to advance the money desired on such security, though, for reasons of his own, he was delighted with the prospect of getting young Whitford into his power. "Are you of age, Mr. Whitford? You look young, and perhaps it would not be safe for me to deal with a minor."

Whitford had commenced the downward course, and he seemed determined to pursue it; for he not only revealed by his earnest manner that he needed the money, but his unguarded words gave the shrewd broker to understand that he wished it in order to settle debts of honor, and that his father was both ignorant of the son's necessity, and of the means which he had taken to obtain the desired supply. With a malicious twinkle of his cold, gray eye, the broker finally consented to take the note as security, and advance the required sum to his new customer, requiring from him a written promise to redeem the note within a certain time or forfeit it. He secretly hoped that it might be forfeited, but in either case he hoped that the young man was in his power.

As for Whitford, he left that office feeling more guilty than he ever remembered to have felt before. He knew that he had abused the confidence of his venerable parent, and was half-inclined to return the money, and carry the note to its place again. But worldly wisdom triumphed again, and he bent his steps toward a noted saloon, in which he expected to meet his companions. Advancing with a firm determination to play no more—not only to abstain on that evening, but to leave this haunt of iniquity forever—he shunned those who would urge him to play, and having reached those to whom he believed himself in debt, by the false laws of a false honor, he delivered to them the money he had just obtained by the sacrifice of his honesty, and hastily left the house.

It was well that he had strength to do the last act, for, too often, one evil act leads to another lower in the scale of virtue, and the unwary and unwise are lost in the vortex of their own folly. Conscience, however, had been true to Harry Whitford's best interests, and he heeded her voice in this matter. After-life proved abundantly to him, that in forsaking these scenes of vicious indulgence, he acted both wisely and well.

A month passed on. Day after day did Harry fear that his father would discover that one note was absent, and thus his sin be discovered to him, whom, of all others, he desired to keep in ignorance of his transgressions. Contrary to his expectations, he did not find himself in possession of sufficient money to redeem his pledge, as the time of settlement drew near. He had endeavored to be economical, and certainly had saved more than usual, but not enough. The fear of inability to meet Mr. Flint's demands rested upon his mind as a mighty incubus, day and night, till appetite vanished, and despondency settled into decided ill health. All this suffering as the result of sin! Truly "the wages of sin" do not compensate for its committal.

The day of settlement came. Harry knew he must meet the broker, and his restlessness was so evident to his father that he said, "My son, are you ill, or does something disquiet you, and prey upon your spirits? You were the life of our little circle once, but you are sadly changed. Can we not relieve you?"

His only sister, Lucy, looked up with earnest, loving eyes, and echoed the words, "Can we not relieve you?"

"No, dear ones, do not be so alarmed about me. I shall recover soon;" and so saying, he hastily left the room.

He walked immediately to the broker's, and was soon seated in confidential communion with Mr. Flint, whose heart seemed as hard as his name might indicate.

"No, I can have no other terms. The money must be paid to-day, young man, or you must be exposed."

Whitford waited to hear no more, but left, promising to call again in the afternoon.

"You must call before three o'clock, or it will be too late," were the last words of the hard-hearted and unmerciful creditor, and Whitford rushed from his presence.

"A hundred dollars is all I need now," said he to himself; "why can I not borrow it? Who shall I ask? If I ask my old acquaintances, they will wonder why I do not ask my father, or perhaps inform him inadvertently or otherwise. If I ask my new companions, they will refuse me, because they are incensed, I know, at my forsaking their unprofitable society. In short, I know not what course to pursue; I have sinned, and sin has always its punishment."

Suddenly he thought of a former class-mate, whose means, though somewhat limited, might permit him to render aid, and he resolved to throw himself upon his confidence, relate the whole affair to him, and trust to his Christian principle and native kindness of heart, for the aid he so much required.

His young friend's abode was at the other side of the city, but he hastened onward with more than "American speed," until he reached the place, and to his great joy discovered that his friend was at home, and disposed to aid him.

The sad story was soon told. Mr. Dinsmore, the young friend, saw that while Whitford had greatly erred in adopting an evil course, to be delivered from the first difficulty, he had yet shown a desire to do better by leaving those gay resorts, and there was hope for him in future. He sympathized with Whitford, too, in his desire to keep the whole matter a secret from his father, lest he should grieve him by the sad recital of his misdeeds.

With a glad heart, Harry Whitford set out on his return to the broker's. Though he had but exchanged one creditor for another, the note would be redeemed, and he would be delivered from an unmerciful creditor, who, for a reason he knew not, seemed to exult in his inability to redeem his pledge.

As he reached the bridge, which spanned an arm of the sea that stretched up into the city, he saw by his watch that his time was very short. At that moment he heard a loud shriek, and at the same instant saw the waves close over a sinking form, while some little girls upon the bridge were uttering loud and repeated cries for assistance.

The noble heart of the young man responded to the appeal, and, utterly forgetful of himself and his interests, he leaped into the waters after the drowning one. He was successful. For in a few moments he breasted manfully the swelling tide, bearing the young girl in his arms, and soon landed her safely upon the bridge again. Calling some ladies, who had just arrived, to her assistance, after seeing that she was not seriously injured, he rapidly darted away to fulfill his engagement. The perspiration rolled from his brow in large drops as he sped onward, while those whom he met wondered at his wet clothing and great haste; for oh, how much to him depended on a timely arrival at the office of the broker!

He reached that office exhausted with fatigue and excitement, only in time to hear the broker say, "it is too late, but walk into my office."

Hoping to persuade Mr. Flint to yield the note, Whitford followed him; but how great was his surprise, when informed that Flint had long been an enemy to Lawyer Whitford, and was rejoiced at this opportunity to be revenged upon him.

"Your father, Whitford," said Flint, "will not mind the loss of money

in this transaction; it is the disgraceful conduct of his son which will wound him most deeply."

"Too true! too true!" exclaimed Whitford. "Oh, that I could have reached here in time!"

"Why did you not, if you were really desirous?"

"Why, why," looking down upon his wet clothes, whose appearance he had forgotten, "I stopped to save a young Miss from drowning."

"Good! good for me!" said the unmerciful creditor. "I wonder if I should have stopped for such a thing, if my time had been so valuable! Ha! ha! ha!"

At the same moment an inner door opened, and Mrs. Flint appeared (for Mr. Flint's office was a part of his dwelling), conducting a girl about fourteen, whose dripping clothes and pallid countenance betokened a recent submersion and narrow escape from drowning. Several of her school-mates followed.

"Mr. Flint we had almost lost our Susan. She has been—"

"Mother, there he is!"

"Mrs. Flint, there he is!" exclaimed several voices, while all the children pointed to Mr. Whitford; and Mr. Flint soon perceived that his debtor, toward whom he had been so unmerciful, was only in his power from the fact that he had paused on his way, to save the life of his creditor's only daughter.

Great, indeed, was the surprise of M. Whitford, but not greater than his joy at receiving the repeated thanks of both parents and daughter, while the father reached him the note, saying, "Take it, Mr. Whitford. From this day I am your friend, and your father's friend. I will take no money, for I can never repay you for your kindness in saving the life of my child."

Whitford at last consented to avail himself of this interposition, which seemed to him, indeed, providential, and departed for his home with a light and happy heart. He was free from debt, and his father's note was in his possession, and was speedily returned to its place. The money lent him by his young friend was no longer needed, and was therefore returned.

The father and sister could not fail to perceive a great and pleasant change in Harry, and asked him the cause. He finally concluded that it was his duty to humble himself, and confess the whole, which he did, causing surprise at the remarkable Providence which ultimately delivered him. He was readily forgiven by his father, who saw that he was truly penitent, and believed him to have been sufficiently punished; but he could not forbear reminding him that the scriptures say, "The way of transgressors is hard," to which the son agreed, and henceforth followed the path of the just, which leadeth to eternal life.

A Royal Interview.

Lamartine, in his splendid History of the Girondists, describes the last interview of Louis the Sixteenth with his family, just before his execution. It will give the reader a faint idea of some of the sufferings incident to a civil war; and should it contribute any thing to the horror generally felt at the thought of such a conflict in the unseen future of our own history, it will not be lost :

The King, says Lamartine, a short time before the hour appointed for the interview, left his confessor in the turret, and descended into the *salle a manger*, to prepare it for his last farewell. "Bring some water and a glass," said he to his attendant. A carafe of iced water stood on the table. Clery pointed to it. "Bring some water which is not iced," said the King, "if the Queen drank that, it might be injurious to her."

The door at last opened; the Queen, leading her son by the hand, threw herself into his arms, and strove to lead him to her chamber. "No, no," whispered the King, clasping his wife to his heart, "I can only see you here."

Madame Elizabeth followed with the Princess Royal; and Clery closed the door after them. The King gently forced the Queen to seat herself on his right, and his sister on his left, and he then sat down between them, so close that their arms encircled his neck, and their heads rested on his breast. The Princess Royal, her long hair hanging disheveled over her shoulders, laid her head on his lap, and the Dauphin was seated on his father's knee, and had one arm round his neck.

These five persons thus grouped, their faces hidden on the King's breast, formed, in the eyes of the spectators, one mass of heads, of members, from whence escaped, in caresses and murmurs of anguish, the despair of these five souls joined in one, to burst forth and die in a single embrace. More than half an hour elapsed without a single word being spoken; it was a lamentation in which the voices of father, wife, sister and children were lost in the general sorrow, and at intervals burst forth into cries so shrill, so agonizing, that they penetrated through the walls of the Temple, and were heard in the adjacent *quartiere*. At length physical weakness caused them to cease; tears dried on their eyes, and a conversation in whispers, interrupted by kisses and embraces, lasted for two hours. No one overheard these confidences of a dying man to the survivors; the tomb swallowed them up in a few months. The Princess Royal alone guarded the traces in her memory, and revealed in after years, what confidence, policy and death, can reveal, of the tenderness of a father, the conscience of a dying man, and the secret instructions of a king. Mutual recital of their thoughts during their

separation; repeated recommendations of sacrificing all vengeance to God, if ever the fickleness of the people, which is the fortune of kings, should place his enemies in their power; supernatural soarings of the mind of Louis the Sixteenth to heaven; sudden outbursts of tenderness at the sight of those beloved beings whose arms seemed to infold and detain him on earth; vague hopes exaggerated by a pious fraud to alleviate the sorrow of the Queen; resignation to the will of God; sublime prayers that his life should not cost the nation one drop of blood; lessons rather Christian than royal, given and repeated to his son—all this, mingled with kisses, tears, embraces, prayers, and more secret and tender advice whispered in the Queen's ear, occupied the two hours of this melancholy interview. Nothing could be heard but a confused and gentle murmur. The commissioners cast a furtive glance from time to time through the glass door, as though to warn the King that time was rapidly wearing away.

When at last they had given vent to their tenderness and tears, the King arose, clasped them all in a long embrace. The Queen threw herself at his feet, and entreated him to permit them to remain with him through the night; this, however, he refused, through tenderness for them, alledging, in excuse, the necessity of a few hours' tranquility to prepare himself for the morrow, but he promised his family to have them summoned the next morning at eight. "Why not at seven?" said the Queen. "Well, then, at seven," replied the King. "You promise us?" cried they all. "Yes, I promise you," repeated the King. The Queen, as she crossed the ante-chamber, hung round the King's neck; the Princess Royal and Madame Elizabeth encircled him with their arms, while the Dauphin, holding a hand of his father and mother, gazed earnestly at the former. As they approached the staircase, their cries redoubled; at last, the King retreated a few paces, and, stretching out his arms to the Queen, he cried, "Adieu, adieu!" with a gesture and voice which revealed at once a whole past life of tenderness, a present of anguish, a future of separation, but in which could be distinguished an accent of serenity, hope, and religious joy, which seemed to indicate the vague, yet confident hope of a reunion in a better world.

At this adieu, the Princess Royal fainted at her father's feet. Her mother, aunt, and Clery, raised and carried her to the stairs, while the King covered his face with his hands, and turning on the threshold of his chamber, "Adieu," cried he, in a broken voice, as he closed the door, and hastened to the turret, where the priest awaited him. The agony of royalty was over.

FRIENDSHIP, Love, and Truth, practiced by man toward his neighbor universally, would make a paradise of this world.

GLEANNINGS.

"I WAS YOUNG, BUT NOW I AM OLD."—What volumes of thought are awakened by these words of the old poet king of Israel, especially when, as we repeat them, we find our own experience corresponding with his. We were young a long time ago, and all youth's delicious dreamings and exquisite hopes and cherished illusions have been ours. We looked out upon the world as a fair and beautiful life-garden, whose every green shoot was to bear some fragrant flower or luscious fruit. How we reveled in the anticipation of friendship and loves that seemed to beckon us to their bosoms! How we rejoiced in the confidence of achievements and triumphs that awaited us in life! How we built our castles in the air with all the assurances which men ever felt when building on granite or adamant!

But we are getting old. Gray hairs are sprinkled here and there where formerly flaxen ringlets toyed and dallied with the breeze. Pains and weakness of body remind us of departed buoyancy and vigor, the friends of our youth are over and gone; the golden haze of the future has given place to cold, gray clouds, and wintry winds moan around the decaying tabernacle of flesh. Happy is it for those who, while growing old, have been laying up a treasure of sweet and virtuous memories, and can look forward to the close of life as to a lying down to a peaceful night's rest in expectation of a bright and glorious morning.

ENERGY.—Energy is omnipotent. The clouds that surround the houseless boy of to-day are dispersed, and he is invited to a palace. It is the work of energy. The child who is a beggar this moment, in a few years may stand forth the admiration of angels! Who has not seen the life-giving power of energy? It makes the wilderness bloom as the rose; whitens the ocean with sails; levels mountains; paves with iron a highway from State to State; and sends through, with the speed of lightning, messages from one extremity of the land to the other. Without energy, what is man? A fool, a clod.

At a recent meeting of a parish, a solemn strait-bodied, and most exemplary deacon submitted a report of the destitute widows, and others standing in need of assistance, in the parish.

"Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?"

He said he believed he had done so; but if any had been omitted, the omission could easily be corrected.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—"Mitheth Jones, I come to athk you if you can lend me your pig pen for a few dayth?"

"My pig pen? why, Mr. Fisher, what can you want with my pig pen?"

"I have jutht been purchathin thome thwine—two thowth and pigth, at conthableth thale, and want to put them in your pen."

"Why, Mr. Fisher, my pen won't hold so many pigs as you have! What on earth did you buy them for?"

"I bought them for my own family uthe, madam; and I'm *thertain* your pen will be thuffthiently large for them."

"My pen will only hold twenty-five common sized ones!"

"Well, if it will hold twenty-five hogth, it will thurely hold two thows and pigth!"

"*Two thousand pigs!* why, it won't hold the twentieth part of them!"

"Underthand me, madam; I don't thay two *thouthand* pigth, but two thowth *and* pigth!"

"I hear you; two thousand pigs for a family of six! I think the man's demented—two thousand pigs in that pen! he's certainly crazy!"

"*Mitheth* Jones! I tell you again, I mean not two *thouthand* pigth, but two thowth *and* two pigth."

"Oh, oh! Mr. Fisher, is *that* what you mean? My pen is at your service, sir."

"I thank you thintherey, madam;" lisped the relieved Fisher, as he started for the pig pen, in which he soon deposited his "two thowth and pigth!"

HEREDITARY RIGHT.—A gentleman expatiated on the justice and propriety of an hereditary nobility: "Is it not right," said he, "in order to hand down to future ages the virtues of those men who have rendered eminent services to their country, that their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred on them as a reward for such services?" "By the same rule," replied Dr. Franklin, "if a man is banished, hung, or imprisoned, for his misdeeds, all his posterity should receive the like punishment."

SYMPATHY.—The tear of sympathy never falls in vain. It waters and fertilizes the soil of the most sterile heart, and causes it to flourish with the beautiful flowers of gratitude and love. And as the summer clouds weep refreshment on the parched earth, and leave the sky more beautiful than before, with the rainbow of promise arching in the cerulean dome, so the tear of sympathy not only refreshes the heart on which it drops, but it elevates and beautifies the nature of him from whom it springs. A sympathizing heart is a spring of water bursting forth from the mountain side. Ever pure and sweet in itself, it carries gladness on every ripple of its sparkling current.

A STRING OF PEARLS.—Use soft words and hard arguments. Misfortunes are a kind of discipline of humanity. The first part of wisdom consists in ability to give good counsel; the next, to take it. If your means suit not with your ends, pursue those ends which suit your means. Truth overcomes falsehood, and suspicion can not live before perfect frankness. Never carry a sword in your tongue to injure the reputation of any man. When the heart is won, the understanding is easily persuaded. A friend, like a glass, will best discover to you your own defects. Discourse, like the season of the year, is best in its proper time. Secrecy is the key of prudence, and the sanctuary of wisdom. He is richest who is contented; content is the riches of nature. If a jewel be genuine, no matter who says it is counterfeit. To whom you betray your secret, you give your liberty. Forget others' faults by remembering your own. Nothing is more noble than fidelity; faithfulness and truth are the best endowments of the mind.

A NEWLY imported son of the "Emerald Isle" hearing the cackling of a hen which had just left her nest, ran to get the egg. He had never before seen a freshly laid egg, and when he found that it was warm, he said to his wife in great surprise:

"Sure, Biddy, my darling, this is a great counthry! Ivery thing that the howly St. Patrick himself could desire, is made ready for use, without the divil a bit of cookin' it; the very hins lay their aigs ready biled for aiting!"

VIRTUE is both titles and estate; a title the most exalted, because it is God who confers it; an estate most rich, because it endures forever. Envy may not derogate the title, because it is written in the book of heaven; and fraud can not diminish the estate, because no sin can reach it.

With love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but without, it is a bleak desert, covered with ashes.

THE storms of adversity are wholesome; though, like snow storms, their drifts are not always seen.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

WITTY sayings are as easily lost as the pearl slipping off a broken string, but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower, to gladden the heart of some poor pilgrim along life's dusty pathway.

A WOMAN was giving evidence in a certain case, when she was asked by the lawyer if the young woman was virtuous previous to this affair.

"Was she what?" asked the witness.

"Virtuous. Was she chaste?"

"Chaste?—she was chased about a quarter of a mile."

A BEAUTIFUL form is better than a beautiful face ; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form. It gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures ; it is the finest of the fine arts.

If a man will not endure the pain of probing his own faults, he can not have the satisfaction of curing them. Let a woman be possessed of all the attributes of beauty, yet, if she has not modesty, her beauty is invisible to every beholder.

WE find in friendship the assurance of good advice, the emulation of good example, participation in sorrow, help in time of need, and all without being sought, waited for, or purchased.

FROM the ranks of the bar, have sprung many of the noblest defenders of innocence—the earliest and most steadfast champions of right and freedom. From the ranks of the bar, also, have sprung nearly every candidate for the gallows since the world began.

PHILANTHROPY.—It is chiefly in the warm, bright period of middle-life that we live for others ; like the sun, whose morning and evening rays pass over the objects which are illuminated by its mid-day beams.

A TRUE LAWYER.—Alexander Hamilton was once applied to as counsel by a man having the guardianship of several orphans, who would, on coming of age, succeed to a large and valuable estate, of which there was a material defect in the title-deeds, known only to their guardian, who wanted to get the estate vested in himself. Hamilton noted down the faithless executor's statement, and then said to him, "Settle with these unhappy infants honorably to the last cent, or I will hunt you from your skin like a hare." The advice was strictly followed, and the man who gave it was an ornament to the bar, and to the age he lived in.

TRUE POLITENESS.—It was one of the rules which, above all others, made Dr. Franklin the most amiable of men in society, "never to contradict anybody." He merely suggested doubts, or asked questions as if for information.

A MISER having heard a very eloquent charity sermon, exclaimed : "This sermon so strongly proves the duty of alms-giving, that I have almost a mind to beg."

ADIEU—that little word of sad import, is full of beautiful and pious signification. It means may God guard you—to God I commit you.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CELEBRATION AT GLENDALE.—Early on Saturday morning, the 26th ultimo, we took the cars for Glendale, to attend a celebration given by the brothers of District No. 12, comprising the Lodges at Mt. Pleasant, Carthage, Sharonville, Lockland, Springdale and Montgomery. We found, at the depot, quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen, on their way to the scene of festivity.

The refreshing shower which fell so copiously upon the parched earth, after so long a drouth, not only washed the dust which had been accumulating for weeks upon the leaves and grass, but imparted a freshness to the woods and fields that was truly delightful. The various trains which brought numerous excursionists on the line of the road, and the continual arrival of others from various sections of the country, soon gave a lively appearance to the beautiful grove. After the various Lodges of the District had arrived, Grand Master Neilson formed a procession, which was conducted by marshals, and, headed by the Newport Brass Band, marched through the principal avenues of Glendale. Under the direction of General M'Mahan, the Daughters of Rebekah, who appeared in their regalia, were marshaled through the open ranks of the procession, and took their seats in front of the platform. After the vast multitude were quietly seated, or all that could be, the band performed a piece of music which was followed by a prayer by the chaplain.

Next in the order of the programme came the ode, in singing which most of the audience united. It was delightful to listen and take part in singing that song. To us there is no music like the human voice, and when a thousand unite together in harmonious accents, and swell the anthem in the grove, "God's first temples," the effect is always thrilling. So beautiful and appropriate was the ode that we copy it for the benefit of those of our readers who have not seen it :

Welcome, brethren here assembling,
At the shrine of Truth and Love,
May we now without dissembling,
Friendship's holy influence prove.

All united—
Friendship's holy influence prove.

All our sacred bonds of duty
Bid us in true friendship meet,
And in love's unfading beauty,
Truthfully each other greet.

All united—
Truthfully each other greet.

Here before our altar bending,
Pure in heart, O ! may we be,
While to virtue's cause we'er lending
Heart and hand fraternally.

Firm united—
Heart and hand fraternally.

From the world's cold hand retreating,
Let our kindred spirits come,
Where responsive hearts are beating,
And the stranger finds a home,

Ever welcome—
And the stranger finds a home.

Let no narrow bonds contract us,
Ours be universal love;
No sectarian thoughts distract us,
We in harmony must move.

All together—
We in harmony must move.

Be it still our painful pleasure,
To attend affliction's bed,
And in kindness without measure,
Ease a brother's aching head.

Fraternally—
Ease a brother's aching head.

Yet even noble acts await us—
We must sooth the widow's cares,
And the orphan's tears entreat us
To watch o'er its youthful years.

With affection—
To watch o'er its youthful years.

Then when death life's ties shall sever,
May we, in the realms above,
Meet as friends and brothers, ever
Happy in the bonds of love.

All in heaven—
Happy in the bonds of love.

After the singing of the ode, the Grand Master introduced the orator of the day, and as his address will be published in the next number of the Casket, we forbear making any remarks. Another ode was then sung, after which the company retired to the different arbors on the ground, and the retreat they had selected for the purpose of taking their repast.

About two o'clock, Monsieur Tonson, with his violin, accompanied by an *attache* with a violincello, mounted a platform prepared for him; a ring was formed, and soon a large number were "tripping the light fantastic toe." In a short time we left the ground, and the down train from Dayton arriving, we returned to the city.

IMPOSTORS.—During the past month we have heard of no less than three individuals who have been practicing impositions upon the Order, by soliciting aid from Lodges in various parts of the country, while they can not produce the proper evidence of their good standing. There is but one way of effectually avoiding all such imposition, and that is, by uniformly refusing all assistance of the kind, unless the applicant is in possession of every thing required by our laws. The present mail facilities in this country enable any brother who has committed the error of leaving home without his card to receive it in a very short time; and the simple fact of a brother's making application without being able to prove himself a good Odd Fellow, should be regarded as *prima facie* evidence that all is not right. As well might a bank be expected to cash a verbal check as a Lodge or Relief Committee to receive such testimony of good standing in our Order.

FIRE.—The Odd Fellows' Hall at Lexington, Ky. was destroyed by fire a few weeks since. All the property of the four Lodges and two Encampments, including books, jewels, regalia and furniture, was completely consumed. The city library, with some ten thousand valuable books was nearly all destroyed by water or fire. The Odd Fellows had some insurance, but there was none on the library.

GOOD RESOLVES.—The following resolutions were adopted by Osage Lodge, No. 91, at Bolivar, Missouri, on the occasion of celebrating their first anniversary. It is true, they are but expressing a determination to carry out their sacred pledges to sustain the principles of the Order; yet they present the subject in a practical form, which is well worthy of imitation. It is to be feared that the great fundamental principles of morality which form the basis of the whole structure of Odd-Fellowship, are not *always* observed and enjoined with that strictness which their importance demands.

Resolved, That we believe it to be impolitic to receive any person into this Order, before we shall have acquired a correct knowledge of his character as a man.

Resolved, That we will discountenance, as a Lodge, any immoral conduct of its members, (whether in or out of the Lodge,) which would tend to mar the peace and harmony of the Lodge, or result to the injury of its members individually.

Resolved, That we look upon the drinking of intoxicating liquors to excess, (either at dram shops, or elsewhere,) and playing at cards, as being calculated to injure a brother's standing in society, as well as himself morally and physically, thereby disqualifying him in a great measure, for filling the station of an Odd Fellow. We will, therefore, refrain from the practice of such vices, and admonish others to do so.

Resolved, That this Lodge, in order to promote the cause of Odd-Fellowship, will continue to adhere to the principles of the Order, by obeying the sublime truths taught thereby, and diffusing the principles of morality and religion throughout the circle of our acquaintance, that others, seeing our good fruits, may be constrained to acknowledge the advantage of closely adhering to "Friendship, Love, and Truth," in all their actions.

The subject of the first resolution is one of vast importance to the Order as such, and to each member as an individual. It is a very great error to decide an application upon negative principles; that is, to admit the applicant if nothing is known against him. There should be positive assurance of an applicant's worthiness before he is received into our fraternity as a brother.

It is to be regretted that there remains any necessity for the adoption of such resolutions as the succeeding ones. Every one who has listened to the sublime and impressive teachings of our Order on those subjects, and pledged his honor to maintain and carry them out through life, should present to his brethren and the world a living testimony of the happy results to be secured by their observance. But we rejoice to see the members of Osage Lodge manifesting a determination to be true Odd Fellows in spirit and practice.

CELEBRATION AT NEWARK, O.—The brethren of the Order had a splendid celebration at this place on the 28th of July. We were unable to accept a special invitation to be present, but learn that the attendance was very large. Bro. Colfax, was the orator of the day.

CELEBRATION AT GREENFIELD, O.—The anniversary of Ringgold Lodge, No. 90, was celebrated at this place, on the 11th of August. A large number of brethren were in attendance from Chillicothe, Hillsboro', and all the neighboring towns, and participated in the exercises. A very large procession was formed, and after marching through the principal streets, was addressed by Past Grand Master Hamilton, in his usual eloquent and instructive manner. The occasion was one of unusual interest, and will be remembered with pleasure by the members of Ringgold Lodge, and all who participated with them in the exercises.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—We have the pleasure of adding "Ada Vernon" to our list of contributors, this month. In real poetic merit and beauty of imagery, the effusions of Ada Vernon are not excelled by any poetess in the land. She is frequently, and we think justly, called the "Mrs. Hemans of America." We are proud to announce her as a regular contributor.

"Stella" continues to grow in interest as the plot develops, and we are continually assailed with inquiries as to the real name of its gifted authoress. We are pledged to secrecy on this point for the present, but in due time the veil will be removed, and the curiosity of her numerous admirers gratified. She is now in the East superintending the publication of a volume of her poems—a work which will be hailed by the literary world with universal commendation.

A beautiful poem by Alice Clifton, entitled "The Convent Flower," will appear in our October number.

OHIO FEMALE COLLEGE.—We have received the fifth Annual Report of this highly prosperous and popular institution. It is delightfully situated at College Hill, Hamilton Co., O., and possesses many advantages for a superior course of education. The number of students for the year ending in June last was 304. Rev. J. Covert is the President of the Faculty.

THE MEMENTO, AND ODD FELLOWS' NORTH-WESTERN MAGAZINE.—This is the title of a new periodical, devoted, as its name indicates, to the dissemination of the principles of Odd-Fellowship. We have received the first number, and are much pleased with its contents. It is published monthly, and contains thirty-two pages in each number. The Memento is edited by Wm. Rounseville, Grand Master of Illinois, and published at Peoria, Ill., by N. C. Nason. Terms, one dollar per year in advance. It is worthy the prosperity of the Order in the North-west, and we trust it will receive a liberal support.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE ORDER.

OHIO.

Bro. Glenn, the Grand Secretary, has kindly furnished us a statement of the operations of the Order in this State, for the year ending 30th of June last, taken from the report prepared for the Grand Lodge of the United States:

Number of Lodges,.....	255
Initiations,.....	2,933
Rejections,.....	286
Admitted by Card,.....	651
Withdrawn by Card,.....	974
Reinstated,.....	86
Suspended,.....	122
Expelled,.....	490
Deaths,.....	122
Past Grands,.....	2,437
Contributing Members,.....	18,214
Revenue,.....	\$118,921.06
Number of Brothers relieved,.....	2,101
Widowed Families relieved,.....	173
Brothers buried,.....	133
Amount paid for relief of brothers,.....	\$31,691.81
For relief of widowed families,.....	2,599.96
For education of orphans,.....	248.20
For burying the dead,.....	5,478.91

The above table, though taken from the official reports, does not show the *precise* condition of the Order in the State. Ten Lodges have failed to make their reports, and from eighteen of the Lodges instituted the present year, no report was due. The membership of these 28 Lodges would increase the initiations, and of course the total number of members, at least 500, so that the present membership of Ohio may be safely set down at 18,700. This is an increase of 2,500 members during the year. Thirty-one Lodges have been instituted since the first of March, and five remain to be instituted.

The large number of withdrawals, it should be recollected, does not indicate a loss of membership to that amount—many having taken out their cards for the purpose of joining new Lodges. A large majority of the expulsions are for non-payment of dues.

This statement exhibits the Order in Ohio in a very prosperous condition, so far as its statistics are concerned; and it may be added, that harmony and good feeling, and a lively interest in the operations of Odd-Fellowship, prevail throughout the brotherhood in our State.

INDIANA.

In the August number of the Casket we noticed the annual session of the Grand Lodge of this State at Indianapolis, on the 17th of July, giving a portion of their proceedings. We insert the remainder of a brief abstract of their most important doings.

The Trustees of the Grand Lodge Hall reported that they had contracted for its erection and completion at \$39,500, and that the work is rapidly going forward. A considerable amount of stock yet remaining unsubscribed, the Grand Master and Grand Secretary were authorized to issue bonds to the amount necessary to make up the deficit; and in order to aid in meeting these bonds, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That every individual member of each Subordinate Lodge in the State be requested to contribute one dollar towards the erection of the Grand Lodge Hall, and that such contribution be paid to the Secretary of each Lodge, and the amount forwarded to the Grand Secretary, and he be required to issue certificates of stock, in the name of said Lodge, to the amount forwarded, and that the same be refunded or credited on the dues of each contributor, out of the interest accruing on said stock."

Amendments to the Constitution were offered, providing for voting by proxy for Grand Lodge officers, by the Past Grands of the State, and also for annual meetings only of the Grand Lodge, which were laid over for consideration at the next session.

A resolution for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the expediency of adopting a representative system was laid on the table.

The following is a statement of the operations of the Order in the State, during the last six months, and its present condition, as reported by the Grand Secretary:

Number of Lodges,.....	139
Initiations,.....	851
Admitted by Card,.....	238
Rejected,.....	106
Withdrawn by Card,.....	233
Reinstated,.....	43
Suspended,.....	78
Expelled,.....	28
Deaths,.....	27
Past Grands,.....	1,039
Whole number of Members,.....	7,035
Ladies who have taken the Degree of Rebekah during the term,	298
Resources of the Lodges,.....	\$122,092.76
Orphan Fund,.....	38,612.71
Number of Brothers relieved,.....	471
Indigent Females relieved,.....	15
Amount paid for relief of brothers,.....	\$5,594.99
For educating orphans,.....	454.80
For relief of transient brothers,.....	92.25
For burying the dead,.....	1,391.57
For charitable purposes,.....	565.17

MAINE.

The regular annual session of the Grand Lodge of Maine was held at Portland on the 11th of July. From the report of Grand Master Banks, we learn that the financial affairs of the Grand Lodge are in a highly satisfactory condition. He says:

"The large debt due the Grand Lodge of the United States has been considerably reduced, and the current expenses of the Grand Lodge promptly paid. Much credit is due to the Subordinate Lodges for the promptness with which, under depressing circumstances, they have discharged their pecuniary obligations to the Grand Lodge, thus placing this body in a position of prospective independence."

The Grand Master complains that the reports from Subordinates show a large number of suspensions, generally for non-payment of dues, and that less interest is manifested in the work than formerly. This apathy he attributes to the introduction of the new work, and is of the opinion that it has proved an entire failure throughout that jurisdiction.

The following brothers were elected officers for the ensuing term :

Joseph Burton, G.M.; John Colby, D.G.M.; A. T. C. Dodge, G.W.; Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr., G. Sec.; Cyrus Cummings, G. Treas.; Rev. C. Cummings, G. Chap.; Edward P. Banks, G. Rep.

The next session of this body will be held at Bangor.

MASSACHUSETTS.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—The regular annual session of this body was held on Wednesday, the 2d ult. The Subordinates in the jurisdiction were largely represented. We learn from the report of the Grand Patriarch that with some few exceptions the Subordinates appear to be in a languid state. But little business of interest was transacted.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term :

Joseph Byron, G. P.; Chas. Hayden, G. H. P.; E. C. Webster, G. S. W.; Alfred Mudge, G. Scribe; Robert C. Brown, G. Representative.

GRAND LODGE.—The annual session of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge was held on the 3d of August. There was a very large attendance, and the meeting is represented to have been the most interesting session held for years. The report of Grand Master Wm. A. Bell, was an able document. He speaks in glowing terms of the improved interest in Odd-Fellowship that has been awakened in Massachusetts, and eloquently exhorts the brethren to assist, by their zealous devotion to the cause, in the restoration of Odd-Fellowship in Massachusetts to the prosperous condition of former years. Of Odd-Fellowship in Ohio as contrasted with the progress of the Order in Massachusetts, he thus speaks :

"In Ohio (the young giant of the West), a degree of prosperity marks the progress of Odd-Fellowship, which far outstrips us even in the days of our greatest success. We would do well to copy from their bright example, and *burnish anew our armor*, that we may at least maintain a position in the ranks of the Order above

mediocrity. I trust that in our assemblage on this occasion, a spirit of emulation will be induced, that shall have the effect to scatter the clouds which have obscured from our vision the bright sun of prosperity, so that it may no longer be said of many of us, that the measure of our Odd-Fellowship consists only in that which 'plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.'"

It is a fact worthy of notice, he continues, that where the literature of the Order is most extensively patronized, there is Odd-Fellowship in the most flourishing condition.

"At a first glance it may perhaps appear as somewhat out of place, thus publicly to allude to the publications of the Order. But to my mind, it is clearly the duty of a Grand Master to recommend such matters for the consideration of his constituency, as he may consider conducive to the prosperity of the Order. For this reason, I speak of the literature of the Order—cognizant as I am of the fact (both from experience and observation,) that the press is a powerful auxiliary in promoting the success of any and every enterprise, and peculiarly so in connection with our Order."

The election of officers resulted as follows:

John R. Mullin, G. M.; S. B. Krogman, D. G. M.; Caleb Rand, G. W.; Alfred Mudge, G. Secretary; W. H. Cook, G. Treas.; C. A. Bradley, G. Chaplain; William A. Bell, G. Representative.

RHODE ISLAND.

The regular annual session of the Grand Encampment was held at Providence, on Monday, July 31st. The Grand Lodge met in annual session at the same place on the 1st day of August last.

In the Encampment Branch, but little business was transacted, except the election, of officers, which resulted as follows:

Horace A. Manchester, G. P.; Archibald B. Rice, G. High Priest; Marinus W. Gardiner, G. Scribe.

The election of Grand Lodge officers resulted as follows:

John F. Driscoll, G. Master; Peleg Noyes, D. G. Master; A. B. Rice, G. Warden; W. B. Snell, G. Secretary; E. Bentley, G. Treasurer.

NEW YORK.

The regular annual sessions of the Grand Lodge and Encampment of Northern New York were held in the city of Albany, on the 22d ult. A large representation from Subordinates was present. As the proceedings have not yet reached us, we are unable to give anything more than the officers for the ensuing term.

The officers of the Grand Lodge are: T. R. Morgan, of Binghamton, G. M.; F. Seger, of Martinsburg, D. G. M.; E. C. Dibble, of Batavia, G. Warden; W. H. H. Prall, of Syracuse, G. Secretary; S. N. Smith, of Auburn, G. Treas.

The following are the officers of the Grand Encampment: Jos. Seymour, G. P.; D. S. Forbes, of Fredonia, G. H. P.; W. H. H. Prall, of Syracuse, Grand Scribe.





Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH."

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1854.

No. 4.

An Address

*Delivered at the Odd Fellows' Celebration at Glendale, August 26th, 1854, by
W. P. Strickland, D. D.*

A festal occasion like that which has called us together to-day, is not for the purpose of mere parade. There is something in the social principle which rises above the mere gratification of our lower nature, and prompts "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," that is deeper, purer, holier than that, which no pageantry can inspire, and no mere animal pleasure, whatever its source, can impart. While the fraternity recognizes the social principle, and all the enjoyment resulting therefrom, it is merely secondary to those more sublime and hallowed principles which constitute the creed of every true brother. Many there are who are carried away with the glare and tinsel of outside show, and place a higher estimate upon that which addresses itself to the senses rather than that which commends itself to the understanding and the heart. What are the jewels that deck the person, designed, as they are, to add grace to the wearer, and highten the charms of those invested with such decorations, if the mind be vacant and unadorned? It would be as the outward adornment of a temple, embellished with the most elaborate and beautiful architecture, while the interior was rude, unfinished, and destitute of all furniture.

Our Order has not neglected any thing essential to the exterior of the moral edifice which it has reared upon the plains of humanity, as an asylum for the common brotherhood of man. The most fastidious will not find room to complain in this respect. And while it has studied to render itself attractive by outward adornment, and has attired itself in a drapery emblematic of its principles, it has not neglected to furnish itself in the most thorough and appropriate manner with all those principles essential to its organization.

In the bright and beautiful chain which binds the brotherhood in an unbroken union, there are golden links which, like that precious metal, have a universal significance and currency. To the consideration of such an imagery, we invite your attention.

We claim not for our Order any thing that would lead one to think it a divine institution for the inculcation of religious principles and precepts; and yet, while we make no such claim, we would be quite as far from admitting that any or all of its principles and precepts are not in accordance with the highest and purest teachings of Christianity. The great Savior of men instituted a religion based upon the wants of humanity; and while the Jewish system, in its doctrines and rites, to a very great degree passed by like the priest and Levite, on the other side, encased in a sanctity that barred out humanity from all approach to its sympathies, the great heart of Jesus prompted him to attend to every despairing cry: to raise up the down trodden masses, bleeding and dying on the vast highway of human life, and pour the oil and wine of consolation into the stricken hearts of the fallen, was his God-like mission. Opportunities for doing good were not neglected, though an invitation from publicans and sinners constituted the occasion for such benevolent acts, and he who refuses to associate with his brother man, when in so doing he can promote his happiness, has surely not taken the great Master for his model.

Following in the broad wake of the Christian system, the Order not only enjoins correct principles, but makes the observance of them a duty under the highest obligations. Friendship may exist among men without such requirements. David and Jonathan might have remained true to each other amid all the reverses of fortune, without the covenant obligations which they mutually took upon themselves. The true heart will not fail in the day of adversity, but alas! how many heartless professions have been made, and how many sad hearts have been led to realize the truth contained in the lines of the poet:

"What is Friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?"

A brother is born for the day of adversity, and yet how many have felt that a stranger's sympathies and charities are often more available in the day of calamity. A thousand things exist in the every day occurrences of life that make it unsafe to trust the heart too strongly. Considerations and motives of the highest import and power have failed to move the sympathies of men, and prompt to acts of charity and pure beneficence; and taking man as he is, to insure benevolence he must be laid under obligations which bind him to duty in relieving the distresses of his fellow men. True friendship is the most manifest when the dark

clouds of adversity gather around, obscuring the light of other days. Then amid the boding storm, when the false-hearted flee, and the trooping multitude forsake the unfortunate one, the true friend is seen, and his bright eye and warm hand greet the stricken sufferer.

Among the thousands who profess friendship, but are destitute of integrity, none can be relied upon in the hour of trial. The friendship of such can be relied upon no farther than their selfish interests shall prompt, and wo betide the man who trusts to such a broken reed in the time of adversity and trial. One might as well trust a conflagration to a whirlwind, as to place his hopes on so deceptive an object. Professions of friendship cost nothing, and are easily made. Even among those who professed to have forsaken all—home, kindred and country—for the sake of principle, among the more prominent, who had boasted the greatest attachment and made the loudest profession, were found those who, on the slightest trial in the hour of adversity, were deceived in regard to their integrity.

The great Master, aware of the deceitfulness of the human heart, found it necessary to introduce a new article in the code of the new brotherhood. "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." One would think that if ever brotherly love existed on earth, in any fraternity, it certainly would, from the very nature of the case, develop itself in the Christian organization, and if any society existed where such an injunction was needless, it would be found there; but the necessity of its adoption and enforcement is obvious from the fact thereof,

No man can hope to attain a morality or religion purer and holier than that which is found in the Christian system; and if Christians, when few and persecuted, required a solemn injunction to bind them together, it were folly to expect that mere human institutions can be so perfect and pure, as by the force of their principles alone, to draw their members together in the bonds of brotherly affection. Something more is needed, and the sad want thereof in the various benevolent associations that exist in the world has long since demonstrated the necessity of incorporating obligations more or less solemn and binding.

To visit the sick, educate the orphan, and bury the dead, religion most solemnly enjoins, and an observance of these duties is made to constitute the clearest evidence of its influence upon the heart. Any institution, therefore, which makes such benevolent duties an essential part of its obligations, and binds its members to a due observance of the same, can not, in its very nature, be antagonistic to the Christian system, no matter what may be its peculiar plan of operations. However odd it may be in other respects, its oddity can never for a moment vitiate its claims to the regard of every lover of his race. The mere abstract principles of friendship, love and truth, like the various insignia with which the brotherhood

are clothed, would be as the sounding brass and tinkling symbol of a mere profession, were they not embodied in a living form.

First in the train of the requirements (we will not say charities, for that which has been made a duty can not be considered in the light of a charity) of the Order, comes the duty we owe to the sick and afflicted. Affluence may command attention and acts of kindness, in the hour of distress; but when the hand of affliction shall fall upon the lone hut of poverty, and the priest and Levite of a false religion pass by on the other side, and charity itself presents a cold hand, and listens reluctantly to the poor man's moan, then what the unfeeling heart of a selfish world would not prompt, the principles of the Order require, and faithful brothers stand by the pillow of the sick, attend to the requests of the dying, and are present at the vigils of the dead.

Nor does its benefactions stop here. The closing of the dying eyes does not close the benevolent acts of the brotherhood. They have but just entered upon an exemplification of the principles of the Order. Nor yet when they have deposited his remains in the cemetery do they cease their kind offices. They not only mingle their tears with those of the widow and orphan, who linger sorrow stricken on the margin of the grave that contains their best and it may be their only earthly friend, but they enfold them in the broad mantle of their benevolence, and supply the place of a husband and a father. A pure and undefiled religion requires all who bear its hallowed name to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and that organization which conforms most in its teachings and practices to these duties, has most of the genial spirit of Christianity in its composition.

The Order has gained a name in the world, and by a reference to the statistics of its acts, it will be seen that there is something in it more than a name. In some States institutions have been established for the support and education of destitute orphans, and may we not be allowed to hope that the day is not far distant, when, from the benefactions of our numerous brotherhood, a similar institution will be established in our own proud State. A monument more appropriate could not be erected, nor one that would bear to future generations a more lasting memorial of the cherished principles of our Order. If it be true that

"Deeds of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing may take heart again."

If this be true, we may add, in regard to individual acts, will it not prove

true in a more emphatic sense in regard to those which proceed from an organized association, the very organization of which will secure their perpetuity ?

We wander among the ruins of the past, and through the labors of a Champollion and Layard, and others, we read the inscriptions upon the huge colossal and elaborately carved monuments of antiquity, which lie scattered thickly over the plains of the old world, but among all the relics which bespeak the greatness of the buried dead, we find no footprints of a universal benevolence—we find the ruins of temples consecrated to the god's, palaces occupied by the living, and tombs and mausoleums consecrated to the dead—but we find no broken column or slab or inscription, that would indicate that benevolence or mercy had any thing to do in their construction. The researches of travelers have unearthed the temples and palaces of pride, vanity, intemperance and lust, in great abundance, but no evidence exists of places consecrated to virtue and benevolence. They had cultivated the sciences and had attained a perfection in the arts scarcely outrivaled by our modern inventions, yet the great lesson of human brotherhood they had not learned. That was reserved for the teachings of the great Master, in whose person and acts there was found the most perfect living embodiment.

As our elder brother, though possessed of a perfect humanity, in regard to the duties we owe to our God, to our country, and to our fellow men, we do not need, and indeed we are forbidden to have, any other model. A corrupt and interested priesthood may summon its councils, and proclaim its creeds, and enforce its dogmas, and hurl its anathemas, but one single dictum of the Master will outweigh all their authority, and set aside their assumptions over the minds and consciences of men. Jealous of their priestly power, as the hope of their gains is endangered by the diffusion of light, a ghostly howl is set up by those who make a gain of godliness, against every organization without the pale of the church, and wo betide the man who has independence enough to dare think for himself, or exercise the right to judge in regard to association therewith.

Had we the power, we would tear away all the scaffolding which human hands have erected around the temple of Christianity, and all the forms in which the living spirit has been muffled, for the last fourteen centuries, and let them stand out in all their divine beauty and power. Thanks to an overruling Providence that the book of God is still in the hands of the common people, and that they have access to its pages. May the lightnings of heaven blast the wretch who would snatch from us its ever luminous revelations, teaching us, without the intervention of a hireling priesthood, how to live, and telling us how to die. When an ecclesiastico-political hierarchy lays its vandal hand upon our benevolent institutions, because, forsooth, we claim the privilege of controlling them

and after dinner he seems cheerful; yet an air of irony never entirely forsakes his face, but may always be observed lurking in his features whether he frowns or smiles. When the weather is favorable he takes an airing in his coach with his niece, or with some of his guests, of whom there is always a sufficient number at Ferney. Sometimes he saunters in his garden; or if the weather does not permit him to go abroad, he employs his leisure hours in playing at chess with Pere Adam; or in receiving the visits of strangers (a continual succession of whom attend at Ferney to catch an opportunity of seeing him), or in dictating and reading letters, for he still retains correspondents in all the countries in Europe, who inform him of every remarkable occurrence, and send him every new literary production as soon as it appears. By far the greater part of his time is spent in his study; and whether he reads himself or listens to another, he always has a pen in his hand to take notes or to make remarks. Composition is his principal amusement. No author who writes for daily bread, no young poet ardent for distinction, is more assiduous with his pen, or more anxious for fresh fame than the wealthy and applauded Seigneur of Ferney. He lives in a very hospitable manner, and takes care always to keep a good cook. He has generally two or three visitors from Paris, who stay with him a month or six weeks at a time. When they go their places are soon supplied, so that there is a constant rotation of society at Ferney. These, with Voltaire's own family, and his visitors from Geneva, compose a company of twelve or fourteen persons, who dine daily at his table whether he appears or not; for when engaged in preparing some new publication for the press, indisposed or in bad spirits, he does not dine with his company, but satisfies himself with seeing them for a few minutes, either before or after dinner. All who bring recommendations from his friends may depend on being received, if he be not really indisposed. He often presents himself to the strangers who assemble almost every afternoon in his ante-chamber, though they bring no particular recommendation. But sometimes they are obliged to retire without having their curiosity gratified.

"The forenoon is not a proper time to visit Voltaire. He can not bear to have his hours of study interrupted. This alone is sufficient to put him out of humor; besides, he is then apt to be querulous, whether he suffers by the infirmities of age, or from some accidental cause of chagrin. Whatever is the reason, he is less an optimist at that part of the day than at any other. Those who are invited to supper have an opportunity of seeing him in the most advantageous point of view. He then exerts himself to entertain the company, and seems as fond of saying what are called good things as ever; and when any lively remark or *bon mot* comes from another, he is equally delighted, and pays the

fullest tribute of applause. The spirit of mirth gains upon him by indulgence. When surrounded by his friends, and animated by the presence of women, he seems to enjoy life with all the sensibilities of youth. His genius then surmounts the restraints of age and infirmity, and flows along in a fine strain of pleasing and spirited observation, and delicate irony."

Lausanne and Ferney, as the abodes of Voltaire and of Gibbon, have been so finely apostrophised by Lord Byron that we can not refrain from giving his exquisite verses :

Lausanne and Ferney ! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name;
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame.
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim,
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame
Of Heaven, again assailed, if Heaven the while
On man, and man's research, could deign do more than smile.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes but in mind,
A wit as various—gay, grave, sage, or wild—
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined ;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents ; but his own
Breathed most in ridicule—which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer ;
The lord of irony—that master spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
And doomed him to the zealot's ready hell—
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

Yet peace be with their ashes—for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid ;
It is not ours to judge—far less condemn ;
The hour must come when such things shall be made
Known unto all—or hope and dread allayed
By slumber, on one pillow—in the dust.
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decayed ;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

VEVAY.

A few miles distant from Lausanne is the small town of Vevay, a place which, like a thousand other places near it, is associated with the recollection of one of the most singular and highly gifted men of modern times, who has peopled these beautiful regions with the undying offspring of his own imagination. Here Rousseau wrote his pernicious volumes, and surrounded by the society of the most depraved, reveled in debauchery and vice. Of the scenery around Vevay, and the town itself, where Rousseau laid the scene of his "Heloise," he gives the following description:

"I went to Vevay, and during two days that I remained without seeing any person, I conceived an affection for that town which has followed me in all my travels, and which made me locate there the heroes of my romance. I would say willingly to those who have the taste, and who are susceptible, go to Vevay—visit the country, examine the sites, and promenade on the border of the lake, and say if Nature has not made this fine country for a Julie, for a Claire, and for a St. Preux; but seek them not there."

Lord Byron, with equal rapture, has celebrated this favored spot in verse and in prose:

"'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
 Peopling it with affections; but he found
 It was the scene which passion must allot
 To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
 Where early Love his Pysche's zone unbound,
 And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound
 And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
 Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne."

In reference to the passage from Rousseau just given, Lord Byron has said: "In July, 1816, I made a voyage round the Lake of Geneva, and as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his 'Heloise,' I can safely say that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Boveret, St. Gingo, Meillerie, Eivan, and the entrance of the Rhone,) without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled."

In surveying these scenes, it is, indeed, painful to reflect that they were rather polluted than sanctified by the presence of those whom the genius of Rousseau has invested with qualities so graceful and so captivating. It is still more painful to know that the character of Rousseau himself exhibited the same inconsistency, presenting an external surface of

romance and sentiment, beneath which festered many of the meanest and most debasing of human passions. Moore has poured out in some very spirited lines his indignation against the blind worshippers of Rousseau :

“’Tis too absurd—’tis weakness, shame,
 This low prostration before fame—
 This casting down before the car
 Of idols, whatsoe’er they are,
 Life’s purest, holiest decencies
 To be career’d o’er, as they please.
 No—let triumphant genius have
 All that his loftiest wish can crave :
 If he be worshiped, let it be
 For attributes, his noblest, first—
 Not with that base idolatry,
 Which sanctifies his last and worst.

Cape Horn.

If any intelligent school-boy were asked to name the three most geographically remarkable capes in the world, he would probably answer, after a moment’s consideration—Cape Horn, Cape of Good Hope, and North Cape of Lapland. He would be quite right. The trio mentioned are undoubtedly the foremost of landmarks, and the richest in historical and romantic associations. It is usual to speak of them as the respective continental terminations of America, Africa, and Europe, but this is only literally correct as regards the Cape of Good Hope. A glance at a map of the globe will show that some degree of resemblance exists in the positions of Cape Horn and the North Cape. To describe the former, is the object of this paper ; but we may here speak briefly of the latter, on the score of geographical contrast. An arm of the sea, called Magero Sund, or Sound, flows between the mainland of Finmark—the real termination of the continent of Europe in a northern direction—and the island of Mager—which we may roughly estimate at a score of miles in length, and a dozen in its greatest breadth—the northern headland of Mager forming the North Cape ; and another remarkable projection to the eastward is known as *The Horn* (so named from its shape), and is a noted landmark for ships sailing to and from the White Sea. During the greater portion of the year there is little daylight in this high latitude : during upwards of two months in winter, the sun never rises ; and during a corresponding period in summer, it never sets. The reader may imagine the aspect of the Cape in its season of storms and darkness.

The mighty continent of America gradually tapers southward, until it ends with the desolate country of Patagonia—fitting home for a race of

gigantic savages! The Straits of Magellan—so named after the daring Spanish captain who was the first to penetrate through them into the unknown Pacific Ocean—separate the extremity of Patagonia from the large and singularly shaped island of Terra del Fuego, which very evidently was torn by a mighty convulsion of nature from the mainland long ages ago. Ships sometimes, but rarely, prefer risking a passage through the Magellan Straits to weathering Cape Horn. Staten Land is an island separated from Terra del Fuego on the eastward by the Straits of Le Maire. Numerous small, sterile, rocky islands are grouped to the southward of Terra del Fuego, and are known by various appellations; but the most southern and desolate cluster are very appropriately named *The Hermits*;* and of these Hermits, the one furthest of all to the south terminates in the celebrated Cape Horn. Beyond Cape Horn are yet other islands, but they are much too remote to be spoken of in connection with the continent of South America and its contiguous isles. Cape Horn itself is in latitude 56 degrees south. Who first discovered it, is not positively known; but it certainly received its present designation from the Dutch navigator Van Schouten, who reached it in the *Unity*, in January, 1616.

Individually, our earliest ideas of Cape Horn were derived from the voyages of Dampier—who, by the way, influenced many succeeding navigators by the success of his resolute attempt to double the dreaded Cape. The *Wager*, one of Anson's squadron, was wrecked on Terra del Fuego, and her crew underwent a long series of unparalleled sufferings, which are vividly detailed in the narrative of Admiral Byron (grandfather to the poet), who was a midshipman in the *Wager*, and was one of the very few survivors who reached England again, after five years spent in dismal wandering and adventure subsequent to the wreck. What Anson himself experienced off Cape Horn may be gathered from the words of the writer of the voyage, who says :

“We had a continual succession of such tempestuous weather as surprised the oldest and most experienced mariners on board, and obliged them to confess that what they had hitherto called storms, were considerable gales compared with the violence of these winds, which raised such short, and, at the same time, such mountainous waves, as greatly surpassed in danger all seas known in any other part of the globe.”

Captain Cook was thirty-four days tempest-tossed off the Cape on his first voyage, although on his second he met with more calms than storms on the same spot. No marvel that we are impressed with an appalling

* We believe, however, that this group is not so named on account of its solitude, but from Jaques l'Hermite, who commanded a Dutch squadron that visited, or discovered, the islands in 1623.

notion of the dangers of doubling Cape Horn from the perusal of such narratives. The ill-fated *Bounty*, for instance, on her outward voyage, encountered tremendous weather off the Horn, and after fighting against the elements for thirty days, Lieutenant Bligh gave up the attempt to double it in despair, and ordering the helm a-weather, to the extreme joy of his worn-out crew, bore away for the Cape of Good Hope to refit.

Down to a comparatively recent period, seamen, influenced both by tradition and personal experience, almost universally regarded Cape Horn as a spot of the most evil omen, and associated the idea of doubling it with every imaginable danger and unimaginable suffering. Nor were these terrors, ascribed to the vicinity of the Cape, altogether fanciful, but rather the reverse, as we shall presently see. It must, however, be borne in mind that the ships which doubled, or attempted to double, the Horn, down to even fifty years ago, were very poorly fitted to contend with such tremendous elemental warfare as frequently prevails at the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific. At that time it was a rare thing to meet with a sailor who could boast that he had sailed round the globe; but now probably one-half, and even more of the grown-up, long voyage seamen you question, have doubled Cape Horn—some of them, it may be, a score of times. For one vessel that doubled the Horn in the time of Captain Cook, five hundred or a thousand now do so—and their captains never think of publishing even a sixpenny pamphlet to narrate the feat for the admiration of posterity. A quarto volume would hardly have sufficed in Cook's time.

Let not the reader, however, entertain the idea that these men have actually *seen* the Cape. On the contrary, we do not believe that one ship in a hundred that doubles it ever approaches sufficiently near to distinctly *sight* the redoubtable Cape; for so little do seamen love it, they always stand well off to the southward in rounding. Staten Land is much more frequently seen by passing ships; but the men who actually know most of Cape Horn and its vicinity, are the daring North American *sealers*, who have long pursued their hazardous calling thereabouts.

And now for a more particular description of the Horn itself. In 1820, his majesty's ship *Convoy*, commanded by Captain Basil Hall, had occasion to double it, and approached unusually near. One night they saw a bright red light, which appeared to them only eight or ten miles distant; but in the morning "we found," says Captain Hall, "by means of bearings taken with the compass, that it actually was upwards of a hundred miles from the ship, on the main land of Terra del Fuego. It is not improbable that this or a similar volcano may have led Magellan to give the title of "Land of Fire" to this desolate region. By six o'clock in the morning of 26th November, we had approached within ten

or twelve miles of Cape Horn, and in sailing round to enter the Pacific, had an opportunity of seeing it on a variety of bearings. Under every aspect, it presents a bold and majestic appearance, worthy of the limit to such a continent. It is a high, precipitous, black rock, conspicuously raised above the neighboring land, utterly destitute of vegetation, and extending far into the sea in bleak and solitary grandeur."

Thus far Basil Hall, and we cannot do better than to subjoin to his brief sketch a more animated picture of Cape Horn by Fennimore Cooper, in one of his latest and most remarkable books, *The Sea Lions*."

"The land was broken, high, and of a most sterile aspect—a sort of pyramid, which, occupying a small island, stood isolated, in a measure, and some distance in advance of other and equally ragged ranges of mountains." He describes Cape Horn as an irregular peak of considerable height, and says: "The earth probably does not contain a more remarkable sentinel than this pyramid. There it stood, actually the Ultima Thule of this vast continent, or, what was much the same, so closely united to it as to seem a part of our moiety of the globe, looking out on the broad expanse of waters. The eye saw to the right the Pacific; in front was the Southern or Antarctic Ocean; and on the left, the Great Atlantic. Turning north, they beheld the high lands of Terra del Fuego, of which many of the highest peaks were covered with snow. The pyramid on which they were, however, was no longer white with congealed rain, but stood, stern and imposing, in its native brown." We may add, that the aspect of Cape Horn has frequently been compared to that of a recumbent lion—an out-sentinel of Nature, guarding the termination of the American continent. The resemblance to a couching lion is said to be surprising from some points of view.

At Cape Horn, the month of February may be considered midsummer; and the worst and stormiest month of the year is said to be July, when the sun rises at 8-30 A. M., and sets at 3-30 P. M. Even in the finest weather, the air in the vicinity is usually dark and menacing; and the waves fall on the rocks with a deafening hollow boom, now and then varied by a thundering prolonged roar, as though a thousand hungry lions were roaring in concert; and the spray dashes high up in the air, which it fills with vapory mist, so that the grim old Horn is usually enshrouded with a ghost-like veil. The jagged rocks split up the waters, so as to form countless currents and miniature whirlwinds; and the tides, also, have a very heavy rise. Albatrosses, Cape-pigeons, stormy-petrels, gulls, and other wild sea-birds fly around, adding their discordant, startling screams to the incessant din of the elements. In the sky, directly overhead, may be seen at night the Magellan clouds, three in number—one dark, and two white. Yet more interesting is the Southern Cross—four lustrous stars of great magnitude, which form an extremely unim-

ous and striking constellation in the shape of a cross ; as celebrated in the southern hemisphere, as the North Star and Great Bear are in the northern portion of the globe. The junction of the two mightiest oceans at all times produces a swell of the sea off the Cape, surpassing any similar phenomenon elsewhere ; and by the peculiar *feel* of that swell alone, the experienced mariner can tell if he is on the point of entering the Pacific. Waves are here sometimes seen more than a quarter of a mile between trough and trough. The heaviest seas of all generally tumble in from the south-west.

Such, as we have thus briefly sketched, is the aspect of the Cape and the adjoining ocean, at even favorable seasons ; but try to imagine what the spectacle must be in stormy weather, when the days of winter are short and dense, and the nights long and dark—the snow and hail pelting mercilessly—the cold intense—the salt water freezing as it falls on deck—the shrouds and rigging coated with ice—the sails as stiff as sheet iron—the billows mountainous—icebergs rolling in all directions—and the ship, perchance, deep-laden and weak-handed ! This is no fancy picture, but a frequent reality. Sailors may well call it “man-killing” work under such circumstances, even if they manage to carry through every thing into the lower latitudes of the Pacific or the Atlantic, as the case may be. As an instance of what even a powerful, well-manned ship may have to encounter, the American frigate, *Brandywine*, some years ago, was exactly *two months* battling with the elements off the Cape, and lost many brave men during that protracted struggle. Not a year passes without several ships foundering off Cape Horn, and very few indeed weather it without a sharp taste of its proverbial quality. It is true, that sometimes a ship, by keeping well to the southward, and being favored with a fair and powerful wind, will rapidly and easily pass from one ocean to the other ; but such a case is decidedly exceptional. A large and stout steamer would undoubtedly be able to double the Cape at any time, and in any weather, much sooner than the swiftest and finest sailing-vessel, as steam would enable her to make headway in the teeth of the gale ; but even the mightiest steamer would at times be almost or altogether baffled.

Beyond all comparison, the most vivid and intralling account of doubling Cape Horn ever published, is that by Dana, in his *Two Years before the Mast*. The reader knows what is before him when Dana tells how they patched and quilted their jackets, trousers, etc., for a “Cape Horn rig,” consisting of “thick boots, south-westerns coming over our necks and ears, thick trousers and jackets, and some with oil-cloth suits over all. Mittens, too, we wore on deck.” How affecting and suggestive is this passage, after the worst of their struggle was over, and Staten Land was not far distant : “A bright gleam of sunshine broke out, and shone

down the companion-way, and through the sky-light, lighting up every thing below, and sending a warm glow through the heart of every one. It was a sight we had not seen for weeks—an omen, a God-send!"

Dana did not see Cape Horn, but we may appropriately conclude this paper by quoting his description of what he saw of Staten Land: "The land was the island of Staten Land, just to the eastward of Cape Horn; and a more desolate spot I never set my eyes upon—bare, broken, and girt with rock and ice; with here and there, between the rocks and broken hillocks, a little stunted vegetation of shrubs. It was a place well suited to stand at the junction of two oceans, beyond the reach of human cultivation, and encounter the blast and snows of a perpetual winter. Yet, dismal as it was, it was a pleasant sight to us, not only as being the first land we had seen, but because it told us we had passed the Cape, and were in the Atlantic; and that, with twenty-four hours of his breeze, we might bid defiance to the Southern Ocean."

The Convent Flower.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

Softly the pitying tear-drops flow
O'er the sad scenes of earthly wo,
Sweet off'rings on mild pity's shrine,
Those sympathizing drops of brine.
But many a mournful grief alone,
Passes unpitied and unknown,
'Till death, the wretched's only friend,
Brings all their sorrows to an end—
Makes in the grave a quiet bed,
And lays to rest the weary head.
Mark where yon lonely taper burns,
And follow where its glimmer turns;
Dimly showing through the gloom
A cheerless hearth and wretched room,
Where poverty is stamped o'er all—
Each chilly floor and mildewed wall.

Within the city's rich demesne
Such dwellings are too often seen;
The wint'ry wind and freezing rain
Were driven through each shattered pane,
And here a wretched pallet bed
Pillowed a dying woman's head;
Sad victim of so low a fate,
She was not born to such estate;
For fortune smiled upon her birth,
And filled her youth with joys of earth,

And when she left her mother's side,
 'Twas as a loved and loving bride.
 In peace a happy life they spent,
 Filled with pure joys and calm content,
 Until, to seek a richer home,
 Fate tempted them afar to roam.

They left their native Erin's isle,
 To tempt Columbia's offered smile;
 But oh! too late they learned to know,
 The stranger's cares, the exile's wo;
 Vile men beguiled them of their wealth,
 Then worse, the husband lost his health;
 Each day the heart-sick wife now tried
 To cheer the couch she watched beside.
 Vain all her patient, loving arts—
 The sinking spirit soon departs.
 Two orphaned children now are left
 To cheer her widowed heart bereft,
 But ruthless death had still a dart,
 To pierce th' already broken heart:
 While yet she wept a loved lost one,
 He snatched away her darling son.
 This blow is crushing, still she lives—
 Her helpless infant courage gives.
 For her she lived and toiled for bread,
 Till care and sorrow bowed her head.

'Tis morn—within that lonely shed,
 Lay the poor mother, cold and dead,
 And wildly sobbing on the ground,
 Constance, the convent flower, was found—
 A lonely child, not five years old,
 With face and form of angel mould.
 A widowed woman, poor and lone,
 Took the poor orphan to her home;
 And fain a mother's care and love
 She would have given the suffering dove.
 But ah! it made her kind heart bleed—
 Her poverty forbade the deed.
 She led her to a convent gate,
 And telling of her mournful fate,
 Besought for her the love and care
 That she, alas! had not to spare.

The abbess was a woman mild
 And lovely as an artless child;
 Not e'en her faith's mistaken zeal
 Could cause her heart to cease to feel;
 And at a tale so full of wo,
 Her tend'rest woman feelings flow—

Those long pent feelings of her heart,
Now melt in tear drop's gentlest start.
"Come to my heart, poor bird," she cried—
And now she dared caress and love
Something out of heaven above—
"Thou shalt be from this very hour,
Our loved and cherished convent flower."

Within the convent walls she grew,
Loving and loved by all she knew.
Like Charney's lonely prison flower,
That heaven sent in pitying hour,
Bidding it shed its fragrant bloom
To cheer the captive's weary doom.
Sweet Constance was a child of light,
So soft and winning, mild and bright,
The darling of the convent school,
And all who knew the convent's rule.
Her step was lightest in the throng,
Sweetest her voice in every song.
The soft waves of her golden hair,
Moved by each passing breath of air,
Were not more pure and free from art,
Than each pure thought of her pure heart.

For every woe she had a tear,
For every joy a word of cheer.
Did sickness weigh some suff'ers head,
She loved to watch beside the bed,
And gently bathe the aching brow,
Or learn each wish in whispers low.
Was Constance happy? although there
To every inmate she was dear,
And not the sternest of the sect,
Whene'er her pleading eye they met,
But smoothed her brow and gently smiled
Upon the loving orphan child—
Yet often flowed her silent tears,
For frozen was that love of theirs,
And school-girl friendships pass away,
Like dew-drops 'neath a summer's ray.

But 'mong the scholars there was one,
As warm and glowing as the sun—
A daughter of the sunny South,
With sparkling eyes and laughing mouth—
Full many a warm caress did shower
Upon the lonely convent flower.
And Constance felt her heart expand
Beneath the warmth of Ada's hand,
And loved her friend with that pure love,
We deem the angels feel above.

While basking in the genial ray
 Of warm affection's kindling sway,
 Deeper now grew her pale cheek's dye,
 More laughing than her pensive eye,
 And lighter beat her grateful heart,
 Than her light fairy footsteps' start.

A few short years had passed away,
 When in the light of parting day,
 And fading with each passing ray,
 The convent flower dying lay,
 And gathered round in tearful hour,
 The nuns and scholars mourn their flower.
 She said, "Dear Ada, let me rest
 My head upon thy loving breast,
 And let me, ere my spirit's past,
 Feel thou art near me to the last.
 Mother, I come!—father—brother!"
 One sigh—"Farewell!"—then another,
 And with that farewell softly said,
 Her pure and loving spirit fled;
 For when they raised her drooping head,
 Constance, the convent flower, was DEAD!

Friendship.

Friendship, as recognized by Odd-Fellowship, binds them as man and man together, who seek its confederation; it exerts over them a peculiar interest and influence, making them a band of brothers, even in the presence of adversity and trouble—it extends, too, beyond the narrow limits of life: it exerts its power in behalf of the widow and the fatherless, and to the orphan it reaches out the hand of benevolence. It is no common, no idle friendship—the vows of its breathing are no empty protestations, they are full of meaning, and of impressive import. Its labor is of love, its mission to alleviate the woes attendant upon our sojourn here below, and its design is in no wise dissimilar to the designs of Scripture and Christianity. Its more peculiar characteristic, as connected with our Order, is its universality of action: there are thousands to whom its kindness is to be extended alike; and the good Odd Fellow, carrying out our principles to the world, has an interest warm and vivid for all. His friendship points him to the great family, and in its cause—the promotion of its happiness—he is no sluggish laborer; he is taught to look forward to that time when all shall embrace our views, and the perfection of our system will be realized; when, as it has been promised, "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them."

The Whorting-Party.

"A holiday! a holiday!" exclaimed Everard Damon, bursting into the school-room where his sisters and his little brother were busily preparing their lessons and exercises for the next day. "Away with your books, girls! down with that slate, Phil! papa has proclaimed a holiday for to-morrow, in honor of Jacie's birthday; and there is no need of preparation when no work is to be done. So away with it all, and come and settle our plans with me, and Bob, and Otto"—and ending this uproarious harangue with an equally uproarious "hurrah!" Everard threw his cap to the roof, and then standing for a moment on his head, with his legs quivering in the air, he suddenly "righted," and bounded out of the room, calling again on the others to come into the garden. But the young gentleman was speedily recalled by the united voices of the children and their governess, who, unseen by him, had been seated in a deep window-seat; and not a little was he abashed when he found that his ecstasy had been witnessed by her.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Colville," said he, returning; "I really did not see you, or I should not have made such a row in your presence. But do, *please*, let the girls come; we want them so much to help to settle about to-morrow."

Miss Colville, the kind friend of the children, either suspecting that little would be done whilst their young minds were afloat on other subjects, or else feeling that a few additional hours of summer joy would do more good than harm, gave a smiling dismissal to the three fair girls and the curly-pated Phil, whose eyes all waited on her glance; and soon were the brothers and sisters assembled in gay consultation on the shaded bank in the paddock.

"And what is to be done, Evvie?" said Rachel, a sprightly girl of thirteen. "I hope we are to go somewhere."

"Somewhere! I should think so," exclaimed Robert, their eldest brother, who came up at the moment; "but *where*—what is it to be? Now guess, girls; guess Phil;" and "Guess," was echoed by all who were in the secret.

"I guess a sail on the river," said one; "And I guess a picnic to Halswell and Enmore," shouted another; and a third exclaimed, "And I think it will be to go to the sea shore, and dine on the sands, and pick up shells."

"All wrong—all wrong!" screamed the boys in delight. "Now I tell you," added Robert, "It is a picnic, and it is not—at least not a *true* picnic—it is to be a grand whorting party. You know Jacinth will be nineteen to-morrow, and it is papa and mamma's wedding-day too;

so papa is going to give this party—only instead of having it in the house, it is to be in the beautiful valley where Mrs. Maine lives; and now, which of us are to go? Guess!” and again the guessing, of which children are so fond, went from lip to lip. The elder ones seemed pretty secure that they would have part in the projected party; but the younger branches of the family looked sobered and doubtful, for, of course, in so large a family, it was not usual for all to be included in such arrangements.

“Well, Phil, you for one do not expect to go, I should think?” said Otto, a good humored lad of sixteen, but who rather delighted in teasing the young ones. “As you happen to be seventh, you will allow that you have not much chance?”

“Come, come, Otto,” said Robert, seeing poor Phil beginning to fight with some most unmanly tears, which appeared disposed to overflow, “we will not allow any nonsense. Cheer up, my boy; I have some of the best of the whole to tell: we are *all* to go—*all*—every one. But papa and mamma say they can not manage for all, and we are all to get there the best way we can—some on the ponies, some in the carriage, and those who can do no better, in the wagon that is to carry the servants and the provisions; that is to set out an hour or two before the rest, because it will go slower. But we are all to start early, to be in time to pick whorts for the pies and puddings before it gets too hot. Whort-picking is to be the grand object of the day; but those who prefer it are to fish; and mamma and Alice mean to sketch; and Jacinth is going to botanise; and the *babes* can swim little boats in the brooks, and grub about for flowers, and make any fun they like; and a capital day it will be, I suspect.”

And now we will leave our young ones to consult about what fishing-tackle, and baskets, and other gear they should take, and fill up the hours which must intervene between the present moment and the prospective pleasure in the best way they can, only asking those of our readers who have reached the summit of the hill of life to look back a little, and recollect whether they have not sometimes found, in earlier days, that the gush of pleasure which the prospect of such a time of simple enjoyment as that which lay before our young friends induces, is not a very precious thing? and whether the hours of anticipation which precede such a period, are not in themselves often more full of life's gayest hopes and enjoyment, even than those hours they forestall?

We will ourselves fill up the interval by inquiring a little into the nature of the fruit which it was the object of our merry party to “victimise.” The very pretty little shrub which bears the berries—called in different localities by the names of whorts, whortle-berries, hurts, and hurtleberries—grows about a foot, or from that to six feet in height, and

very bushy and thick. This shrub bears very abundant flowers, each placed separately; in form bell-shaped, and of a delicate greenish white, richly tinted with pink. These pretty blossoms appear in May, when a branch of the plant is a lovely addition to a nosegay. In July, the berries they produce are ripe, and almost as pretty as the blossom which precedes them. They are about the size of currants, but of course, as the blossoms stand separate, so do the berries, and not in strings or bunches. It is a rich juicy fruit, and is considered very wholesome.

But to return to our holiday-party. The wagon set forth at six on the brightest of July mornings. It contained Nancy, and her assistant Hester; Phil, who kept his resolution to "take time by the forelock;" Emily, Kate, Blanche, and baby Basil, a pet of some two years old, not the least vociferous of the party. Moreover, there were two or three extra servants. It would not be easy to tell what the wagon contained beside the living freight. Hampers full of chickens, and cold meat, and veal pies; cakes, fruits, and other things usual on such occasions, were among its contents. A highly approved part of the plan was that the young ones were to breakfast in the wagon; to facilitate which, a large basket filled with slices of bread and butter was packed; and they were to call at a farm some two miles on their way, and there obtain supplies of new milk, fresh from the cow, and so jog on, eating and drinking as they went. The rest of the party breakfasted at home, and set forward on their way in joyous spirits, their guests being to meet them at the end of the little journey.

The scenery of the spot on which they had agreed to meet was lovely indeed! but too rich in grassy lawns, gently rising knolls, gushing streams, and luxuriant herbage, to be described with mere pen and ink. It was a glorious day, and a glorious scene to which all the fair and gay young beings who now stood gathered round the door of a rustic farm, which lay in one extremity of the valley, consulting over their separate plans of amusement, added a new and most attractive feature. They were a merry group, and we must introduce them individually to the reader.

Jacinth Damon, the queen of the day, must take the lead. She was as merry and sparkling a brunette as Rosalind, and almost as saucy—full of life and frolic, and liking nothing better than a scamper on the hills or a dance on the green-sward. Alice, her next in age, a plain but intelligent girl, with abundant good humor. With Robert, Otto, Rachel, and Everard, we have already made acquaintance; and these, with the five younger ones who had come in the wagon, went far to make up half the number of allotted guests. Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Damon, and Aunt Margaret, who was Mrs. Damon's sister, and Miss Colville, the girls' nice governess, making up the number fifteen, so that seven visitors only were of the party. There had been some consultation as to

who these should be; some had been elected by acclamation; but there had been long balancing before it could be decided which of several friends should be included, and which, by consequence, excluded. Annie Cleveland, Jacinth's inseparable friend, was of course called for *nem. con.*, and this involved Salome, her sister, who could not be left at home. Then Phil besought for Willie to go too, Willie being *his* inseparable, so the three Cleverlands were fixed on; then some one suggested Hugh Scott and Maria—they *must* go. "Well, be it so," said Mr. Damon; "and we will then ask Mr. and Mrs. Scott; they will be companions for mamma and me, and that will make up our number." And now, just intimating that Mr. Scott was a lively, agreeable lawyer, and his wife the delight of all young people, from her cheerful sociability and great capabilities of amusing; that Hugh was a young Cantab, of some distinction in the schools; and Maria a fine gentle, almost child, of sixteen, we will leave the party to speak for themselves.

All being assembled in and round the porch of the farmhouse, a lively discussion was going on respecting their several projects for passing the morning. Mrs. Damon and Alice, together with Salome Cleveland, were soon seated in a sheltered nook amongst the trees, surrounded with brushes and materials for drawing in water-colors, and each so much absorbed in transferring the likeness of some stately group of trees, or picturesque gable-end of a cottage, to her paper, that no sound save the ripple of the brook, or other such sweet reminders of country seclusion, was to be heard in their neighborhood. The little ones had gamboled away with Hester and their baskets, too eager to await the settling of preliminaries, and the rest stood still deliberating. It was decided that one party should go with the young ones to the whortleberry thickets to gather fruit; and the rest were, with rod and line, to strip the brook of its finny inhabitants, bringing home—as they hoped—enough of fish to dine the whole party. But they could not decide as to who would be of either party. Hugh Scott could not make up his mind. He was an undoubted adept in the art of angling, and known to be especially fond of it; but, strange to say, on this occasion he declared eventually that "he did not care a straw for fishing;" give him "the fine open hillside, and the merriment of the little ones!"—he should go whorting.

A latent smile flickered on the eyes of some of the party at this sudden fit of love for children, for it was quite a new feature in his character. There was certainly lurking mischief in the minds of some of the party; and we are sorry to say that a comical movement of the lip, and a saucy light in the eye, gave indications that Miss Jacie had a share in it. Alas! that we should have to confess it; but truth compels us to say that a spice of coquetry, or something that, under less wise guidance than that of her excellent parents, might have become such, might be

found in Jacinth's character; and dearly did she delight in showing her power. On the present occasion, it had been generally understood that she was to join the hillside detachment; she had said nothing, but the others had reckoned on her for the whorting-party, and named her as one of them; and it was guessed that Hugh's enthusiasm for children arose from his desire for their sister's company.

Both parties were to proceed together as far as the entrance of a copse which lay in their road to the meadows; here the fruit-seekers were to branch off, and here they all paused for a few moments.

"I go with you, papa," said Jacinth. "I shall not disturb your fishing; but you know I want to look for some plants that grow by the brook: come, Annie;" and away sprang the two girls, without casting a glance at the other party.

"O! Jacie, don't go; we can not do without you," shouted the younger ones; but it was all in vain: Jacie and Annie were already out of hearing. Poor Hugh! his dilemma was serious; however, after some time striving to join in the laughter and mirth which surrounded him, he found that he could no longer endure "letting I dare not wait upon I would"—and suddenly remembering (lucky fellow!) that he had some part of his father's fishing apparatus in his pocket, he shot off down the hillside in the direction of the brook, and as the allegories say, "we saw him no more!"

And now, as he proceeded onwards, the copse became an exceedingly animated scene. We should, however, scarcely call it a copse; it was rather a succession of thickets and bits of underwood, scattered over little knolls and banks, with fine strips of soft hillside turf between; and it might well be questioned which were the gayest and most lovely—the multitudes of birds and gorgeous butterflies skimming about in the air, or the brilliant and joyous children, and young girls and boys, who sprang about among the flowers on the earth, shouting with joy as they discovered grove after grove of the pretty shrubs laden with their blooming fruit.

Soon were the baskets filled to the brim with the sweet berries; and dispatching some of the motley crew to the farm with them, and strict injunctions to Mrs. Maine, the farmer's wife—who, before her marriage, had been for many years their cook—to be sure to make plenty of pies and puddings, our young ones seated themselves in groups to enjoy the hour as they listed. Here was a party of what Robert called "babes," gathering wood-berries, and threading the scarlet gems like beads on long spikes of grass, some of them every now and then springing up to chase some glittering insect which passed speedily by, or to make an excursion to a neighboring bank, where some floral treasure was thought to lurk; there was a group gathered round Mrs. Scott, who was delight-

ing some of the elder ones by reading to them some scenes from *The Midsummer Night's Dream*; whilst a third party were stretching themselves on a grassy bank in earnest conversation, enjoying those outpourings of mutual confidence so essential to the joy of youthful hearts, and planning, with perhaps a full allowance of sentiment and romance, schemes for their future lives—dream-like anticipations, full of bright lights and vivid expectations.

The hour proposed for dinner drew near; and Nancy, gathering her charge together, drove them before her like a flock of young frolicsome lambs to the home-pastures, frisking and gamboling, and upsetting themselves and each other in their mirth, as untired as if they had not all been up from five in the morning. The elders followed, as gay at heart, though a little more restrained in manner; and near the farm they fell in with the fishing-party, who, having consigned the contents of their baskets to the hands of Mrs. Maine, were comparing notes, and greatly exultant in the full success of their piscatorial efforts.

Jacynth, and Annie too, had been successful in their pursuit. "It was lucky that I had my father's reel in my pocket, Miss Damon," said Hugh. "You would scarcely have been able to get at that asphodel without my assistance, for the bog was rather wet."

"Well, my good fellow," observed his father, "I am glad you found something to do in that way; for really I do not see any other particular good you did us. Why, Hugh, you boast of being a good fisherman—I do not think you caught a single fish to-day."

Hugh blushed, and the same odd smile glanced from eye to eye. We wonder why; for what can be more orthodox than that a gentleman should not allow ladies to ransack bogs for flowers without assistance? Why should a young man blush or stammer when his politeness is remarked on? O consciousness! what tricks dost thou play us!

The party was large; but Farmer Maine's fine old hall was by no means put out of countenance—it had space for them all; and at the table where the harvest feasts were wont to be held, the whole party were soon arranged. Mrs. Maine had added some of her finest ducks and chickens, and a grand piece of bacon, to the otherwise cold feast. The trout were superlative, and the whort-pies only beaten by the whort-puddings, inasmuch as the former ought to have been cold, and were of necessity, under the circumstances, hot; whereas the latter were as they ought to be—smoking hot, and swimming in the dark, rich syrup of the juicy fruit. Great bowls of cream flanked these dainty dishes; and truly an alderman might have felt himself well off at that ample feast.

The party were as merry as the viands were good. Hugh was himself again: he had apparently solved the problem which had occupied his mind in the morning; he now neither blushed nor stammered, but stood

the fire of all the saucy young creatures; and turning out Phil, who had established himself by the side of his favorite Jacie, coolly possessed himself of the place, and gave himself up to enjoyment; no repulse being looked or spoken by the young lady, who, however, seemed to have herself appropriated the blushing and stammering propensities which had been abandoned by her neighbor. We ourselves suspected that being unable to solve the problem himself, Hugh had asked Jacie to resolve it for him when they were chatting alone under the weeping-ash whilst the dinner was serving, and that she was abashed at its having been thought possible that she understood that branch of mathematics. But of this we can not speak with certainty, but it is quite clear that, after dinner, when Jacie was particularly wanted, she was nowhere to be found.

Many merry games followed among the younger ones, and again the elders reveled in groups among the trees, each party disporting themselves as best suited the freak of the moment. Another visit to the whort-grounds was projected, and performed, and quarts of berries gathered and stowed away in the wagon for home consumption. Some of the party enjoyed a visit to the cool large dairy, and others amused themselves in learning to milk—an art in which Salome Cleveland and Alice Damon made such progress that they boasted of having drawn all the milk that was used for tea; whilst Annie, who for once found herself irretrievably separated from her inseparable, amused herself, in conjunction with Miss Colville, by making the junket, and skimming the cream for the whole party. Still Jacinth and Mr. Hugh Scott were invisible, nor was it till quite tea-time that they reappeared to give an account of themselves.

We would fain tell our readers what plants they had found in their excursion, which was no doubt of botanical tendency; but a bit of forget-me-not, in Jacie's hand, on which she seemed to set great store, was all we saw. We should like also to enlarge much more on the many pleasant enjoyments which filled up the rest of this long day in the country; but our space will not allow us to say more, than that the same plan was adopted for the children's tea as for their breakfast, and they, with full supplies of cake, bread and butter, and new milk, were dispatched in the wagon at an early hour, while the elders remained until the deepening shadows of the woods and the brightening rays of the moon began to warn them that the night was coming on; all agreeing that of all possible ways of enjoying a holiday, there was none to be compared with that of a pleasure-party in the whorting-season.

TAXES for education, are like dews from the earth which return to beautify and adorn it.

Visit the Sick.

Yes, visit the sick, is a command uttered by Odd-Fellowship, and binding upon every Odd Fellow, who should strictly and punctually attend to this highly important matter. We should not only be ever ready to take our turn, in rotation, to sit up with him through the dark and silent hours of midnight, and render him all the assistance in our power; but as it is our right and our privilege to visit a brother in sickness or distress, we never should wait for an invitation to do so. And when we make these visits of mercy, we should not make them merely a business matter, because we are bound to their performance by our laws; but we should do so from a cheerful disposition to do good—from a sympathetic feeling to mitigate the sorrows and woes of others, to bind up the broken-hearted; well knowing that it will not only be gratifying to the brother, but equally so to his friends and relatives. When a brother is laid low on the sick bed, whose frail body is racked with tormenting pains, oh! how pleasant and agreeable to receive the visit of some true and faithful brother—with what a thrill of delight does he receive the friendly hand! how consoling are these kind acts to his troubled spirit!

When the cold and icy sweat-drops of death are standing upon the pale and wasted countenance of a worthy brother, who is about to sleep the long and silent sleep of death—when the vital spark is about to flit away for the world above—when he is about to bid a last and long farewell to all he holds near and dear on earth, oh! then above all other times we should be there, that his last look may be turned upon us, in feeling of gratitude and friendship, for this last kind and fraternal act of goodness. Ah! when my time comes to “shuffle off this mortal coil,” when about to launch my frail bark upon the dark and mysterious ocean of eternity, may I have the inexpressible delight of seeing clustered around my dying couch the well known and familiar faces of my beloved brothers, that they may wipe my pallid brow, cheer my weak spirit and bid me “trust in God.” And when they have performed the last sad duty of depositing my cold rigid remains in the house appointed for all, laid them low in the cold damp grave, may they there shed over me the tear-drop of affection: and after casting upon my coffin the evergreen, the emblem of immortality, may they, under its chastening influence, sacredly renew to each other the warm pledge of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

When God, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, takes away from this mundane sphere a worthy brother of the mystic tie, who leaves a widow and young orphans, see to it, brothers, that they receive your

labors of love and mercy. Remember that there is no cessation from labor so long as there are any of his family left, who may be in need of your charity and kind acts of benevolence. Call often to see his bereaved widow, and tender her those consolations which you may be able to offer; and make all needful inquiry concerning her prospects and her situation; and if she is in want, make it known to the Lodge, that it may make the proper provisions to supply her need.

Never let it be said that Odd Fellows neglect those placed under their charge; but be always ready to wipe the falling tear from the weeping eyes of the disconsolate widow, and hush the cries of the mourning orphans. Let that heavenly grace, pure charity, predominate in all your proceedings, both public and private. Never let it be said in truth that the sorrowing child of humanity—the true Odd Fellow, has applied in vain at your doors for needed assistance. Never let it be said that a worthy Odd Fellow has taken up his abode in the poor house, or is dependent on the cold charity of the world for support.

Romish Bigotry and Superstition.

Never was a life fuller of romance and originality than Paganini's. It had scarcely an incident in common with those of ordinary men: everything about it was strange, eccentric, and *sui generis*. From playing upon his violin to eating his dinner, nothing that he did was done as it would have been by others. All was singular and peculiar to himself. And what was true of the celebrated musician living, held so of his body when his spirit had flown upwards. It could not be buried in peace like those of other men, but must go through as many strange adventures as the Catholic legends fable the dead bodies of some of their saints to have done.

It was in the middle of December, 1839, that Paganini, ill and feeble, came to the city of Nice to die. He was pale and thin, even to ghastliness, and so weak as to require to be carried to his apartment. But though unable to stand alone—and indeed unable even to speak, excepting through the nostrils, since his larynx, if not entirely destroyed, no longer performed its functions—he did not himself believe in the nearness of his end. He spoke incessantly of tours which he yet intended to make in Russia and the United States, and of the rich harvests of roubles and dollars which he yet hoped to reap with his marvelous bow. Nevertheless, he was dying rapidly.

Confined to his bed, he lay surrounded by stringed instruments of all kinds, buried amid heaps of violins and violincellos, all of high value,

and worthy of figuring in the hands of the greatest artists. Sometimes he called for his favorite instrument, and drew from it sublimer tones than even of old—tones like those which might have been uttered by a dying poet who was pouring out his soul in a last song. The exertions which he underwent on these occasions, and the states of nervous excitement into which they threw him, rapidly exhausted his little remaining strength.

After his death, a priest declared that he had refused to receive the last sacraments. This was not the truth. As we have seen, at the commencement of his illness, he fully believed that he should recover, and this belief did not forsake him till within a few minutes of his death. When, therefore, a day or two before its occurrence, a priest intruded himself into his chamber, he told him that he did not yet need the consolations of the Church, but that when he should need them he should send for him. Death, however, surprised him so suddenly that his intention could not be fulfilled. According to the Catholic doctrine he thus died in sin, and the clergy therefore ordained that Christian burial should be denied him.

Many influential personages sought to obtain a reversal of this decree, but those who issued it were deaf to all entreaties. Appeal had therefore to be made to an ecclesiastical court, and as it might be years before they gained a decision authorizing them to bury his body—or indeed a decision of any kind—the friends of the deceased resolved that they would embalm it.

When they had done so, they threw open the doors of the hall in which it was deposited to the public, who flocked in crowds to gaze for the last time upon the features of the illustrious dead. From all parts of Italy came multitudes of all classes and all ranks, each vying with the other as to whom should pay him the most profound homage. But at this the clergy were exceedingly displeased. They felt outraged at seeing the corpse of this man, whom they declared had died in impenitence, and whose ashes had been anathematised by the Church, the object of so much reverence and so many honors; they therefore demanded that it should be sent out of the city, and it was accordingly removed, under military escort, to the lazaretto of Villefranche.

When the cause was brought before the tribunals it was argued on both sides with eloquent zeal. The priests did all they could to make it appear otherwise, but Paganini was proved triumphantly to have been in all things a good Catholic. All was in vain, however; had they proved him a saint, the bishop would still have denied him burial. Appeal must, therefore, be made to some higher authority.

From the bishop of Nice, appeal was made to the archbishop. But he only confirmed the original judgment. From him, in his turn, therefore,

appeal was made to the pope. Fortunately, the tiara proved itself more tolerant than the mitre. The supreme pontiff reversed the two previous decisions, and referred the matter for final decision to a council of three archbishops. But, till this final judgment could be obtained, he authorized the provisional placing of the corpse in a Christian cemetery.

This authorization reached Nice on the 20th of August, 1853, the quarantine of the *maestro* having thus lasted more than three years. An hour before midnight on the 21st, the Count de Cessole, bearing the necessary documents, and accompanied by two boatmen and two torchbearers, presented himself at the lazaretto, and demanded that the body should be delivered up to him. Having received it, his companions bore it, by the light of the torches, into the skiff which had brought them thither, and then began to row in the direction of Genoa.

As they passed the various custom stations upon the coast, they were hailed by the officers in charge with the cry: "What carry you there?" "The corpse of Paganini—*aqueo que sonaba tan ben*," (him who sang so well,) was the reply. But it was not sufficient to content the officers, who insisted upon examining the body with all minuteness, turning it over and over to assure themselves that it was not made to hide any contraband goods.

It was in the duchy of Parma that the dead *voyageur* at last found the repose so long denied to his persecuted ashes. He was buried in a little chapel added on purpose to a villa which had been purchased some years before by his son. But the Italian priesthood will never suffer a victim to escape them; as the pope had only authorized a *provisional* burial, they have recently been enabled to bring the case before the tribunals, and to obtain an order that the body shall be disinterred, and remain so until judgment be finally given. So it has been once more taken up to its old post in the lazaretto. How long it will remain there, none can tell.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH, the motto of our Order—how trite it has become—and how little is it understood and practised by many who make large professions! Yet what is it? *Friendship, Love, and Truth*, extended toward man by his brother universally, would make of this world a comparative paradise. It would turn aside half the ills that "flesh is heir to," and produce an amount of happiness that would astonish mankind itself. Practice them, and *you* at least will derive consolation from them. Do not imitate the theorizers, who preach our motto through their presses and from their rostrums, and who have none of its life and spirit; but go out among your brethren, and make them feel that you at least are no vainglorious boaster, whose thought is only for the loaves and fishes.

The Indian Chief, Rhon-yan-ness.

At the death of Rhon-yan-ness, he was the oldest chief in the Wyandott nation. He was among the first that embraced the Gospel, and became a convert to the religion of Christ among the Wyandotts. He was a great hunter, and first among the braves of his tribe, and was as much honored as a chief as any chief of any nation. Like Saul of Tarsus, who, as a brave and indefatigable opponent of Christianity, when converted, became equally courageous and persevering in the cause of Christ, so it was with the Christian Indian. There was no enterprise, however hazardous, that he would not undertake for the interests of his nation before conversion; nor was there any danger he would not brave, or sacrifice he would not make, for the sake of Christ and his cause, after he had been a partaker of the grace of life.

We will relate an incident which occurred in his life, that will serve to show, in some degree, his zeal and courage as an Indian, and will also illustrate several points in his character better, perhaps, than the most elaborate detail. Previous to the relation of this incident it will be necessary to refer the reader to a scrap of border warfare. About the middle of July, 1782, seven Wyandotts crossed the Ohio, a few miles above Wheeling, and committed great depredations upon the southern shore, killing an old man whom they found alone in his cabin, and spreading terror throughout the neighborhood. Within a few hours after their retreat, eight men assembled from different parts of the small settlement, and pursued the enemy with great expedition. Among the most active and efficient of the party were two brothers—Adam and Andrew Poe. Adam was particularly popular. In strength, action, and hardihood, he had no equal, being finely formed, and inured to all the perils of the woods.

They had not followed the trail far before they became satisfied that the depredators were conducted by Big Foot, a renowned chief of the Wyandott tribe, who derived his name from the immense size of his feet, and his strength was represented as Herculean. He had also five brothers, but little inferior to himself in size and courage; and as they generally went in company, they were the terror of the whole country. Adam Poe was overjoyed at the idea of measuring his strength with that of so celebrated a chief, and urged the pursuit with a keenness which quickly brought him into the vicinity of the enemy. For the last few miles the trail had led them up the southern bank of the Ohio, where the footprints in the sand were deep and obvious; but when within a few yards of the point at which the whites as well as the Indians were in the habit of crossing, it suddenly diverged from the stream, and

stretched along a rocky ridge, forming an obtuse angle with its former direction. Here Adam halted for a moment, and directed his brother and the other young men to follow the trail with proper caution, while he himself still adhered to the river path, which led through clusters of willows directly to the point where he supposed the enemy to lie. Having examined the priming of his gun, he crept cautiously through the bushes, till he had a view of the point of embarkation. Here lay two canoes, empty and apparently deserted. Being satisfied, however, that the Indians were close at hand, he relaxed nothing of his vigilance, and quickly gained a jutting cliff, which hung immediately over the canoes. Hearing a low murmur below, he peered cautiously over, and beheld the object of his search. The gigantic Big Foot lay below him in the shade of a willow, and was talking in a low deep tone to another warrior who seemed a mere pigmy by his side. Adam cautiously drew back, and cocked his gun. The mark was fair; the distance did not exceed twenty feet, and his aim was unerring. Raising his rifle slowly and cautiously, he took a steady aim at Big Foot's breast, and drew the trigger. His gun flashed. Both Indians sprung to their feet with a deep interjection of surprise, and for a single second all three stared upon each other.

This inactivity, however, was soon over. Adam was too much hampered by the bushes to retreat, and setting his life upon a cast of the die, he sprung over the bush which had sheltered him, and summoning all his powers, leaped boldly down the precipice, and alighted upon the breast of Big Foot with a shock which bore him to the earth. At the moment of contact Adam had also thrown his right arm around the neck of the smaller Indian, so that all three came to the earth together. At that moment a sharp firing was heard among the bushes above, announcing that the other parties were engaged; but the trio below were too busy to attend to any thing but themselves. Big Foot was for an instant stunned by the violence of the shock, and Adam was enabled to keep them both down. But the exertion necessary for that purpose was so great that he had no leisure to use his knife. Big Foot quickly recovered, and without attempting to rise, wrapped his long arms around Adam's body, and pressed him to his breast with the crushing force of a boa-constrictor! Adam, as we have already remarked, was a powerful man, and had seldom encountered his equal; but never had he yet felt an embrace like that of Big Foot. He instantly relaxed his hold of the small Indian, who sprung to his feet. Big Foot then ordered him to run for his tomahawk, which lay within ten steps, and kill the white man while he held him in his arms. Adam, seeing his danger, struggled manfully to extricate himself from the folds of the giant, but in vain. The lesser Indian approached with his uplifted tomahawk; but Adam

watched him closely, and as he was about to strike, gave him a kick so sudden and violent as to knock the tomahawk from his hand, and sent him staggering back into the water. Big Foot uttered an exclamation in a tone of deep contempt at the failure of his companion, and raising his voice to its highest pitch, thundered out several words in the Indian tongue, which Adam could not understand, but supposed to be a direction for a second attack. The lesser Indian now again approached, carefully shunning Adam's heels, and making many motions with his tomahawk, in order to deceive him as to the point where the blow would fall. This lasted for several seconds, till a thundering exclamation from Big Foot compelled his companion to strike.

Such was Adam's dexterity and vigilance, however, that he managed to receive the tomahawk in a glancing direction upon his left wrist, wounding him deeply, but not disabling him. He now made a sudden and desperate effort to free himself from the arms of the giant, and succeeded. Instantly snatching up a rifle—for the Indian could not venture to shoot for fear of hurting his companion—he shot the lesser Indian through the body. But scarcely had he done so when Big Foot arose, and placing one hand upon his collar, and the other upon his hip, pitched him ten feet into the air, as he himself would have pitched a child. Adam fell upon his back at the edge of the water; but before his antagonist could spring upon him, he was again upon his feet, and stung with rage at the idea of being handled so easily, he attacked his gigantic antagonist with a fury which for a time compensated for inferiority of strength. It was now a fair fist fight between them; for in the hurry of the struggle neither had leisure to draw their knives. Adam's superior activity and experience as a pugilist gave him a great advantage. The Indian struck awkwardly, and finding himself rapidly dropping to leeward, he closed with his antagonist, and again hurled him to the ground. They quickly rolled into the river, and the struggle continued with unabated fury, each attempting to drown the other. The Indian being unused to such violent exertion, and having been much injured by the first shock in his stomach, was unable to exert the same powers which had given him such a decided superiority at first; and Adam, seizing him by the scalp-lock, put his head under water, and held it there till the faint struggles of the Indian induced him to believe that he was drowned, when he relaxed his hold, and attempted to draw his knife. The Indian, however, to use Adam's own expression, "*had only been possuming!*" He instantly regained his feet, and in his turn put his adversary under. In the struggle both were carried out into the current, beyond their depth, and each was compelled to relax his hold and swim for his life. There was still one loaded rifle upon the shore, and each swam hard in order to reach it; but the Indian proved the most expert

swimmer, and Adam, seeing that he should be too late, turned and swam out into the stream, intending to dive, and thus frustrate his enemy's intention. At this instant, Andrew, having heard that his brother was alone, in a struggle with two Indians, and in great danger, ran up hastily to the edge of the bank above, in order to assist him. Another white man followed him closely, and seeing Adam in the river, covered with blood, and swimming rapidly from shore, mistook him for an Indian, and fired upon him, wounding him dangerously in the shoulder. Adam turned, and seeing his brother, called loudly upon him to "shoot the big Indian upon the shore." Andrew's gun, however, was empty, having just been discharged.

Fortunately, Big Foot had also seized the gun with which Adam had shot the lesser Indian, so they were both on an equality. The contest now was who should load first. Big Foot poured in his powder first, and drawing his ramrod out of its sheath in too great a hurry, threw it in the river, and while he ran to recover it, Andrew gained an advantage. Still the Indian was but a second too late, for his gun was at his shoulder when Andrew's ball entered his breast. The gun dropped from his hands, and he fell forward on his face, on the very margin of the river.

Andrew, now alarmed for his brother, who was scarcely able to swim, threw down his gun, and rushed into the river, in order to bring him ashore; but Adam, more intent upon securing the scalp of Big Foot as a trophy than upon his own safety, called loudly upon his brother to leave him alone and scalp the big Indian, who was now endeavoring to roll himself in the water, from a romantic desire peculiar to the Indian warrior, of securing his scalp from the enemy. Andrew, however, refused to obey, and insisted upon saving the living before attending to the dead. Big Foot, in the mean time, had succeeded in reaching the deep water before he expired, and his body was borne off by the waves, without being stripped of the ornament and pride of an Indian warrior.

Not a man of the Indians had escaped. Five of Big Foot's brothers, the flower of the Wyandott nation, had accompanied him in the expedition, and all perished. It is said that the news of this calamity threw the whole tribe into mourning. Their remarkable size, their courage, and their superior intelligence, gave them immense influence, which, greatly to their credit, was generally exerted on the side of humanity. Their powerful interposition had saved many prisoners from the stake, and had given a milder character to the warfare of the Indians in that part of the country. A chief of the same name was alive in that part of the country so late as 1792; but whether a brother or son of Big Foot is not known. Adam Poe recovered of his wounds, and lived many years after his memorable conflict; but never forgot the tremendous

"hug" which he sustained in the arms of Big Foot. He was the grandfather of Adam Poe, present Assistant Agent of the Book Concern.

The great loss sustained by the Wyandott nation in the death of the Big Foot brothers, created an implacable hatred in every heart toward their destroyers. Many an Indian malediction had been poured out upon the head of Adam Poe, and many a prize had been offered for his scalp. His place of residence, which was on the west bank of the Ohio river, at the mouth of Yellow creek, was known to the Wyandotts. It seemed, however, that none of the nation possessed sufficient courage to encounter, single handed, this foe of the redman, whose strength was considered equal to that of Big Foot himself. At length, having determined to wait no longer in seeking to be revenged of the death of their Goliath, the nation made choice of their bravest warrior, in the person of Rhon-yan-ness, one of their chiefs. Having made all the preparations necessary for the accomplishment of the fearful mission intrusted to him by his nation, he started out on foot for the residence of Poe.

After passing through the then wilderness of Ohio, he at length reached the creek, which emptied into the Ohio, on the bank of which his intended victim lived. No sooner, however, had he placed his foot within the door of the brave backwoods hunter than he was received with the utmost cordiality and friendship, while every hospitality that the cabin afforded was, with true pioneer generosity, tendered to the Indian guest. When the time for retiring to rest had come, there being but one room and one bed, Poe made a comfortable pallet for the Indian on the floor by the fire, after which he and his wife retired to rest, without any suspicion whatever in regard to the designs of the Indian. It was now a time of peace, and the Indians, particularly the Wyandotts, were regarded as friendly. It was not long till they both fell asleep, when Rhon-yan-ness rose stealthily from his couch, and proceeded cautiously, with his tomahawk and scalping-knife, to the bedside of the unconscious sleepers. Scarcely had he arrived at the spot than the kindness of his host flashed upon his mind. "How," thought he, "can I perpetrate an act of so much cruelty upon one who has taken me into his wigwam, and treated me with so much friendship?"

The better feelings of his nature overcame him, and finding it impossible to commit an act which, though it might bring honor to him from his nation as the avenger of the death of Big Foot, he could not nerve himself up to such a pitch of desperateness as to obliterate all the gratitude of his heart. Enemy as Poe had been to his nation, yet he could not think of imbruing his hands in his blood, and with these thoughts, he crept back softly to his bed. He had not lain long till the question came up before him in a somewhat different aspect, and his thoughts took a turn something like the following: "Have you not been solemnly

set apart by the nation to avenge the death of its bravest warrior? and will not the ghost of the departed haunt you in your chase in the wilderness, and in your midnight slumbers, till it is appeased by the death of Poe? Does not your religion require you to execute vengeance as the agent of the Great Spirit? and will he not frown upon you if you fail to do the work of death?"

At this Rhon-yan-ness again seized his deadly instruments, and sprang to his feet. It was now past midnight, and all was still. No sound could be heard but the gloomy hoot of an owl, which had nestled in some tree in the surrounding forest. The light of the fire had gone out, and there were only a few burning coals left upon the hearth, from which was emitted a kind of twilight glare that enabled him to gaze upon the features of his victim. Summoning all his courage, he raised the fearful tomahawk, and was about to bury it in the head of his host, when something whispered, "Shame on the Indian that can strike a friend. Mean and cowardly is the warrior who would kill even an enemy that has treated him kindly." His heart faltered, his hand trembled, and the tomahawk fell by his side. Without disturbing the family he returned to his pallet, and, dismissing all thoughts of revenge, he slept soundly till morning.

Poe rose early and made his fire, without disturbing his guest, who was in a heavy slumber. When it was fully day, and the bright fire blazed around, he had an opportunity of gazing upon the broad, open features of the manly Indian whose giant form was before him. There he lay, with his tomahawk and scalping-knife by his side. Poe understood enough of the Indian character to know that in the days of peace they were capable of the most sincere and lasting friendship; and though he had measured arms with them in deadly strife, they were more sinned against than sinning, and whatever cruelties they may have committed, were excited by the depredations of the white man: hence he loved the Indian, and had often bewailed the unhappy fate of Big Foot and his brothers. Anxious to enjoy the society of his Indian guest he approached him, and gently touching him, said softly, "Wake, brother, wake; the morning has come." The Indian sprang to his feet instantly, and, seizing him by the hand, bestowed his Indian blessings. After again partaking of the humble but bounteous fare of the cabin, he made ready for departure. As he was leaving, Poe furnished him with provisions for his journey, and, taking him by the hand, said, "Once we were at war, and were enemies; but now we are at peace, and are friends. We have buried the hatchet, and are brothers. Let us live in peace and brotherhood." Rhon-yan-ness was too much overwhelmed with a sense of gratitude for the goodness of his heart to make any reply; but the big tear which rolled down his bronze cheek told the sin-

cerity of grateful emotion, and he left to join his nation on the distant plains of Sandusky.

He often told us that was a happy day in his life, and the more he thought and reasoned about the course he had pursued the more he was convinced that he had acted right. Not long after his return to his nation, he became interested in the missionary labors among his people; and the wonderful story of the white man's God, as he came to earth and suffered and died for sinners, deeply affected his heart. Soon this bold, intrepid chief renounced his Indian religion and forms of worship, and embraced Christianity. He was soundly and happily converted to God, and became a burning and a shining light in the midst of a dark and perverse nation. Being now in Christ, he was a new creature; old things had passed away, and all things had become new. He felt upspringing in his heart that love which worketh no ill to its neighbor, but makes its possessor kind and gentle and forgiving; and which teaches that "whomsoever hateth his brother is a murderer," in the eye of the holy law, as effectually as if he had plunged the fatal knife into his heart. He took a bold stand in religion, and as a class-leader and steward he rendered efficient service to the mission. Three years after his conversion he realized a maturity of Christian grace, which enabled him to rejoice in that perfect love which casts out all tormenting fear. His whole life was unblameable, and his character as a Christian irreproachable; and we never knew a Christian in any nation, or among any people, more innocent, guileless, and happy than Rhon-yan-ness. Rooted and grounded in love he was steadfast in his profession, and labored hard to elevate and improve his nation. His powerful influence as a chief was brought to bear upon the heartless trader, who would come among the Indians with his fire-water, and rob them of their brains and furs. After being a member of the Church militant for a period of sixteen years, Rhon-yan-ness was called to join the Church triumphant. He has attended a quarterly meeting at the mission on Sabbath, and while, as a steward, he was handing round the bread in love-feast, as emblematic of universal charity, he seemed to be unusually happy. When relating his Christian experience, in which he referred to his interview with Adam Poe, he thrilled every heart with the story of redeeming love. Raising his streaming eyes toward heaven, he clapped his hands, and shouted in prospect of his long sought home. Two days after this meeting he was called by the Master to enter his inheritance above, and full of faith and holy triumph he passed away to the spirit-land.

WHOLESOME sentiment is rain, which makes the fields of daily life fresh and odorous.

Stella.

CHAPTER VIII.

Twilight had drawn her silver curtain over the busy world, ere Stella, exhausted from excitement and the fatigue of walking, drew near the prison gates. Entering the court, she was startled by the sound of her father's voice in earnest conversation with another person. She heard him breathe her name in tones of the deepest solicitude, and in her desire to relieve his anxiety, forgetful of her soiled and dripping apparel, she sprang like a young fawn to his side, exclaiming,

"I am here, father, I am safe; even the deep sea gave back your Star." And she was hasting to relate the circumstances of her narrow escape from a watery grave, when a glance at her father's companion revealed to her the noble form of Alfred Malcomb, which changed the current of her thoughts, and sent a thrill of hope through her young heart; for he had come to do them good, she knew by the bright smile which played about his lips. Disengaging herself from the speechless embrace of her father, she stepped forward to greet him, and as she did so, her faded bonnet fell from her head, her hair released from confinement, floated about her shoulders—and just then, a silver shower of moonbeams came down and rested softly, beautifully bright, upon her fair form, which, lighting up with its glimmering rays the saline particles of the "salt sea's brine" that adhered to her dress and hair, threw a brilliancy about her as if she had been arrayed in garments sparkling with a myriad glittering gems. It was no wonder that this, with her pale face and those deep eloquent eyes, should make her seem like a being from another sphere, and no wonder that Alfred's first exclamation should be one of amazement at her dazzling brilliancy.

"Is this Stella St. Luke, whom I behold?" he said; "or is it one of the sea nymphs escaped from the azure realm of Amphitrite, whom a friendly wave has borne to the shore, that we might feast our mortal eyes upon the marvelous creatures of the mighty deep?"

He would have gone on in this hyperbolical strain, had not the silvery tones of the fair child chimed in, saying,

"It is the same Stella, and this is my father. Tell me, sir, have you come to release him?"

"Bless you for a faithful daughter!" was his impulsive reply. "It is time now that you were thinking of yourself; those dripping garments must be exchanged for dry ones. Come, your father is released on bail, and I have orders from the one who has chosen to be his friend in this the hour of adversity, to make comfortable provision for you both. We

will leave these cheerless walls, and seek a place more suitable for one like you." So saying he offered one arm for the support of the old man, and with the other he clasped the delicate hand of Stella, and they proceeded thus to the nearest hotel.

As they entered, Stella observed an elderly gentleman standing in the hall, with whom Alfred exchanged glances and smiled, and then she became conscious that the eyes of the stranger were fixed, in an earnest gaze, upon herself, but she did not understand why they filled with tears, or what gave rise to the sorrowful expression of "poor child!" which fell upon her ears as they passed on. She did not know that Albert Linwood, her mother's only brother, stood there, and yearned to fold her to his heart. She knew not how great an effort it required for him to master his feelings. Neither did the old man, her father, know of his being there, or dream that it was through his instrumentality that he was once more free. Had he known this, his proud, stern heart, would have refused his favor, and preferred chains and dungeon, rather than feel indebted to one whom he had always hated, because his uprightness had been a continual reproof to his own evil doings. Of this the uncle of Stella was well aware, and had taken the precaution to prevent a disclosure which he feared might deprive him of the power to protect the child of his sister, or aid the old man, for whom, since he had seen him, he began to feel the liveliest sympathy, seeing how infirm and miserable he appeared. Leading them to comfortable apartments where was a waiting maid in readiness to exchange the worn and homely garments of Stella for some new and more becoming ones, which the kind foresight of her uncle had already provided, Alfred Malcomb returned to seek his foster father.

"You saw her—is she not beautiful?" was his first inquiry as they met.

"Yes," said Mr. Linwood, "she is indeed a glorious creature—almost the exact image of her mother at her age, only her countenance has a subdued look of suffering, which Mary's did not have then. Oh! I can not tell you how I felt when I saw her. I could hardly refrain from clasping her in my arms, my heart did so yearn within me toward her. You must persuade her to accompany us home. Go soon, and see if by any means you can gain her consent."

"I fear it will be impossible," said Alfred. "I doubt if any amount of persuasion would win her consent to leave her father; but I will try."

He did try, and failed. Stella, firm in her resolution, turned a deaf ear to all his entreaties, though they were strangely seconded by the old man, who began to fear that he had been exacting in his desire that she should not desert him, and now that he had proved, and was confident of her devotion for him, he felt no great dread at the thought of her be-

ing absent awhile, but rather wished to make some amends for what seemed to him his former selfishness. But no; Stella, true to her promise, put her arms tenderly around the old man's neck, and said,

"You will have need of your Stella yet, father; not now—I can not leave you now; I know you would be lonely without me."

Alfred, much as he regretted her decision, could not help admiring her the more for it, and refrained from urging her farther. His next duty was to inform Mr. Linwood of her refusal, and he, though greatly regretting it, yet fearing it might frustrate his future plans concerning her, were he then to disclose his relationship, thought best to let her remain: and after providing every thing necessary for their comfort, they set out on their return home, both feeling as if a new joy had left them.

Stella, once more alone with her father, began to reflect upon the events of the past day, and the more she thought of them the more was she puzzled to understand by what means her father had been restored to freedom. "Who," she asked, "is this unknown friend? Who has done this, and for what reason? Is he a friend, yet does not let himself be known? Are we to stay here," she continued, "at his expense, till father's trial? and shall we not have the pleasure of seeing him, to reward him even with our thanks?"

Her feelings of native independence revolted at this thought, and she resolved upon an expedient to free herself from what to her sensitive nature was a heavy burden.

"I will at least take care of myself," she said. "It is right that even a little girl should do all she can in this world. Mamma told me that indolence is a vice, and the parent of many crimes. I will not be indolent," she said: and with this resolution strong in her young heart, she sat about devising means to put her industrial feelings to use. Nor was she long in hitting upon a plan. "Eureka, I have found it," was the language of her soul, and her face lighted up with a glad, happy expression; and so much does the desire to be useful elevate one in his opinion, that she seemed now no longer like the pale, drooping child of the few hours ago—a noble purpose having imparted a new strength to her character, and a loftier beauty to her frank, intelligent countenance. She said nothing about her plans to her father, but completed the history of her preservation the day before, and told him the name of her preserver.

"Norman Griswold!" said the old man, starting with surprise. "Norman Griswold, is it to thee that I owe the life of my child? Thou the wrouged orphan boy! little didst thou know whom thou wert blessing, when thy arm snatched from a watery grave my beloved Stella! Little didst thou know this, or thy arm would have grown paralyzed ere it had been stretched forth to rescue the offspring of one whom thou hast a fearful right to hate."

Here the old man became silent, but his thoughts glanced back several years, and he saw a pale woman standing before him in his luxuriously furnished parlor. Her garments were old and thin, and there were tears in her sad eyes—those eyes which haunted him long after. She was pleading that he would spare to her and her poor boy, the little pittance her dead husband had gained, and all unsuspectingly confided to the rich man's care. He heard again her cry of despair, as he heard it on that night, when he spurned her humble petition, and saw her depart penniless from his princely mansion. But the scene was changed now; he was in her debt, and he had nought wherewith to recompense her. Her son had lived—lived to save the life of his only child, and to know that she was poor, and her father miserable. Ah! what more perfect retribution can a man endure in this world, than to fall at last into the hands of those whom he has wronged, and feel that he is under infinite obligations to them. It is thus that the Almighty covers with confusion the ungodly, and heaps coals of fire upon those who obey not the law of love, which should unite all hearts with the strong chords of a "true brotherhood."

Oh! worse than a thousand serpent fangs,
Or serpent's sting, or adder's hiss,
Is fall remorse.

So felt De Lorme through that wretched day, and vain were the efforts of his gentle child to rouse him from his gloomy reveries. It was not until the next day that she was able to persuade him to accompany her once more in her rambles. But he became more cheerful when he breathed the pure free air of the woods and hills again, and felt the soft hand of his dear child clasped in his own, as it had been in other days. Something like his wonted humor returned, and when in the distance he caught the heavy sounds of the restless sea, his spirit seemed to break away from the chains of darkness, and for a moment reveled in dreams of freedom, which were dreams of joy. He repeated to Stella the wild strains of Homer, the songs of Ossian, and then those mournful lines of Byron—

"And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea,
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?"

With the songs of the great poets his mind was deeply stored, and he poured them forth on that day, as a mournful lute, o'erburdened with music, breathes forth its plaintive strains on the evening air, even after the hand is stilled that touched it. Growing weary at last, he sat down on a lonely rock at a safe distance from the tide mark, and Stella, no longer needed to guide him, intent upon carrying her plans of usefulness into execution, glided away from him, and sought the lower beach to

gather shells, which she designed selling at the toy shops when she returned. Searching carefully among the sand and in the ledges of the rocks, she found many very beautiful specimens which she deposited in a bag she had made for the purpose from pieces of her old garments.

On their return to the hotel, she found an opportunity to step out unperceived, and hastening to the nearest toy store, found a ready market for her shells, and went back with a quarter, which she had received in exchange. With this she purchased a roll of colored papers, out of which she cut and made some children's toys, such as dolls, with bouquets in their hands, little paper baskets filled with flowers, and a variety of other very ingeniously constructed ornaments for children's play. These she sold again and made a profit upon them, which enabled her to enlarge upon the stock of the previous day, and at the end of a week, she had gained what seemed to her a large sum, seventy-five cents. This she resolved to use as she had done, and at the expiration of the time which they were to remain where they then were, she hoped to have sufficient to relieve herself from the feeling of dependence which her present position gave her.

As much as our readers may be inclined to laugh at the odd fancy of a child's thinking she can do something to aid herself, we cannot refrain from saying that there are many Stellas in this world, and we may see them every day, if we will but look about us; and allow me here to give a hint to the indolent man or woman, that a lesson may be learned from the industry of this faithful child.

Three weeks passed very quickly to Stella, occupied as she was by her plans of usefulness. It was now the middle of May, and in the footsteps of the laughing spring, flowers bright and "angel eyed," had followed till all the woods and valleys blushed at the sight of their own loveliness. A May day, calm and beautiful, who does not love it? Stella did, and as she wandered over the violet covered hills, the crimson wings of joy flew back again into the chambers of her soul, and touched once more the chords which grief had stilled, and they vibrated with the music of gladness. It is the privilege of the poor, that Nature's free courts are open to them; that in her peaceful realms they may feast their eyes upon creations of beauty more perfect than the works of art, with which the rich man ornaments his dwelling. But we must leave Stella with her flowers and shells, while we take up another link in the chain of this narrative.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the last evening before the day appointed for the trial of St. Luke. The sun had set in a rift of dark clouds, which extended round in a southerly direction to the extreme verge of the western horizon,

where they were met by heavier ones which reached high up into the heavens, and hung over the distant mountains like a pall. Slowly emerging from this was a single star, which, in its efforts to struggle through the darkness, formed a striking comparison to a bold, brave youth, striving to beat back, by the strength of his own right arm, the dark forces of poverty and wrong, which would hide from him the clear heaven of his well-earned renown.

So thought Norman Griswold, as from the cheerless window of his mother's humble abode, he watched the upward progress of that blazing orb. He had been for some time observing its efforts to penetrate with its mellow rays, the clouds which encircled it; and as the ancient augurs on the Palatine Hills drew an omen from the flight of birds, so did he from that struggling star seek to divine his future. It was a freak of fancy, he knew, for however strong this feeling of superstition might have been in his nature, he had reason enough to teach him the better truth that in this world "man is the architect of his own fortune." But it pleased him at that hour to indulge his highly poetic mind, by giving free play to his imagination, which led him to regard the career of that star as the emblem of his own, and when he saw it proudly, majestically tread down the darkness, and emerge into the clear, blue heavens above, his enthusiasm was at its height. Claspings his hands together, he leaned forward over the window sill, and in low but earnest tones exclaimed:

"Behold the star of my destiny! it is successful; it rises, and the clouds follow it not. To-morrow I make my first plea before the bar of my country. The case is one which will bring me into notice, and, if successful, a bright career will then be open to me; and I have the assurance of success: yon triumphant orb betokens it. But," he added, while a shade passed over his face, "there is one to whom the vindication of the laws of the land, in the trial of St. Luke, will bring a heavy sorrow. Poor Stella! when I think of thee, I cannot help feeling the liveliest sympathy for one so young, yet so unfortunate. Thou art a fair child, Stella, and I reproach myself almost, for having placed myself in a position where I must seem thy enemy, which Heaven knows I am not, though thy father wronged me once, and caused my poor mother many a bitter tear, and hours of suffering; but now it has come to this, that I, the poor widow's son, am called upon to appear as counsel against him in the courts of justice. This looks like retribution, but heaven knows it is not of my own seeking."

"Then you will not be influenced by any desire for revenge in undertaking this suit?" said a gentle voice behind him, and a fair hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"No, mother; how should I, when you know I was even ignorant of the wrong he had done us, until after I had undertaken it? You re-

member it was the evening of the day on which I rescued his child from drowning, that you disclosed to me the connection of her father with the history of our misfortunes. I had then been employed by the State as counsel against him, several days, and had mentioned the fact to you; but you did not tell me that you had ever heard of De Lorme St. Luke then. Why did you not, mother?"

"Because, my son, I did not wish you to be influenced by any secret feelings of satisfaction in making your plea. I knew very well to what fearful deeds the desire for revenge will sometimes lead the young and impetuous. I wished you to be influenced by higher motives, therefore intended to keep that miserable man's wrongs against us a secret till after his trial, and should have done so, had you not, in saving the life of his only child, led me to believe that the feeling of sympathy she had inspired you with, would cause you to lose sight of all more unworthy ones, which might arise when you should know De Lorme St. Luke as I know him. I hope I have not misjudged you. Tell me, my son, have you any thing like a feeling of triumph at the thought of witnessing the condemnation of that unhappy man?"

"No, no, mother; honestly I can say I have not. Indeed, were it possible to decline, I would not appear as counsel against him, much as I believe him guilty. The thought of encountering the sad, earnest gaze of his innocent child, in a trial which must, if there is any justice in this world, end in the ruin of one dear to her, as her own life, is painful to me. Believe me, mother, since I have seen Stella, it would be impossible for me to feel any thing like gratification from a triumph which I know must give her pain."

"I am thankful for this, my son. I trust you may always be actuated by the same noble principles as now. In your profession, seek always to be on the side of justice and humanity; but never sacrifice duty to feeling. In this case you must forget the presence of Stella, if she be there, and make your plea for the maintenance of the laws of our country with the calm dignity of one who feels that his cause is a just one. Be not a lawyer after the fashion of the world. Never give utterance to an untruth to gain a suit. If your client has not the right of justice on his side, advise him to avoid litigation; and if he will not, do not you, my son, aid him to gain an unrighteous judgment."

"I will heed your advice, my mother," said Norman Griswold. "I have hitherto found it profitable in all things, and I thank you for it. I have now a favor to ask of you. Will you attend this trial to-morrow? If possible, I will obtain a seat for you near the child of the unhappy prisoner. I know not that she has any personal friends, and should her father be found guilty of the charge preferred against him, his crime is one which will be punished with much severity. He will be confined in

the State prison for a term of years. His child must be separated from him; she can no longer share his cell—she must have a home. Will you not, my mother, let her come and live with us? Ah! you hesitate; but you will not when you see her. She is a lovely being, and would make our home so cheerful, could we reconcile her to the absence of her father."

"I have no hesitancy, my son, in doing any thing for Stella St. Luke that is in my power. You know our limited means, but if you are willing to work enough harder to enable us to offer her a comfortable home, I shall be happy indeed to grant your request. That she is the child of an enemy would be no excuse for us, were we to allow her to suffer."

"Spoken like a true woman, and a Christian. I wish, dear mother, that the whole world could appreciate such noble principles. How little misery would then exist," said Norman.

"It will," replied his mother. "The law of love hath entered the world, and is slowly working its way into the hearts of all people. It is forming societies, churches, schools, hospitals and asylums, and these will exert an influence in favor of the principles of a universal brotherhood, which shall widen till it becomes a broad river, and this shall unbosom itself at last in the mighty ocean of love—love to God, to the higher manifestations of his power, and love to man in all conditions and classes."

"That is a beautiful belief," said Norman, "and we will talk more about it some other time. To-night I can only think of Stella St. Luke. I hope she will not regard me as her enemy, because duty calls me to speak against the wrong of her father. Oh! if it were not my first case, and if in any other one I could make so fair an entrance upon my professional career, I should wish that it were possible for me to decline this one, but I cannot disappoint those who have obtained it for me, and Stella, poor Stella! thou must forgive me the part I unwillingly assume against thee." Saying this, he retired to arrange his papers for the coming trial.

The eventful day dawned at last, and at an early hour the court-house was filled with an eager multitude. The case was one involving several nice points of law, and many belonging to the legal profession were present from the adjacent counties, anxious to hear the decision. It was the prevailing opinion among the crowd that by some of the technicalities or "tricks of the trade," De Lorme would be acquitted. Many had known him in former years, and believed him to be possessed of too much cunning to be easily entrapped. They knew not how he had fallen.

Stella came with him, her face beaming with the light of innocence and hope. Alfred Malcomb and Norman Griswold were there too; one was her preserver, the other her friend. "Surely," she said to herself,

"these two will obtain the release of my father," and she was glad the trial was so near at hand. Only a few hours, she thought, and her father would be free again. Alas! she knew not the wearisome delays attendant upon such proceedings, and it was not until day after day found her in the same painful position as on the first of the trial that her youthful spirits gave way, and she became anxious and troubled. Witnesses were wanting, and waited for; they arrived, were examined, and cross-examined; lawyers and judges consulted together, and thus the wearying process went on day after day till twelve days had rolled heavily by. On the afternoon of the twelfth the case was submitted to the jury. Norman Griswold, on behalf of the State, had spoken eloquently and nobly. Even the anxious eyes of Stella, which were fixed imploringly upon him from the time he commenced till he closed his plea, could not make him swerve from that which he believed to be his duty. Though his heart was torn with the keenest feelings of sympathy for her, he must not pause in his vindication of the pure principles of justice; the right must be sustained, the wrong punished—and though all he said was characterized by the highest feelings of humanity—though he refrained from uttering any vehement expressions against the unhappy prisoner, and even spoke of him in touching tones of kindness—still his plea was powerful in behalf of justice, and roused to action the higher sentiments of the jurors, and when he ceased, throughout the entire crowd was heard the exclamation, "What a speech!"

In behalf of the defendant, Alfred Malcomb spoke well and feelingly, but the evidence was strongly and clearly against his unfortunate client. All saw it, and felt it; none more so than he, and in his desire to befriend the unhappy man, and yet to maintain the truth, he labored under a great disadvantage. He said all that could be said in extenuation of the sins of our weak humanity. He plead earnestly that the pure mantle of charity and mercy might be thrown around the erring. In this case he spoke of the age and the blindness of the prisoner, and besought the pity of the judge. He referred beautifully, touchingly to the faithfulness of the fair child whose fondest hopes hung upon the result of this trial. Many responded to his eloquence with sighs, and tearful eyes were bent upon the lovely Stella, who, save that her cheeks grew paler and her eye brighter, gave no token of the intense feelings within.

Alfred ceased speaking; the judge gave his charge to the jury; they retired, and after an absence of an hour, during which the greatest excitement reigned among the crowd, they re-entered the hall of justice. A moment of breathless silence ensued. The judge called for their verdict. It was GUILTY, but with strong recommendations to the clemency of the court, on account of the prisoner's age and infirmities. The sentence was three years confinement in the State prison.

Designation and Hope.

TO THE MEMORY OF W. C. M.

We've drank the cup! The dregs dry on our heart
 Like bitter leaves! Sad memories impart.
 Our boy is gone! They've laid him in the tomb!
 Our hearts are clothed in silent solemn gloom;
 We can not help our grief. Such are the woes
 Of earth! The thorn grows with the blushing rose,
 Outlives the tender, fragrant bud, to wound
 The heart where fond affections hover round,
 To shield and hold from God's eternal throne
 The treasures of this world He calls his own.
 "Yield, father, yield," the loving boy would say;
 "Yield, mother,"—let the Savior have his way;
 I'm richer far than you—I am happy now—
 Kiss thou the rod, in meek submission bow.
 I plead for thee—the Savior hears my voice.
 Lift up your heads and let your hearts rejoice
 That you have laid your treasure up above,
 Where saints eternal reign, where God is love."
 Your wretched parents yield; with sails unfurl'd
 They are wafting onward to the spirit world.
 We are coming, child, to your glorious home,
 Where sorrows end, and we forever roam
 Th' Elysian fields where children always live;
 Where all we ask is love, and all we give.
 "I them love that love me," the Savior said.
 All power is His—yes, He can raise the dead.

MILFORD, O., September, 1854.

A Picture of Life.

Listen! how the wind howls and the storm beats! The light is gleaming from yonder mansion, and gay equipages stop before the door, filled with the *ton* of the city. It is the wedding of a rich man's daughter. Let us enter; tread silently after me. In yonder window with its rich hangings we will ensconce ourselves. How different the scene from that which we witnessed in the raging of the elements without! Here all is gayety and animation, each vying with the other in contributing to the enjoyment of the hour. Look at yonder fop complacently twirling his moustache, and speaking in low tones to the lady by his side. How that fine noble looking man in the corner opposite watches their every motion! Oh, the demon Jealousy! They come nearer—now draw back. With what attention he tries to catch a word! Oh, fool! think

you she cares for you? She thinks not of you; you are but a poor man. She is not the innocent trusting girl you knew her; she has grown cold and careless with the world's vanity. "She is poor," you say. That's nothing—she seeks riches, and will gain them—but happiness, no!

Hush! how silent every one is! She comes! she comes! is whispered from one to another. The bride enters, leaning lovingly on the arm of her betrothed, followed by the bridal train. See her! how beautiful! how those black eyes pierce your soul! Little does she dream of the fate that awaits her; her visions of the future are all bright and glowing. The ceremony commences. Hark! "To love and to cherish!" What sound is that? Nothing but the storm. "Man, thy oath is registered in heaven!" The ceremony is finished. The gay throng retires, and leaves the wedded pair. The old man kisses his pure and innocent daughter, and hands her to her wedded husband. * * *

* * * * The storm beats fearfully, and the wind howls as it did years gone by. Years, did I say? Yes, ten long weary years have passed away since the wedding of the rich man's daughter; and now, in yonder old worn-out house sits the once trusting wife, the daughter of a rich old man, lulling an infant to sleep. Let us enter. The fire still burns, but the rapidly wasting embers only serve to increase the desolate appearance of the room. No gaudy hangings adorn the windows; no splendid tapestry or elegant furniture are found there. It is the abode of poverty and wretchedness. What a strange contrast to the magnificent mansion of her father, whence she was taken, years before, a happy and trusting bride! Look! she raises her head and listens. Ah! but it is not him; it is but the storm as it beats against the house. And she lays her weary head in her hands. A neighboring clock strikes twelve; 'tis midnight! A step is heard on the stairs—a halt, and then a step; and so he comes. Crouch close beside me. The door opens. A man in torn clothes, with bloated face and bloodshot eyes enters. "Wife, wife!" he angrily exclaims, and oaths follow oaths. See, he staggers! aye! he falls! How she shrinks from him! But he is her husband, and she must attend him—it is her duty. Slowly she approaches him, and softly kneeling by his side, speaks kindly to him. He answers her, but with curses, and drops off in silence. He is in a drunken fit. Now he sleeps. See how gently she washes the blood and dirt from his bruised and cut face and carefully combs his tangled hair. Yet he is unconscious of her watchful attention; the fearful cup has deadened his sensibilities. Still does she sit by his side wetting his parched lips and fevered brain; and as she gazes upon his countenance, she lives over in memory the scenes of the past. Her happy girlhood spent in her father's mansion, surrounded with luxury and wealth; then her thoughts reverted to the time when he upon whom she was now

gazing had won her for his bride. Could the bloated being before her be he to whom she had pledged herself then? Then again she thought of her old father dying insolvent and leaving them penniless. The contrast between the past and present was fearful. The morning sun beams brightly forth, still she is watching by his couch. * * * *

An hour has passed; we meet him on the street. We will follow him. Look! he meets a boon companion. They drink, and the day passes in Bacchanalian revelry, and at night he reels slowly homeward. * * * Another night has passed, and the morning sun again beams brightly, but he comes not forth. A few hours after, a coffin is placed in an old hearse, and she, the once proud beauty is borne silently to the tomb. No friends followed the body with tearful eyes and a sorrowful look—not one stood at her grave with a feeling heart, when the earth fell upon the coffin; and yet, this coffin contained the corpse of one who was once sincerely adored by hundreds—who once was honored and envied in society—who could command riches, and who, but a few years before, was the idol of a doating father! Such is life!

MEXEY'S DREAM.

A PARAPHRASE—SEE ENGRAVING.

Oh! weary and sad I sat dreaming alone,
Oppressed with the weight of my sin-hardened heart.
Many gathered around when they heard my deep moan,
To learn of my grief, or to bid it depart.

They laughed at my sorrow, and thrust me about,
For none of their joys could my spirit control;
The murmurings of fear, of danger and doubt,
Like mountains of darkness, passed over my soul!

But lo! I looked up, and an angel appeared—
The wings of his flight bore him nigh unto me;
His form was all beauty and none to be feared—
He spake to me gently, saying, "What aileth thee?"

And when he had listened to all my complaint,
He bid me look up, and said "Peace be to thee!"
Then clad me in jewels and crowned me a saint—
Wiped the tears from my eyes—"Mexe, come after me."

And then we ascended high up in the air,
Till ere long we arrived at a bright golden gate,
Which opened a scene so eternally fair,
No heart can conceive, and no tongue can relate.

Then spake my dear Savior, who sat on the throne,
While heavenly music chimed sweetest accord—
"Through much tribulation thou cam'st to thy home,
Now gloriously enter the joy of thy Lord!"

Merging the two Branches of Odd-Fellowship.

At the recent session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, the action of several Grand Bodies in favor of uniting the Encampment with the Lodge was presented to that body and referred to the appropriate Committee, whose report we give to our readers entire. The Grand Lodge laid the report on the table, but adopted a resolution recommended by the Committee, to appoint a special Committee of five to prepare and report to the next session of the Grand Lodge a plan merging the Subordinate Lodges and Encampments.

"The Legislative Committee, to whom was referred the proceedings of Grand Bodies in Delaware, North Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi, touching a merger of the two branches of our Order, has given the subject that careful consideration which its importance demands, and beg leave to submit the following report :

At the session of this body in 1853, the propriety of a merger upon such principles as a rigid examination of the question and the wants of the Order might suggest, was presented for consideration. It was not pushed with much zeal,, because the main object of the friends of the proposed alteration was to direct the attention of the members of this body, as well as that of the brotherhood everywhere, to the necessity which was believed to exist for a radical change in the organization of the Order. Your Committee are gratified to perceive that the expectation which was entertained of a favorable disposition thereto upon the part of a large number of the membership has been realized, and that the aspect of a consummation of our wishes has grown brighter and more promising, as the subject has been canvassed in the different jurisdictions. We cannot but believe that the necessity for the change that is asked for by these several bodies referred to, will grow more apparent to the view of reflecting men, as a trial of the present system shall become more thorough; and in the course of a short time, that a complete merger will take place as the only means of infusing a vigorous vitality into our system.

We do not deem it incumbent upon us to enter into an elaborate argument to show the truth of the position which we have already set forth. It is sufficient, in our judgment, that we present to your consideration such means as readily present themselves to our minds, and at the same time, to ask from this Grand Lodge a calm review of the ground which we have assumed before it shall make up its verdict. We are aware that mankind are more disposed to submit to evils while they are tolerable, than to "change the form of government to which they are accustomed;" and we cannot therefore hope to have our views adopted until

the evil of which we complain becomes so palpable that its monstrosity can be no longer concealed.

It is a fact notorious to every member of this Lodge, that the Encampment branch of the Order is not, as a whole, in a very prosperous condition. There are but four States in which it is not languishing. This is true even in many cases when the Subordinate Lodges are doing well; and your Committee believe it is owing, in some measure, to the expense necessary to keep them up. When these bodies work as they should do, it is evident that the cost of so doing is just as great as it is in Subordinate Lodges, and hence numbers of Odd Fellows have not the pecuniary ability to undergo the tax. If the two were merged, the cost of taking the degrees would be but a small sum more than is now required for the Subordinate Lodges, and might in fact be no more at all. As it is, numbers of good men, whose only reason for not availing themselves of the taking of the Encampment degrees is a want of means, are prevented from receiving the benefit of their attractive instructions. Change the work as we propose, and all, without regard to the extent of their pockets, will go through the whole Order, and thus infuse new life and energy into the system.

Equality is one of the first principles of our brotherhood. Odd-Fellowship inculcates it in all its teachings. We are all taught that it is one of the most sacred purposes of our institution to elevate the character of man, and make the humblest feel that he is not inferior in privileges to the highest in the Order. "Benefits" is by no means the influence which causes good and worthy men to enter our "circle of honor." The ennobling purposes which it has, and the tendency of its teachings "to imbue the soul with proper conceptions of its capability for good," constitute the chief merit of Odd-Fellowship. If this position is true—and we think it can not be denied—how desirable is it that the Order should be so organized that these influences may be within the reach of all. This can not be done unless a merger shall take place, by which the expense shall be lessened and the time required for the discharge of our associated duties be shortened. In connection with this we would remark, that the present organization absolutely puts it out of the power of a number whose means are ample to enjoy the beauties of the higher branch. The members of all Lodges cannot, united, support an Encampment; and hence it often occurs that there are numbers of Lodges located at so remote a distance from a point where an Encampment can be supported, that their members are denied the pleasure of a connection with them; or, if they do connect themselves, are rarely able to attend the meetings. This is the case in several of the States, and in all where the population is sparse, and the inhabitants chiefly agriculturists. Thus a downright inequality is produced, and a state of affairs brought about by necessity, favorable

to the larger cities and towns, and positively against the smaller ones. Against this inequality, the inevitable and irreparable result of the present organisation, your Committee most earnestly protest.

If a condensation of the beauties of Odd-Fellowship should take place by a merger, the meetings of the consolidated Order would possess far more interest to the members than they now do in their separate state. The difference of pleasure in attendance would be as great as that of another character which is derived from the almost imperceptible odor of the eglantine which blooms alone in the wastes, its aroma exhausted by every wind, and that full sweetness which is enjoyed from

"The light wings of Zephyr oppressed with perfume,
That waft faint o'er the gardens of Gull in their bloom."

Each branch has its beauties and deformities. By a selection of the choicest portions of each, and a combination of the same, we should be able to have an Order of unparalleled attractiveness; and thus our meetings, instead of "dragging their slow lengths along," will be full of vigor and of life—re-unions looked forward to with anticipations of pleasure and of profit. This, we conceive, to be no fancy sketch, but such as the judgment of all would teach, after mature deliberation.

The idea seems to prevail to a certain extent that the Encampment is to be regarded in the light of an honorary Order. This opinion has begotten and will beget heart-burnings among the brotherhood. As the Order now exists, it is necessary that each Encampment member shall be a contributing member of a Subordinate Lodge. It is not necessary that he be a working member—if he pays his dues, he holds his membership, notwithstanding he may set the Subordinate Lodge at defiance, and treat it with contempt, by studiously absenting himself from its meetings. It thus occurs, sometimes, that a portion of the members of a Lodge who regard it as a little too democratic for such huge Colossuses as they are, form an Encampment as a kind of aristocratic retreat, into which others of less pretensions but equal merit, receive no sort of encouragement to enter. The feelings of their brethren are outraged; that natural and glorious sentiment of pride which should warm up every breast is wounded, and dissension raises its Gorgon head, when all should be peace and fraternal love. In confirmation of the evil tendencies which we have just set forth, it is only necessary to refer you to resolutions which have been presented from Northern New York, at the present session, proposing to allow the separate and independent existence of the two branches, by providing that membership in a Subordinate Lodge shall not be a necessary qualification for the Encampment. It is not difficult to perceive what would be the effect of such legislation; and the tendency of a state of affairs begetting a desire for such legislation is clearly seen to be productive of great detriment to the harmony

and usefulness of the Order. There can be no concealment of the fact that this very desire indicates a feeling of jealousy and disposition to set up the Encampment as a sort of opposition association to the Subordinate Lodge.

Even if our views should not be concurred in by your Grand Body, as a whole, we yet think that it must be conceded that there is no use of a separate representation of the Grand Encampments. The agents of Grand Lodges are here equal in power over the interests of these Grand Bodies to their own representatives. The authority of each is co-extensive. Each is obliged to know the secrets of the other, whether entitled to know them or not. Numbers of representatives have never taken the Grand Encampment degrees, yet here they get them. It also happens that Encampment representatives have never taken the Grand Lodge degree; and thus a curious spectacle is presented, showing the confusedness of the present system, and the necessity of some great changes to produce harmony in its parts.

The fact that in almost every State in the Union the Encampments are not in a condition of prosperity, is, in the judgment of the Committee, an unanswerable argument in favor of doing something to remove the incubus which rests upon the Order. Their sickly existence proves that there is a disease somewhere, which it behoves this Grand Lodge to heal if it can, and to send the life giving current throughout the present stagnant avenues of the body of our institution.

We are aware that there are many who think this Grand Lodge has not the power to carry out the wishes of your Committee; and that, if it had, it would be an onerous undertaking, requiring more ability than is usually possessed by the most gifted members of the Order. With due deference to such opinions, we would state that we conceive such is not the real question for consideration. We think that the first matter to be decided is, whether the Encampments are necessary to the full perfection of the Order as an ennobling and useful institution, and whether more vitality would not be produced by a change such as we propose, thereby better enabling our Order to perform its mission of elevation and benevolence. Let this be determined, and then it will be time enough to examine the practicability of the undertaking. We admit it is no easy task to accomplish it. This, however, should not deter us from an effort to improve our condition. "There is no excellence without great labor."

In view of what we have already said, we propose that a committee of five persons be appointed by the Grand Sire, whose duty it shall be to prepare a plan of merging, by which the separate existence of Lodges and Encampments shall be destroyed, and a combination of the teachings of both shall take place. This plan, we suggest, shall be reported to the next Grand Lodge for such action as may be judged expedient.

Courtesy.

The little compliments of life and society are more potent than most persons are apt to imagine. We have more than once seen a smile of pleasure pass over a countenance that is ordinarily rugged and stern, at some kindly demonstration intended to convey good will and to manifest respect. And with the gentler sex such demonstrations are almost irresistible. Who has not seen some bright eye kindle, and some full cheek glow, at little attentions of this kind—attentions that can not be paid too frequently, and that rarely fail to have some effect?

A few years since, a gentleman of a neighboring city became utterly devoted to a young and accomplished beauty, with whom he had been on terms of friendly intimacy from childhood. He, however, although highly educated, graceful and courteous, was remarkably homely. Full aware of this, he supposed, and rightly, that the task of conquest would be one of great difficulty. But he was devoted to the fair object of his regard, and she, although she always respected and esteemed him, could not believe it possible for her ever to cherish a more tender emotion. Nevertheless the suitor persevered. He did so, too, not rashly and impetuously, but by paying the most delicate attentions at all proper times and seasons, and by consulting her wishes, tastes and feelings, at every fitting opportunity. He was untiring and indefatigable; and although she was capricious, vain, and somewhat coquettish, she possessed a noble and generous heart, and one that was full of the warmest sympathies.

Time passed away, and still the suitor persevered. Others stepped in meanwhile, but they could not appreciate her character, and would not conciliate the whims of the beauty and the belle, and made but a momentary impression. Not so with him; he had studied her nature, and discovered that he was gradually realizing his hopes. He was successful; he not only won the hand, but secured the heart of his fair enchantress, and all, in a measure, by such delicate, kindly and complimentary attentions, as are at the command of almost any one who studies human nature, and patiently practices the philosophy of perseverance and courtesy.

And so it is in every condition of life. It is almost impossible for any one to think unkindly of another, who, on every chance exhibits the warmest regard, and seeks for opportunities to extend courtesy, manifest friendship, and indicate feeling. On the other hand, those who neglect the little compliments of life, who fancy that they may trample upon this point of etiquette, and that feature of courtesy, that *their* business is to *receive*, and not to *extend*, favors—that they may be selfish and indifferent insulting, and all with impunity, will, in the end, discover that they have committed a fearful, an egregious mistake.

GLEANINGS.

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.—The tomb of Moses is unknown ; but the traveler slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself—are gone ; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City not one stone is left upon another ; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are moldering into dust, but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins, but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save the mounds of crumbling brick work ; but the Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir ; and if any name should still flash through the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow men rather than their glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying luster from generation to generation, imparting to works something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition or mere magnificence.

DECEPTIONS.—Nine-tenths of the inhumanity of mankind is owing to their being deceived. If people are sure of an accident or calamity, crowds hasten to relieve us. By veracity we charm in conversation ; by sincerity we influence opinion ; by trust-worthiness we render friends loving, secure, add to the general confidence of man in man, and by thus strengthening the foundation of society, acquire the right to an analogous personal sense of worth and firmness. Truth gives a sense of security to the feeblest man, as lying does of insecurity to the strongest. The true man has but one answer to give to interrogators, one story to tell them, one face to show them, nobody's face to fear.

If you would do good, do not fold your hands and wish for the ability and opportunity to emancipate a race or give food to a starving nation, or you will die with the work undone ; but relieve that poor widow near you—clothe that ragged and destitute child.

AN ALABAMA ATTACHMENT.—The following well-told story relates to an Alabama sheriff;

Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon the sheriff in term time, he stopped at the house of a beautiful widow on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances on him. He was admitted, and soon the widow appeared. The confusion and delight which the arrival of her visitor had occasioned, set off to a greater advantage than usual her captivating charms. After a few common-place remarks, "Madam," said the matter-of-fact sheriff, "I have an attachment for you."

A deep blush mantled the cheek of the widow, but with downcast eyes she with equal ardor replied: "Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the sheriff maintained an astonished silence—at last he said: "Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court!" replied the lady, with a merry laugh; then shaking her head, she added, "No, sir; though this is leap year, I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and therefore greatly prefer that you should proceed to court."

"But, madam, the justice is waiting."

"Let him wait; I am not disposed to hurry matters in such an unbecoming manner; and besides, sir, when the ceremony is performed I wish you to understand that I prefer a minister to a justice of the peace."

"Madam," said he, rising from his chair with dignity, "there has been a great mistake here; my language has been misunderstood; the attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Esquire C—; it commands me to bring you before him, to answer to a contempt of court, in disobeying a subpoena in the case of *Smith versus Jones*."

COURTESY.—Be courteous. If there be anything more calculated to create respect or command esteem than another, it is a civil and courteous bearing towards those with whom we mix in the world in every-day life. Attention to little observances, which are apparent to every considerate mind, stamps a man, however humble his position in society, as a gentleman, and renders him not only respected but beloved.

"WHATEVER God has made is perfect," said a western preacher to his hearers.

"What do you think of me?" said a hunchback, rising and exhibiting his own deformity.

"Think of you?" replied the preacher, "why, I think you are as perfect a hunchback as I ever saw in my life."

ARE you stepping upon the threshold of life? Secure for yourself a good moral character. Without virtue you can not be respected; without integrity you can never rise to distinction and honor.

A POETIC GEM.—The following beautiful lines are ascribed to the pen of Wolfe, the author of the burial of Sir John Moore, written soon after the death of his beloved wife; they are indeed a most touching expression of bereaved affection:

If I had thought thou couldst have died,	If thou couldst stay e'en as thou art,
I might not weep for thee;	All cold and all serene,
But I forgot, when by thy side,	I still might press thy silent heart,
That thou couldst mortal be;	And where thy smiles have been;
It never through my mind had passed	While e'en thy chill bleak corpse I have,
The time would e'er be o'er,	Thou seemest still mine own;
That I on thee should look my last,	But as I lay thee in the grave,
And thou shouldst smile no more!	I feel that I 'm alone!

And still upon that face I look,	I do not think, where'er thou art,
And think 'twill smile again;	Thou hast forgotten me;
And till the moment, I can not brook	And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
That I must look in vain;	In thinking too of thee:
But when I speak, thou dost not say	Yet there was round thee such a dawn
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;	Of light ne'er seen before,
And then I feel, as well I may,	As fancy never could have drawn,
Dear Mary, thou art dead!	And never can restore!

A BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE.—We extract the following from "Reveries of a bachelor," by Ik Marvel. It is a very fine passage. "A man without some sort of religion is at best a poor reprobate, the football of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity and to the wondrous eternity that is even worse—a flame without a heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume. A man may in some sort tie his hopes and his honors to this weak shifting ground tackle, to his business, or the world, but a woman without that anchor called Faith, is a drift and a wreck! A man may clumsily continue a sort of moral responsibility out of relation to mankind, but a woman in her comparatively isolated sphere, where affection and not purpose is the controlling motive, can find no basis in any other system or right action but that of spiritual faith. A man may craze his thoughts and his brain to truthfulness, in such poor harborage as fame and reputation may stretch before him, but a woman—where can she put her hopes in storms if not in heaven? And that sweet trustfulness—that abiding love—that enduring hope mellowing every page and scene of life—lighting them with pleasant radiance, when the world's storms break like an army with cannon? Who can bestow it all but holy soul, tied to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who has enjoyed the love of a Christian mother but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow it with a tear?"

NEVER BE IDLE.—We all have more than enough work to perform. The river of time rolls by without ceasing, and on its bosom we are hastening to the great ocean of eternity.

THE REPROOF.—The following lines are touching and impressive :

Whisper it gently,
When nobody's near;
Let not those accents
Fall harsh on the ear.
She is a blossom
Too tender and frail
For the keen blast—
The pitiless gale.

Whisper it gently,
'Twill cost thee no pain;
Gentle words rarely
Are spoken in vain;
Threats and reproaches
The stubborn may move—
Noble the conquest
Aided by love.

Whisper it kindly,
'Twill pay thee to know
Penitent tear-drops
Down her cheeks flow.
Has she from virtue
Wandered astray ?
Guide her feet gently,
Rough is the way.

She has no parent;
None of her kin
Lead her from error,
Keep her from sin.
Does she lean on thee ?
Cherish the trust ;—
God to the merciful
Ever is just.

EXAMPLE OF WASHINGTON.—During the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him relative to a stick of timber which they were endeavoring to raise up to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up hard, and on this account, the voice of the little great man was often heard regularly vociferating, "Heave, ho ! There she goes ! Heave, ho !" An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and give a little help. The latter, astonished, turned around, and said, "Sir, I am a corporal !" "You are—are you ?" replied the officer : "I was not aware of that ;" and taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." On this he dismounted, and lifted until the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. When finished, he turned to the commander and said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was thunderstruck. It was Washington !

A **QUAKER** who was examined before a court, not using any other language than "thee, thou," and "friend," was asked by the presiding judge, "Pray, Mr. —, do you know what we sit here for ?"

"Yes, verily I do," said the Quaker. "Three of you for two dollars each a day, and the fat one on the right for one thousand dollars a year."

THE man of truth is also the man of power. Falsehood may give influence for a time, but its mask is soon torn off and its advocate becomes powerless and is forsaken by those over whom he once swayed the scepter of his influence.

WHOEVER sincerely tries to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AUTUMN.—After one of the most intensely hot summers which we have experienced for years, Autumn has come with its cool nights and genial days. It would seem, from the unusual dry and hot weather, that the climate of the United States is undergoing a change. For two months the earth was parched with a drouth, and we had but one or two scattering showers, scarcely sufficient to lay the dust on the surface of the ground. The fields looked like a prairie which had been burnt over, so crisped and blackened were they by the scorching rays of the summer's sun. Vegetation was not only consumed, and the hopes of the farmer blasted, but the streams were dried up, and our beautiful and sometimes majestic Ohio had dwindled down to an insignificant rill, having scarcely water enough in its channel to float the lightest craft.

These things, connected with a general stagnation of business, have had a tendency to cast a gloom over the minds of all. But the heat and drouth have passed away, and we have reached the autumnal equinox, the never-failing season of copious showers. The earth is reviving, the streams are swelling, the city and country is astir, hope again lights up the countenances of the desponding, and the promise of seed time and harvest will doubtless be fully realized at the appointed time.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the country is enjoying an unexampled prosperity, and notwithstanding business men complain of the stringency of the money market, yet, what is remarkable, every article of living bears the highest price. God pity the poor when the chill blasts of winter shall come to our densely crowded cities. May those who have an abundance have their sympathies enlarged in proportion to their resources, and realize the blessedness of those who remember the poor, for "the Lord will deliver them in time of trouble."

EXCURSION TO THE COUNTRY.—On the 22d of the past month, we took a trip on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad as far down the river as the town of Cochran, a thriving village a short distance below Aurora, named after our enterprising friend and brother, G. W. Cochran, of this city. The railroad company have located their extensive machine shop and car manufactory at this place. It is an admirable location for a manufacturing town, and we learn that several persons from the city contemplate the establishment of manufactories at this point. Beyond the advantages which a railroad will give to this place, the establishment of manufactories will serve more rapidly to develop it than any other. Ac-

accompanied by a friend, we wandered over the hills to a large and thrifty vineyard on the farm of Mr. Cochran, and as the vintage had come, and the men were busy in plucking the ripe clusters, we filled our basket with the luscious fruit, and returned in time for the up train. The road, we are informed, is already, though not finished, doing a heavy business, transporting one thousand passengers per day. We must not omit to mention the thriving and beautiful towns of Lawrenceburgh and Aurora. Since we last saw them, they have improved much, and reflect credit upon the enterprising citizens who inhabit them. Whoever wishes to take a pleasant trip to the country, and enjoy beautiful scenery, with the Ohio and the numerous villas that skirt its margin on the one side, and the forests and fields, and hills and dales, that present themselves on the other, will not be disappointed in taking the cars of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF OHIO.—The Grand Lodge of the United States has decided the action of the Grand Encampment of Ohio at Zanesville, in February last, unconstitutional; consequently, the new constitution is of no effect, and the old one remains as the organic law of this body. The Grand Encampment of Ohio will continue to meet quarterly—holding its annual meeting for the election of officers, etc. in July.

It will be recollected that the minority who dissented from the proceedings at Zanesville have continued to hold the regular sessions since that time, according to the old constitution, and at the July meeting they elected officers and a representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States. In conformity with a recommendation from those present at the Zanesville session, the Grand Chief Patriarch appointed Bro. Dodds to fill the vacancy in the representation from Ohio. Thus two claimants presented themselves to the Grand Lodge of the United States for a seat in that body. They were both excluded; the latter on account of illegal appointment, and the former, Bro. Clark, by some informality.

The proceedings of the July session were recognized as legal, and the officers then elected will be installed at the next meeting of the Grand Encampment, which will occur in November—an amendment to the constitution having been adopted and approved, fixing the time of its meetings one month later.

This body, at its July session, took up the proposed new constitution—claiming that to be the proper time for its consideration—and rejected it. The Grand Encampment of Ohio is therefore working under the old constitution, and must continue to do so for at least two years longer—having now no proposed one under consideration—and it will doubtless continue in its wonted course of harmony and prosperity.

THE MERGEMENT QUESTION.—A proposition to unite the Subordinate Encampments and Lodges in one organization has been for some time advocated by a large number of our Order. We have not heretofore adverted to this subject, because no movement of an official or important character had been made. But the subject has now been fairly brought before the Grand Lodge of the United States, and an important step taken towards some action in the matter. A committee was appointed to prepare and report a plan of mergement to the next session of the Grand Lodge. We publish in this number the report of the Legislative Committee of that body on the subject. This report is strongly in favor of mergement, but did not meet with the approval of the majority, as it was laid on the table; yet the resolution adopted, appointing a committee to prepare a plan, embodied all the recommendations of the Legislative Committee.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—We received some time since from Grand Secretary Veitch a bound volume of the revised Journal of proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Missouri, from its organization to the close of the last session, for which we inadvertently neglected to make an acknowledgement. We regard it as a very valuable accession to our library.

FIRST VOLUME.—We have a supply of the first volume of the Casket neatly bound in cloth, which we are disposing of at \$1.25 per copy. They can also be obtained at the same rates at the book store of J. L. Adams, Madison, Ia., and of Warden & Chamberlain, Indianapolis.

We are pleased to learn that the "Young Men's Temperance League" have re-organized, and propose to enter on a winter's campaign which shall tell loudly for the cause of temperance. They will give a grand promenade concert on the evening of October 13th, at the Melodeon hall. The "Lachsen Capelle," a troupe of musical performers just from Saxony, will make their first appearance before a Cincinnati audience on this occasion.

THE TRUE FREEMAN.—We have received several numbers of this paper published at New York, under the editorial charge of our old friend and brother, Rev. J. S. Inskip, formerly of this city. It is an ably conducted and spirited sheet—nothing dull and prosy about it, but sparkling with vivacity, bearing the full impress of its talented editor. Besides, it is what we love to look upon, an *American Journal* in the broadest sense, tied to no party unless it be the American—and there should be no other—it advocates every measure dear to the citizens of a free country, and should meet with a liberal patronage.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE ORDER.

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The regular annual session of this body was commenced in the city of Baltimore on the 4th of September, and continued in session for one week. There were one hundred and three Representatives present, and a large amount of business was transacted. The jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States embraces the Lodges of the Canadas and those of the Sandwich Islands, besides those in the various States. All the States with the exception of Florida were represented at the present session.

From the report of the Grand Sire we learn that there are now under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States 3,110 Lodges, comprising a membership of 204,000: being an increase since the last annual report of 169 Lodges and 11,000 members. The revenue for the past year has been \$1,375,000, of which \$530,000 was expended for the benevolent purposes of our Organization. The Grand Master of California having inquired of the Grand Sire as to the propriety of admitting the Chinese to the Order, and allowing them to have a Lodge and work in the Chinese language, he decided that if they come in under the rule requiring a belief in the Supreme Being, the Creator and Preserver of the universe, he can see no reason for their exclusion. As Mongolians, he says, they appear to come under the other requirements of the rule, and if Lodges were established among them, such Lodges would work upon the same conditions as the law now requires of Lodges working in German, French, or other languages.

The report of the Grand Secretary represents the Order throughout the Union in a highly flourishing condition. The work has been translated into French, and an edition printed, for the use of the French population in Louisiana, and the Degree of Rebekah printed in the German language, in conformity with instructions from the Grand Lodge at the last session.

The new Constitution reported at the last session was adopted with a few slight modifications, by an almost unanimous vote. The Legislative Committee reported adversely to reducing the price of supplies, owing to the necessities of the treasury. It is generally supposed that the Grand Lodge passed the resolution at the last session, but as the journal, which is the only lawful authority, does not show it to have been passed, the price of supplies must remain as before. The report of the Committee was adopted.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to procure the passage of a resolution emanating from the Grand Encampment of Northern New York, allowing members to retain their membership in the Patriarchal branch of the Order after they have withdrawn from the subordinate Lodge.

Resolutions were presented from the Grand Bodies of Delaware, North Carolina, Georgia, and Mississippi, recommending the mergerment of the two branches of the Order. The Legislative Committee, to whom these resolutions were referred, reported favorably thereto, and a committee of five was appointed by vote of the Grand Lodge to prepare and report at the next session, a plan for merging the Subordinate Lodges and Encampments.

The proceedings of the Grand Encampment of Ohio at the Zanesville session, in February last, were pronounced illegal, and the actions of the April and July sessions sustained. P.C.P. H. N. Clark, the regularly elected representative at the annual session in July, was not admitted to a seat in the Grand Lodge, owing to an informality in his credentials.

Bros. Andre Froment and James W. Hale, representatives from Southern New York, entered a protest against the decision of the Grand Lodge for the following reasons:

1. The only constitution recognized by this body is the one known as the old constitution, under which P.C.P. Clark was elected a Representative to this Grand Lodge, from the Grand Encampment of Ohio, and a Representative now holds a seat on this floor under the same constitution.

2. By refusing P.C.P. Clark a seat on this floor, this Grand Lodge has virtually decided that credentials signed by *pro tem.* officers are null and void.

3. By establishing this precedent it puts it in the power of the Grand Patriarch and Grand Scribe to defeat the will of the majority by staying away from the meeting when an election is to take place for a representative, and then refusing to sign the credentials, thereby depriving a jurisdiction of its full representation on the floor of this Grand Lodge.

4. The undersigned is of opinion that the proper officers to sign credentials are those who act at the time the election takes place, whether such officers are those who have been regularly elected, or who are acting only *pro tempore*; it being a universal practice, recognized by this Grand Lodge as well as State Grand Lodges and Subordinates, to recognize cards and other documents which have been signed by *pro tem.* officers.

A charter was granted for a Grand Encampment for the State of California. We have not received the proceedings of the last two days of the session; consequently, our report is incomplete. We will give all omissions in our November number.

The officers elected for the next term are:

William Ellison, of Massachusetts, Grand Sire.

George W. Race, of Louisiana, Deputy Grand Sire.

James L. Ridgely, of Maryland, Grand Secretary.

Joshua Vansant, of Maryland, Grand Treasurer.

IOWA.

We are under acknowledgements to Grand Secretary William Garrett for the following abstract of the report prepared for the Grand Lodge of the United States for the year ending 30th of June last. Since then, dispensations have been issued for two new Lodges.

Number of Lodges,.....	55
Initiations,.....	513
Admitted by Card,.....	202
Withdrawn by Card,.....	145
Rejected,.....	71
Suspended,.....	77
Expelled,.....	15
Reinstated,.....	12
Deaths,.....	9
Past Grands,.....	311
Past Grand Masters,.....	6
Contributing Members,.....	1979
Number of Brothers relieved,.....	142
Number of widowed families relieved,.....	8
Revenue,.....	\$13,211 86
Amount paid for relief of Brothers,.....	1,414 40
" " widowed families,.....	137 00
" " for education of orphans,.....	15 00
" " burying the dead,.....	247 07
Total amount of relief,.....	1813 47
No Relief Report from nine Lodges.	
No report for the year from two Lodges.	
No report for last term from seven Subordinates.	

VERMONT.

The Boston Odd Fellow of September 9th contains a short report of the annual session of the Grand Lodge of Vermont, held at Windsor on the 10th of August last, from which we learn that the session was a very harmonious one. The reports of the several officers showed the Order to be in a flourishing condition, and that its march was onward. The next session will be held at Brandon, on the second Wednesday of August, 1855. The following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year :

William B. Booth, Grand Master; George F. Whitney, D. G. Master; Jesse McIntire, G. Warden; Thomas L. Sheldon, G. Secretary; Henry Clark, Grand Treasurer; M. A. Herrick, G. Chaplain; F. E. Woolbridge, Grand Representative.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Chorasin Lodge, No. 507, was instituted at Titusville, Crawford county, on the 28th of June by D.D.G.M. Sigler. Five hundred and seven Lodges in one State, and still increasing! This evinces a degree of prosperity rarely attained by benevolent associations.

Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH"

VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

No. 5.

Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the U. S.

Adopted at the Annual Session in September, 1854.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. This Lodge shall be known by the name, style, and title of the **GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.**

SEC. 2. It is the source of all true and legitimate Odd-Fellowship in the United States of America, and possesses such powers and jurisdiction over the whole Brotherhood as are provided in the constitution and in the ritual of the Order. Its authority extends also to such Lodges and Encampments as may be organized under its charter in foreign countries.

SEC. 3. By virtue of charters granted by it, all State, District, and Territorial Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments exist, and with it rests the power, by a majority of two-thirds of the votes cast, to deprive such State, District, or Territorial Grand Bodies of their charters, and to annul their authority; provided that such deprivation or annulment shall only be made for violation of the laws of this Grand Lodge. No more than one Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment shall be chartered in any State, District, or Territory, except in the State of New York, where by law there are now chartered two Grand Lodges and two Grand Encampments. All Grand Bodies working under charters granted by this Grand Lodge are supreme for all local legislation and appellate jurisdiction within their respective limits, except as is hereinafter provided.

SEC. 4. With the consent of the Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment of a State, District, or Territory, an appeal may be had by any Subordinate Lodge or Encampment to this Grand Lodge; such consent, however, not being necessary when an expelled Lodge or Encampment after having surrendered up to its Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment all its effects, appeals from such decision. Appeals may also be heard from a

member or members of a State, District, or Territorial Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment, from the decision thereof. But in all cases the decision of the State, District, or Territorial Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment shall be final and conclusive, until reversed by this Grand Lodge on a direct appeal therefrom.

SEC. 5. To this Grand Lodge belongs the power to regulate and control the unwritten work of the Order, and to fix and determine the customs and usages in regard to all things which appertain thereto. And to it alone belongs the power to provide and establish suitable lectures and other written work therefor. But the unwritten work of the Order shall in no wise be altered or amended, except by a unanimous vote of this Grand Lodge; nor shall the written work of the Order be in any wise altered or amended, except with the concurrence of four-fifths of the members of this Grand Lodge.

SEC. 6. To this Grand Lodge is reserved the power to establish the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in such countries, domestic or foreign, wherein the same has not yet been established.

SEC. 7. To this Grand Lodge belongs the immediate jurisdiction over all Subordinate Lodges and Encampments in such countries, domestic or foreign, as are without Grand Lodges or Encampments.

SEC. 8. To it belongs the power to enact all laws of general application to the Order.

SEC. 9. All power and authority in the Order not reserved to this Grand Lodge by this constitution, is hereby vested in the various State, District, and Territorial Grand Bodies.

ARTICLE II.

This Grand Lodge shall be composed of the following members, to wit: a Grand Sire, Deputy Grand Sire, Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary, Grand Treasurer, Grand Chaplain, Grand Marshal, Grand Guardian, Grand Messenger, and Grand Representatives from the several State, District or Territorial Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments working under legal unreclaimed charters granted by this Grand Lodge.

ARTICLE III.

SEC. 1. The officers of this Grand Lodge shall be the Most Worthy Grand Sire, Right Worthy Deputy Grand Sire, Right Worthy Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary, and Right Worthy Grand Treasurer, who shall be elected by ballot, by a majority of all the votes cast, biennially, at the stated communication of this Grand Lodge in September, and shall be installed into their respective offices on the first day of the stated communication next ensuing their election.

SEC. 2. The Right Worthy Grand Chaplain, Right Worthy Grand Marshal, Right Worthy Grand Guardian, and Right Worthy Grand Mes-

senger, shall be nominated by the Grand Sire, and if approved by the Grand Lodge, shall be installed into their respective offices immediately after the installation of the elective officers.

SEC. 3. Should any of the elective officers fail to appear to be installed at the time provided, the particular office or offices shall be declared vacant, and the Grand Lodge shall in that event proceed to a new election to fill such vacancy or vacancies, and the officer or officers so elected shall be accordingly installed.

SEC. 4. All the officers, both elective and appointed, shall attend each meeting of the Grand Lodge, and perform such duties as are enjoined by the laws and regulations of the Order, and such as may be required by the presiding officer, and shall receive such compensation as is hereinafter provided.

SEC. 5. No officer (who is not also a representative) shall be permitted to vote, except the Grand Sire in case of an equal division. Nor shall any officer (who is not also a representative) be allowed to take part in the proceedings and debates of the Grand Lodge, except by a vote of a majority thereof.

ARTICLE IV.

SEC. 1. The Grand Sire shall preside at all meetings of the Grand Lodge, preserve order, and enforce the laws thereof. He shall have the casting vote whenever the Lodge shall be equally divided, other than upon a ballot for officers, but shall not vote on any other occasion. He shall appoint all committees not required to be raised by ballot, and appoint all District Deputy Grand Sires. During the recess of the Grand Lodge he shall have a general superintendence of the interests of the Order. He may hear and decide such appeals as may be submitted to him by the several State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, or by the Subordinate Lodges or Encampments under the immediate jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge. He may hear and decide such questions, other than questions arising out of the constitutions of the several State, District, or Territorial Grand Bodies, as may be submitted to him by the several State, District, or Territorial Grand Lodges or Grand Encampments, or by the Grand Masters or Grand Patriarchs thereof, or by the Grand Representatives, or by the Subordinate Lodges and Encampments under the immediate jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge. And his decisions upon all appeals and questions so submitted to him shall be binding upon the Bodies or persons submitting the same until reversed by this Grand Lodge. He is empowered to receive petitions and grant warrants for the opening of new Lodges and Encampments, Grand or Subordinate, in places where Grand Bodies established by this Grand Lodge may not exist; and all warrants so granted by him shall be of force until recalled by this Grand Lodge. At every communication of this Grand Lodge he

shall make a report in writing of all his official acts and decisions during the recess.

SEC. 2. During his term of service he shall not hold any office in any State, District, or Territorial Grand or Subordinate Lodge or Encampment.

SEC. 3. In case of the removal of the Grand Sire from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Deputy Grand Sire for the unexpired term; and in case of the removal, death, resignation or inability both of the Grand Sire and Deputy Grand Sire, the duties of the office shall devolve upon the Junior Past Grand Sire, and the Grand Lodge shall, at the first communication succeeding thereto, proceed to elect and install a Grand Sire and Deputy Grand Sire for the unexpired term.

ARTICLE V.

The Deputy Grand Sire shall open and close the meetings of the Grand Lodge, support the Grand Sire by his advice and assistance, and preside in his absence. In case of the removal, death, resignation, or inability of the Grand Sire, the powers and duties of the said office shall devolve on the Deputy Grand Sire for the unexpired term, as provided in Sec. 3 of Art. 4.

ARTICLE VI.

The Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary shall make a just and true record of all the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, in a book provided for that purpose; keep the journal of all secret sessions, and preserve and keep the evidences of the unwritten work, and such alterations as may from time to time be made therein, and all other records appertaining to the Work of the Order, and the explanations and lectures relative thereto; summon the members to attend all special meetings; keep accounts between the Grand Lodge and the Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments under its jurisdiction; read all petitions, reports, and communications; write all letters and communications; carry on, under the direction of the Grand Lodge or Grand Sire, its correspondence; and transact such business of the Grand Lodge appertaining to his office as may be required of him by the Grand Lodge. All communications transmitted or received by him, officially, shall be laid before the Grand Lodge. He shall receive for his services such compensation as the Grand Lodge shall from time to time determine.

ARTICLE VII.

SEC. 1. The Grand Treasurer shall keep the moneys and all the evidences of debt, choses in action, deeds, &c., of the Grand Lodge, and pay all orders drawn on him by the Grand Sire, attested by the Grand Sec-

retary, under the seal of the Grand Lodge. He shall lay before the Grand Lodge, at its stated meeting in September, annually, a full and correct statement of his accounts. Before his installation he shall give a bond, with at least two sureties, to the Grand Lodge, in such sum as may from time to time be fixed, and shall receive such compensation as the Grand Lodge shall determine.

SEC. 2. No money shall be drawn from the treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by the Grand Lodge.

ARTICLE VIII.

SEC. 1. The Grand Chaplain shall perform such duties as appertain to his office, and as may from time to time be required by the Grand Lodge relative thereto.

SEC. 2. The Grand Marshal shall assist the Grand Sire in performing his duties, in such manner as he may from time to time be required, and perform all the duties generally appertaining to such office.

SEC. 3. The Grand Guardian shall prove every brother before admitting him, and allow none to depart without the usual formality.

SEC. 4. The Grand Messenger shall perform such duties as the Grand Lodge may from time to time require for the convenience and comfort of the members, and for his services he shall receive such compensation as the Grand Lodge shall determine.

ARTICLE IX.

SEC. 1. Grand Representatives shall be chosen by the several State, District and Territorial Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments for the term of two years, and shall be divided into two classes, whose seats shall be vacated annually, by rotation. And if vacancies occur by death, resignation or otherwise, during the recess of the Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment of any State, District or Territory, such vacancies shall be filled in the manner pointed out by the Constitution of such State, District or Territorial Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment.

SEC. 2. Grand Representatives shall be apportioned as follows, viz.: To every State, District, or Territorial Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment, having under its jurisdiction one thousand or less members in good standing, one Grand Representative. To every State, District, or Territorial Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment, having under its jurisdiction over one thousand members in good standing, two Grand Representatives. And no State, District, or Territorial Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment shall have over two Grand Representatives.

SEC. 3. A Grand Representative must be a Past Grand in good standing, and a member of a Lodge in good standing. He must have received the Royal Purple degree, be a member in good standing of an Encampment in good standing, and he must reside in the State, District, or Territory the Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment whereof he repre-

sents. No Representative shall represent more than one Grand Body at the same time.

SEC. 4. Grand Representatives shall be furnished by the Grand Bodies which they represent with such certificates as shall be required by law.

SEC. 5. In case of contested elections, this Grand Lodge shall determine to whom the contested seat belongs.

ARTICLE X.

Past Grand Sires shall be admitted to seats in this Grand Lodge, with the power of debating and making motions, but shall not have the privilege of voting unless they be Grand Representatives.

ARTICLE XI.

SEC. 1. This Grand Lodge shall have the power, a majority consenting thereto, to impeach and try any of its officers or members, and with the concurrence of two-thirds of the votes cast, to expel from office or membership therein any officer or member so impeached and convicted. *Provided*, that a copy of the charges preferred shall have been furnished to the accused at least three days before trial.

SEC. 2. During the trial of any impeachment, the officer or member under impeachment shall be debarred from the exercise of his office, or the privilege of his membership, but may be heard in his own defense.

SEC. 3. Suspension or expulsion from the Subordinate Lodge or Encampment to which an officer or member of this Grand Lodge belongs shall operate as a suspension or expulsion from office or membership in this Grand Lodge; and the vacancy thereby created shall be filled in the manner hereinbefore prescribed.

ARTICLE XII.

This Grand Lodge shall meet annually on the third Monday of September, at 9 o'clock, A. M., at such place as the Grand Lodge shall from time to time determine. It may also meet on its own adjournments. It may also meet specially on the call of the Grand Sire, of which the Grand Sire shall cause three months' notice to be given to the Representatives of the several State, District, or Territorial Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, communicating to them the purpose for which the special meeting is called; and in no case shall any business be transacted at a special meeting, unless notice thereof has been given as above stated.

ARTICLE XIII.

SEC. 1. Representatives from a majority of the whole number of State, District and Territorial Grand Bodies shall be necessary to form a quorum for the transaction of business; but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day, and may receive and act upon the credentials of new members, except in contested elections.

SEC. 2. This Grand Lodge shall be the judge of the certificates or returns and qualifications of its members.

SEC. 3. It may determine the rules of its proceedings, and from time to time adopt such rules of order as it may see fit.

SEC. 4. A journal of its proceedings shall be kept and published annually, except such proceedings as are had in secret session.

SEC. 5. Voting for officers shall be by ballot. All other voting shall be *viva voce*, or by yeas and nays, as the Grand Lodge may determine. The yeas and nays may be demanded by one-fifth of the Representatives present, and shall be entered upon the journal.

SEC. 6. All questions shall be decided by a majority vote, except in such cases as a specific majority is required.

ARTICLE XIV.

The revenue of the Grand Lodge shall be as follows, viz.:

1. Fees for charters for Grand Lodges and Encampments, or Subordinate Lodges or Encampments working under its immediate jurisdiction, thirty dollars.

2. Dues from State, District or Territorial Grand Lodges and Encampments, fifty dollars per annum for each vote they shall be entitled to in this Grand Lodge.

3. Dues from Subordinate Lodges or Encampments working under the immediate jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, ten per cent. on their receipts.

4. Proceeds of the sales of books, cards, diplomas, odes and certificates.

ARTICLE XV.

SEC. 1. To be an officer of this Grand Lodge, one nominated must have received the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment degrees, and be a member in good standing of a Subordinate Lodge and Encampment in good standing.

SEC. 2. The nomination and election of officers shall take place on the same day, to wit, the second day of the communication at which officers are to be elected. The nomination for each office shall be immediately succeeded by the election for the same, and before the nomination and election for the next office.

ARTICLE XVI.

SEC. 1. The members of the Order from each State, District or Territory, under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, shall be entitled to admission into the Lodges or Encampments of every other State, District or Territory, upon proving themselves according to the established work of the Order, and the production of a proper card.

SEC. 2. No person shall be entitled to admission to the Order except free white males of good moral character, who have arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and who believe in a Supreme Being, the Creator and preserver of the Universe.

SEC. 3. No citizen of one State, District or Territory, wherein Lodges or Encampments are established, shall be admitted to membership in a

Lodge or Encampment of another State, District or Territory, without the previous consent of the Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment, or Grand Master or Grand Patriarch, of the State, District or Territory, whereof such citizen is a resident.

SEC. 4. A member of the Order suspended or expelled from a Lodge or Encampment in any State, District or Territory, shall not be admitted to membership in a Lodge or Encampment of another State, District or Territory, without the previously obtained consent of the Lodge or Encampment from which he is suspended or expelled.

ARTICLE XVII.

The Officers and Grand Representatives (except such officers as receive stated salaries) shall receive a compensation for their services, to be fixed by law, and paid out of the Treasury of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

ARTICLE XVIII.

With the previous consent and approval, from time to time expressed, of this Grand Lodge, the Most Worthy Grand Sire may accredit any officer or member of this Grand Lodge, as a special Grand Representative near the Grand Lodge of any sovereign jurisdiction in Odd-Fellowship recognized by this Grand Lodge; and in such case the necessary expenses of such special Grand Representative's visit shall be defrayed from the treasury of this Grand Lodge. And any officer or member of any such foreign Grand Lodge, who may be duly accredited from the same, as a special Grand Representative near this Grand Lodge, shall be admitted to a seat on the floor of this Grand Lodge, and shall have a deliberative voice, but not a vote, in the proceedings thereof.

ARTICLE XIX.

By-Laws in conformity with this Constitution may be made, which shall not be altered or amended unless such amendment be proposed at a stated annual communication and acted upon at the same session, but not on the day on which it is offered, and adopted by two-thirds of the votes given.

ARTICLE XX.

This Constitution, and the By-Laws which shall be made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the Order, and be binding upon the State, District and Territorial Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge.

ARTICLE XXI.

This Constitution shall not be altered or amended, except by a proposition therefor, made in writing, at a regular annual communication, by one or more Representatives from three different States, which shall be entered on the journal and lie over until the next regular annual communication. At the next regular annual communication after being offered,

such proposed alteration or amendment may be considered, and amended if the proposed amendments be concurred in by two-thirds of the votes given, and if agreed to by a vote of three-fourths of the members present, on a call of the yeas and nays, such proposed alteration or amendment shall become part of this Constitution.

The Poet's Reply.

INSCRIBED TO A PHILOSOPHER WHO BADE HIM FLING AWAY HIS HARP OF SONG.

You bid me fling my harp aside,
 And touch its strings no more;
 But can you stay the spirit's flight—
 O! must it never soar?
 You tell me 'tis a fearful gift
 The Poet-soul must bear—
 And that the spells of song but bring
 A weight of toil and care.
 You say that ere the wreath of flowers
 May rest upon his brow,
 That death's cold damps may gather there,
 And stain its marble glow;
 And O! you say that grief must touch
 His harp's unsullied strings,
 And change into a pleasant moan
 The music which it brings.
 It may be—but 'tis joyous still
 To be a child of song:
 To echo forth the burning thoughts
 Which come in mystic throng.
 And it is sweet, at holy eve,
 To wake the tuneful lyre,
 And fling from off the burdened heart
 Its wild and deathless fire.
 What though the soul a purer sense
 Of suffering here must bear—
 Joy to the Poet's heart returns,
 As sunbeams to the air.
 Ah, yes! to the spirit which echoes to song,
 Thought bringeth a spell, and a mystical throng;
 Though shadows of darkness may hang o'er the sky,
 And visions of pleasure give place to a sigh—
 Yet blest is the heart which with musical lay
 Can chase from the heavens the storm-clouds away.

You bid me fling the harp aside,
 And touch its strings no more;
 Oh! little dream you of the power
 Of its high solemn lore.
 How can you stay wild Fancy's flight,

Or check its bright career ?
 O'er fields of light its course is laid,
 It can not linger here.
 As well might you the bright stars call
 From out their cells at even,
 As e'er the Poet's soul to win
 Back from its native heaven.
 You say you would not quench the fire
 Which fills my tuneful soul,
 But only bring my visions back
 To Reason's calm control.
 Would you have me dwell in that cold dark clime,
 Where the heart leaps not to the wave's deep chime ?
 Where the light of song, and the voice of mirth,
 May wait no more on our thoughts' high birth ?
 Would you make my spirit a fettered thing
 Unused to soar, and untaught to sing ?—
 Then 'bid me sling my harp aside,
 And sweep its strings no more;
 Oh! fetter fast the soul to earth,
 If it must never soar.

But it may not be; to my spirit come
 Voices rich from my childhood home.
 They come at the hour and the hush of eve,
 And many a spell on my soul they leave.
 Sweet tones I hear in the wave's deep chime,
 Which tell the heart of a brighter clime;
 And tuneful lays where the quick winds pass
 In eddying gusts through the tall dank grass.
 Oh! you can not break what I've loved so long—
 The power, the joy, or the spells of song.
 You may mark the path of the comet's track,
 And count the years which shall bring it back;
 You may dive for truth to the azure caves
 Which line the bed of the ocean waves;
 You may walk with Reason the realms of space,
 And look with scorn on the Poet race;
 But leave to my spirit its mystic fire,
 With the tuneful harp or the melting lyre.
 I will shun the crowd, and the heartless throng,
 And linger still by the fount of song :
 In a low thatched cottage, by lake or stream,
 I would make my home, where the bright waves gleam,
 Till quenched is the light of my spirit fire;
 Then lay me to rest with my harp and lyre.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Catholicism Antagonistic to Odd-Fellowship.

With the divisions and classifications of society the Independent Order of Odd Fellows holds no fellowship. Religious bigotry and intolerance are proscribed, and all, of whatever tongue or creed, are recognized as the offspring of one common parent, whom it is our duty to assist and protect. All who believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, the Creator and Preserver of the universe, whether Jew or Gentile, are admissible to the privileges of the Order.

But of late years the opposition to admitting members of the Roman Catholic Church has become so strong that they are rarely proposed, and seldom elected to membership. Religious toleration—the right to bow in adoration of a Supreme Being before the altar of our choice, is a privilege which none wish to deny—but the requirements of the Romish Church compelling all secrets to be divulged at the confessional, renders it imperative that those who are connected with that Church should be excluded from the Order. The Papist is taught from his infancy that the Church is infallible, and that auricular confession is only communion with God—the confessor being the representative of the Most High—and that whatever is related to him is communicated to God through him, and hence, he is violating no obligation in revealing the secrets which he has most solemnly obligated himself to keep inviolate. The necessity of excluding Catholics from the Order is thus so clearly obvious that we are surprised that any should have gained admission into any secret organization.

The Catholic Church professes to war against all secret associations, whether for purposes purely benevolent, or for political and sectarian objects, but yet has a secret society more subtle and pernicious than any without the pale of the Church, and one which has, by its power and influence, proved a curse to every nation among whom it could obtain a foot-hold. That no good or devout member of the Roman Catholic Church *will* connect himself with a society which inculcates charity and toleration, a few extracts from some of the Papal authorities will demonstrate:

Heresy and unbelief are crimes; and in Christian countries, as in Italy and Spain, for instance, where all the people are Catholics, and where the Catholic religion is an essential part of the law of the land, they are punished as other crimes.—*R. C. Archbishop of St. Louis.*

For our own part, we take this opportunity of explaining our hearty delight at the suppression of the Protestant chapel in Rome. This may be thought intolerant, but when, we would ask, did we ever profess to be tolerant of Protestantism, or to favor the doctrine that Protestantism ought to be tolerated? On the contrary, we hate Protestantism—we detest it with our whole heart and soul, and

we pray our aversion to it may never decrease. We hold it meet that in the Eternal City no worship repugnant to God should be tolerated, and we are sincerely glad the enemies of the truth are no longer allowed to meet together in the capital of the Christian world.—*Pittsburgh Catholic Visitor*, 1848.

You ask if he (the Pope) were lord in the land and you were in a minority, if not in numbers, yet in power, what would we do to you? That, we say, would entirely depend upon circumstances. If it would benefit the cause of Catholicism, he would tolerate you; if expedient, he would imprison you, banish you, fine you; possibly he might even hang you,—but, be assured of one thing: he would never tolerate you for the sake of the “glorious principles” of civil and religious liberty.—*Rambler*.

The absurd and erroneous doctrines or ravings in defense of liberty of conscience, is a most pestilential error—a pest, of all others, most to be dreaded in a State.—*Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius IX.*, August 10, 1852.

How can any good Catholic, in the face of these teachings of the Church, connect himself as a brother with an organization in which the features which are thus condemned by his Church are recognized as the cardinal principles? We have said, and we now repeat it, that no devout Roman Catholic can become a good Odd Fellow. The elements of the two bodies are too antagonistic to assimilate.

“Where Friendship, Love, and Truth abound
Among a band of brothers”

Bigotry and intolerance can find no foot-hold, and those who hold to the dogmas of the Church are dangerous foes, with whom our secrets are unsafe. The laws of the Order against the discussion of sectarian subjects renders it difficult to legislate upon this subject, but the necessity of the exclusion of the votaries of the Romish Church is so obvious that no member having the good of the Order at heart could be induced to propose a Catholic for membership. We should avoid all causes of strife and discord among our members, and permit the initiation of no one who will be likely to prove a traitor. Self-defense is the first law of Nature, and is as applicable to our institution as to an individual.

“IN GOD WE TRUST,” is your motto—“Friendship, Love and Truth,” are the articles of your creed. Let them be embodied in action and live in your lives. Let true Friendship characterize your intercourse with each brother, and with all men. Let Love be your principle of action, the motive power of all your efforts. Let Truth, constant and unwavering as the needle to the pole, keep your honor bright. Live up to the principles of your Order, and the mouths of gainsayers will be stopped. Finally, brothers, so live that you may occupy seats in the celestial Lodge above, and encamp eternally on the other side of the dark river, where the blight and mildew of sin shall never enter.

A Sunday in Puritan Times.

Many of the early churches in New England had two clergymen; one called the pastor, and the other the teacher. The order of the public services on the Sabbath was as follows: The congregation assembled at an early hour in the morning—never later than nine o'clock. After prayer, either the pastor or the teacher read a chapter from the sacred volume, and expounded it at length. In many of the pilgrim churches, however, the reading of the Scriptures was not allowed for a hundred years after the gathering of the society. This was the case with some of the Boston churches, and quite an excitement was raised when the "innovation," reading a chapter from the sacred volume, was first introduced into the public religious services of the Sabbath. Next to the introductory prayer, or the reading of the Scriptures, in the New England churches, a psalm was sung, which was dictated, line by line, to the congregation. It was the practice for one of the officers of the church to read the hymns, and give out the tune. In some parishes, other persons were designated to perform this duty—for which service the party was excused from paying his poll-tax. The sermon was preached by the pastor or teacher who had not expounded the Scriptures. The services were closed with a prayer and blessing. The one that preached the sermon did not usually take part in the other religious exercises of the occasion.

An intermission of an hour, or an hour and a half, occurred between the morning and the afternoon services. For the comfort of those who came from a distance to attend worship, small houses were built, called "Sabba-day houses," for such to assemble in as lived too far to return home at noon. These houses generally consisted of two rooms ten or twelve feet square, with a chimney in the center between them, and a fire-place in each room. They were generally built at the expense of two or more families. On the morning of the Sabbath, the owner of these rooms deposited in his saddle-bags the necessary refreshments for himself and family, and a bottle of beer and cider. He went to the Sabba-day house, built a fire, deposited his luncheon, warmed himself and family, and at the time of worship they were all ready to sally forth, and to shiver in the cold during the morning services at the house of prayer. At noon the family returned to the Sabba-day house, where a warm room received them. The luncheon was brought out and eaten, and each in turn drank at the bottle. A blessing was invoked, and thanks returned at the repast. The head of the family took notes during the morning discourse, which were read after the noon meal. The morning sermon was discussed, as all present of the family enjoyed the

utmost freedom in their remarks. Some one present prayed, and the family returned to the sanctuary to participate in the afternoon devotional exercises.

In the afternoon, after prayer by the pastor or teacher, the Scriptures were expounded (in the churches where the Bible was allowed in the pulpit) by the one who had preached in the morning, and a sermon delivered by the other. After this, baptism was administered. The minister made an exhortation, and prayed both before and after the ceremony. This ended, the contribution followed—one of the deacons making the appeal to the people. The whole congregation then arose, and proceeded to the deacon's seat. The magistrates and "chief gentlemen" first, and then the elders, followed by the rest of the entire congregation, came up one by one, and put their offerings into a box of wood made for the purpose, and then passed another way to their seats again. The offerings were a miscellaneous collection of goods and chattels of various descriptions, besides money. From the assortment collected, the deacons made distribution to the ministers, the poor, and for other purposes. After the contribution, members were received, the cases of church discipline tried until it oftentimes became very late. "If there was time," a psalm was sung, and the services were concluded with a prayer and blessing. The prayers were from fifty to one hundred minutes in length, and many of the sermons of the times make from one hundred to a hundred and fifty printed pages! If any one disturbed the services, he was made to stand two hours on a block four feet high, with the inscription, "A Wanton Gosseller."

After the contribution, in the second service, many of the proceedings of the sanctuary were exciting and amusing, and attracted the attention of the young folks. Oftentimes some offender was compelled to stand up and confess his crime. In many instances these persons were dressed in fantastic style. After the benediction, the minister passed out of the building, bowing to people on both sides of the aisle, as they all sat in silence till the clergymen and their families had gone out. In the New England colonies, prayers were forbidden at weddings and funerals, but public notice was taken of such events on the following Sunday. The wedding sermons were longer than the funeral, and the young bride selected the text, which was often quite felicitous. Many a wedding sermon has been preached from the text, "Mary hath chosen that good part." When Parson Smith's daughter Abby wanted to marry 'Squire John Adams, whom her father disliked, and would not ask home to dinner, she chose for her text, "John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, He hath a devil." This spirited damsel lived to be the wife of one President of the United States, and the mother of another.

J Sketch of Early Western Life.

When Kentucky was an infant State, and before the foot of civilization had trodden her giant forests, there lived upon the branch of the Green River an old hunter by the name of John Slater. His house was upon the southern bank of the stream, and save a small patch of some dozen acres that had been cleared with his own ax, he was surrounded by dense forests. Slater had two children at home with him—two sons, Philip and Daniel—the former fourteen, and the latter twelve years of age. The elder children had gone south. His wife was with him, but she had been for several years an almost helpless cripple from the effect of severe rheumatism.

It was early in the Spring, and the old hunter had just returned from Columbia, where he had been to carry the produce of his winter's labor, which consisted mostly of furs. He had received quite a sum of money and had brought it home. The old man had several years been accumulating money, for civilization was gradually approaching him, and he meant that his children should start on fair terms with the world.

One evening, just as the family were sitting down to their frugal supper, they were attracted by a sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slater went to the door to see what was the matter, he saw three men approaching his house.

He quickly quieted the dogs, and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to eat and also for lodgings for the night. John Slater was not the man to refuse a request of that kind, and he invited the strangers in. They put their rifles behind the door, unslung their packs, and room was made for them at the supper table. They represented themselves as travelers bound farther west, intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a settlement.

The new comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks, but Slater took no notice of the circumstance, for he was not one to doubt any man. The boys, however, did not like their appearance at all, and quick glances which they gave each other told their feelings. The hunter's wife was not at the table, but she sat in her great easy chair by the fire.

Slater entered into conversation with the guests, but they were not very free, and after a while the talk dwindled to occasional questions. Philip, the elder of the two, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room, and he watched them narrowly. His fears had become excited, and he could not rest. He knew that his father had a large sum of money in the house, and his first thought was that these men were there for the purpose of robbery.

After the supper was over, the boys quickly cleared off the table, and then they went out of doors. It had become dark, or rather the night had fairly set in, for there was a bright moon shining down upon the forest.

"Daniel," said Philip, in a low whisper, at the same time casting a look over his shoulder, "what do you think of these 'ere men?"

"I'm afraid the're bad ones," returned the younger boy.

"So am I. I believe they mean to steal father's money. Didn't you notice how they looked around?"

"Yes."

"So did I. If we should tell father what we think, he would only laugh at us, and tell us we were perfect scare-crows."

"But we can watch them."

"Yes, we will watch 'em, but do not let them know it."

The boys held some further consultation, and then going to the dog-house, they set the small door back so that the hounds might spring forth if they were wanted. If they had desired to speak with their father about their suspicions, they had no chance, for the strangers sat close by him all the evening.

At length, however, the old man signified his intention of retiring, and arose to go out of doors to see to the state of affairs without. The three followed him, but did not take their weapons. The old lady was asleep in the chair.

"Now," whispered Philip, let's take two of father's rifles up to our bed—we may want them. We are as good as men with the rifle."

Daniel sprang to obey, and quickly as possible the boys slipped two rifles from their pockets behind the great stone chimney, and then hastened back and emptied the priming from the strangers' rifles, and when their father and the strangers returned, they had resumed their seats.

The hunter's cabin was divided into two apartments on the ground floor, one of them being the old man's sleeping room, and the other the room in which the company at present sat.

Over head there was a sort of scaffolding, reaching only half way over the large room below it, and in the opposite end of the building from the sleeping apartment of the hunter. A rough ladder led up to the scaffold, and on it, close up to the gable end, was the boys' bed. There was no partition at the edge of the scaffolding, but it was all open to the room below.

Spare bedding was spread upon the floor of the kitchen for the three travelers, and after every thing had been arranged for their comfort, the boys went up to bed, and the old man retired to his little room.

The two boys thought not of sleep, or if they did, it was only to avoid it. Half an hour had passed away, and they could hear their father

snore. Then they heard a movement from those below. Philip crawled silently to where he could peep down through a crack, and saw one of the men open his pack, from which he took several pieces of raw meat by the rays of the moon, and moving toward the window, he shoved the sash back and threw the pieces of flesh to the dogs. Then he went back to his bed and laid down.

At first the boys thought that this might be thrown to the dogs only to distract their attention ; but when the man lay down, the idea of poison flashed through Philip's mind. He whispered his thoughts to his brother. The first impulse of little Daniel, as he heard that his poor dogs were to be poisoned, was to cry out, but a sudden pressure from the hand of his brother kept him silent.

At the end of the boys' bed there was a dark window, a small square door, and as it was directly over the dog's house, Philip resolved to go down and save the dogs. The undertaking was a dangerous one, for the least noise would arouse the villains, and the consequence might be fatal. But Philip Slater found himself strong in heart, and he determined upon the trial. His father's life might be in his hands. This thought was a tower of strength in itself.

Philip opened the window without moving from the bed, and it swung upon its leathern hinges without noise. Then he drew off the sheet, and tied the corner of it to the staple by which the window was hooked. The sheet was then lowered on the outside, and carefully the brave boy let himself out upon it. He enjoined his brother not to move, and then slid noiselessly down. The hounds had just found the meat, but they drew back at their young master's beck, and Philip gathered the flesh up. He easily quieted the faithful brutes, and then he quickly tied the meat up in the sheet. There was a light ladder standing near the dog house, and setting this up against the building, Philip made his way back to his little loft, and when once safely there, he pulled the sheet in after him.

The strangers had not been aroused, and with a beating heart the boy thanked God. He had performed an act, simple as it may appear, at which many a stout heart would have quailed. The dogs growled as they went back into their kennel, and if the strangers heard them, they thought the poor animals were growling over the repast they had found.

At length the hounds ceased their noise, and all was quiet. An hour passed away, and so did another. It must have been nearly midnight when the men moved again, and the lad Philip saw the rays of a candle flash up through the cracks of the floor on which stood his bed. He would have moved to the crack, where he could peep down, but at that moment he heard a man upon the ladder. He uttered a quick whisper to his brother, and they lay perfectly still. The man came to the top of the ladder, and held his light up so he could look upon the boys. The

fellow seemed to be perfectly satisfied that they were asleep, for he soon returned to the ground floor, and then he crept to the crack. He saw the men take knives, and he heard them whispering.

"We'll kill the old man and woman first," said one of them, "then we'll hunt the money. If those little brats up there wake up, we can easily take care of them."

"But we must kill them all," said another of the villains.

"Yes," returned the speaker, "they'll make a noise, and start the old man up."

Philip's heart beat with horror.

"Down the ladder outside, quick!" he whispered to his brother. "Down, and start up the dogs! Run for the front door and throw it open—it isn't fastened. O, do let the dogs in the house!—be quick as you can. I'll look out for father whilst you go."

Daniel quickly crawled out through the little window, and Philip seized a rifle and crept to the head of the scaffold. Two of the villains were just approaching the door of his father's room. They had set the candle down on the floor so that its light would fall into the bedroom as the door was opened. Philip drew the hammer of his rifle back, and rested the muzzle upon the edge of the boards. One of the men had his hand upon the latch. The boy hero uttered a single word of heartfelt prayer, and then he pulled the trigger. The villain whose hand was on the latch uttered one sharp, quick cry, and then fell upon the floor. The bullet had passed through his brain.

For an instant the two remaining villains were confounded, but they quickly comprehended the nature and position of their enemy, and they sprang for the ladder. They did not reach it, however, for at that instant the outer door was flung open, and the hounds, four in number, sprang into the house. With a deep, wild yell, the animals leaped upon the villains, and they had drawn them upon the floor just as the old hunter came from his room.

"Help us, father, help us," cried Philip, as he hurried down the ladder. "I've shot one of them. They are robbers! murderers! Hold 'em, hold 'em!" the boy continued, clapping his hands to the dogs.

Old Slater comprehended the nature of the scene in a moment, and sprang to the spot where the hounds had the two men upon the floor. The villains had both lost their knives, and the dogs had so wounded them that they were incapable of resistance. With much difficulty the animals were called off, and the two men were lifted to a seat. There was no need of binding them, for they needed some restorative agent, as the dogs had made quick work in disabling them.

After they had been looked to, the old man cast his eyes about the room. They rested a moment upon the body of him who had been shot,

and then turned to the boys. Philip told him all that had happened. It seemed some time before the old hunter could crowd the whole teeming truth through his mind ; but as he gradually comprehended it all, a soft, grateful, proud light broke over his features, and he held his arms out to his sons.

"Noble boys !" he uttered, as he clasped them to his bosom. "God bless you for this. O, I dreamed not that you had such hearts."

For a long time the old man gazed on his boys in silence, while tears of love and gratitude rolled down his cheeks, and his whole face was lighted up with the most joyous pride.

Long before daylight Philip mounted the horse and started for the nearest settlement, and early in the forenoon the officers of justice had the two wounded men in charge, while the body of the third was removed. They were recognized by the officers as criminals of notoriety ; but this was their last adventure, for the justice they had so long outraged fell upon them and stopped their career.

Should any of our readers pass down the Ohio river, I beg they will take notice of a large white mansion that stands upon the southern bank, with a wide forest park in front of it, and situated some eight miles west of Owensboro'. Ask your steamboat captain, who lives there ? and he will tell you, "Philip Slater and Brother, retired flour merchants." These are the boy heroes of whom I have been writing.

Our Obligations and Penalties.

We have been branded as an "oath-bound association, whose members are obligated, by bloody penalties, to favor each other wrongfully, and to punish violations of these obligations in some severe and terrible manner ;" yet there is not a single obligation administered among us, inconsistent with any duty we owe to self, family, country, mankind, or to our Creator. All the aid we are to render each other, is and must be within the limits of strict humanity and patriotism, of morality and religion. We invoke no penalty on life or limb, person or property : nothing but the social and moral consequences which follow the violation of any similar pledge of sacred honor among the rest of mankind ; consequently, no one among us is bound, in any way, to revenge any revelation which an unworthy member may make. We do not uphold a brother in wrong, or countenance one in error ; but if a brother is guilty of crime he must atone for his misdeed to the offended law. We are not, therefore, an oath-bound institution, nor are our obligations *oaths*—no jurist would call them such—but simply solemn pledges and covenants, wherein our yea is "yea and amen."

The March of Mind.

"Look down, immortal Homer, from the skies,
And view another Greece in glory rise."

Wrapped in the mantle of imagination, the traveler stands in gloomy meditation amid the ruins of ancient Greece. He looks down the tempestuous tide of time and views of the wrecks of ages and of empires. He stands, with indescribable emotions, upon the crumbling fragments of grandeur where the hall of wisdom once stood, and the thunders of eloquence were heard. There, arose the sun of science on Athens' lofty towers; and there, the siderial orbs of learning illuminated the world.

It was in Greece that the human mind emerged from the night of mental darkness, and severed the galling chain of tyrannical ignorance. Liberty is the daughter of light; she came forth in all her glory in the gardens of Greece. She flourished, and mankind stood astonished at the sublimity of her career. But where now is the glory of Greece? Where now is the land of science and of song? Where now are her brave warriors; her illustrious statesmen; her immortal poets? They have gone down the rapid tide of time, and have ceased to exist but on the scroll of fame. The lamp of learning has been extinguished, and mental darkness rests upon the bosom of her land. Gothic ignorance now dwells upon the ruins of Oriental greatness.

In the march of mind, Rome rose on the ruins of Greece, to wave her scepter over the subjugated world. There, Virgil strung his lyre to sing Æneas' fame; and there, Cicero shook the forum with the thunders of his eloquence, and struck terror to the hearts of tyrants. Rome, then, was the mistress of the world, and on her walls waved the flags of all nations. The mighty Hannibal lifted his arm against her, but she crushed it; and Carthage, so long victorious, fell before her.

Cæsar then lived; his path was conquest, and dreadful was the fate of that warrior who dared the vengeance of his arm. But where now is Cæsar?—and where is Cicero? Alas, they have been murdered! And where now is mighty Rome? She has been tumbled over the precipice of faction and lost in the whirlpool of anarchy. A barbarian torrent has overrun the blooming gardens of Italy; the Goth and the Vandal have prostrated her glory forever. The brilliant sun of science that arose on the gardens of Greece was destined to shine on the ruins of Rome, and then to go down in the night of time to rise in another hemisphere.

In the march of mind, France, plunging in the vortex of a bloody revolution, arrests the attention. Napoleon rose, like a giant from his slumber, and seated himself on the throne of the Bourbons. He pointed

the thunder of his artillery at Italy, and she fell before him; he leveled his lightning at Spain, and she trembled; he sounded the knell of vengeance on the plains of Austerlitz and all Europe was at his feet. He was greater than Cæsar; he was greater than Alexander. But where now is the French Emperor? Where now is Napoleon Bonaparte? He has fallen from the throne of the Czars, on which he seated himself in Moscow. The tremendous military drama has closed, and the great tragedian had left the stage forever. His race was short, but it was brilliant—like the bright meteor that flames along the horizon for a moment, and then disappears. The Lion of England triumphed over the fallen Tiger of Corsica, but his fame is immortal.

The march of mind is now advancing on the shores of America. On the ruins of an Indian Empire a great Republic has arisen to illuminate the world. But where are the Aborigines of the western world? A pilgrim bark, deeply freighted from the East, came darkening on their shores. They yielded not their empire tamely, but they could not stand against the sons of light. With slow and solitary steps they took up their mournful march to the West, and yielded, with a broken heart, their native hills to another race. Before the victorious march of mind, they have been driven from their native haunts, to the margin of the great Pacific.

The great flood of time will roll on until the Aborigines are swept from the face of the earth forever. Ere long not one lone trace of them will remain, save the mausoleum of the warrior, and the page on which his exploits are recorded. The last child of the forest will soon climb his native mountain to view the setting sun of Indian glory. And there shall he bow his knee, the last time, to the sun as he sinks behind his lonely cottage, and worship the Great Spirit of the waters, and the genius of storm and darkness.

Where the council-fires blazed, the tall temple, dedicated to God, now glitters in the setting sun; and the river, once unrippled but by the Indian canoe, is now white with the sails of commerce. The plowshare hath passed over the bones of the Red Man's ancestors, and the golden harvest waves over their tombs. The march of mind hath been to them the march to the grave. When ages shall have rolled away, and some youth shall ask his aged Sire where the wigwam stood, he shall point to some flourishing city on the banks of the stream where once the Indian hunter bathed and viewed his manly limbs.

By wisdom, industry, and valor, the Republic of the United States has arisen to stand against the world. The forest has fallen before her hardy sons; the yelling savage has been tamed, and the Lion of England driven from our shores. Her government is superior to any in the world, and her country suffers not in comparison with any on the globe. The gar-

dens of America are richly diversified with hills and dales, mountains and valleys, where spring walks to strew the earth with flowers, romantic and beautifully sublime. Here are beautiful rivers, smoothly gliding through green meadows or pastoral elegance, where the shepherd hums to his fair one the song of liberty. Here sparkling fountains roll down the flowery mountain's side, and spread a thousand rainbows to the setting sun. Here the roar of the headlong cataract is heard dashing its foaming billows down the rocks, like the crash of clouds, and stunning the ear with its clamors more tremendous than the roar of whirlwinds and storms.

It was in these scenes of poetry and romance that the Indian hunter once stood and gazed at his image. It was in these scenes that he heard the Great Spirit in the tempest, and saw him in the clouds. It was on the banks of the lonely stream that he bowed down in adoration before the sinking sun. Alas! it was here that he read his doom in the evening skies, and dropped a tear upon his country's tomb. But the council-fire has been extinguished, and the war-dance no longer echoes along the hills. In those beautiful scenes of poetry, the Indian lover no longer bows down and woos his dusky mate. They have retired before the march of mind, as the shades of night before the brilliant luminary of day.

Liberty has walked forth in her sky-blue caps to charm mankind, and the rays of science and philosophy are shed abroad in the land. The day is rapidly approaching when the glory and grandeur of Greece will be revived in the western world—when America, thrice happy America, shall be denominated the land of science and of song. The idea is irresistible, that this land will yet be illuminated by a lamp of learning not inferior to those which shone on Greece and Rome. Another Homer may arise in the West, to sing the fame of his country, and immortalize himself; and our history may ere long be as romantic as that of Greece and Rome.

There is a tide in human affairs; and there is a tide of empire. It flows in rivers of prosperity until it is full; but when it ebbs, it ebbs forever. It would seem to the contemplative mind, as if there is a certain height to which republics shall aspire, and then be hurled into midnight darkness. The march of mind seems to attain a certain extent, and then return again to barbarism. The sun of science sets on one shore to rise in a happier clime. But, my country, ere thou shalt lay prostrate beneath the foot of tyranny and ignorance, this hand shall have moldered into dust, and these eyes which have seen thy glory, closed forever. The warlike sons of Indian glory sleep in their country's tomb, but that fate is not decreed to those who now tread where the wigwam stood and the council-fire blazed. American glory has but just dawned.

The Chinese Empire.

The extensive immigration of Chinese into some parts of the United States, at the present time, renders interesting a glance at the history, character, and future prospects of China and the Chinese. Emigration and familiar intercourse with the other inhabitants of the earth is a new feature in Chinese character, to be surpassed only by that of the Japanese.

The Chinese empire belongs to the ancient world. It has long survived the empires of Egypt and Assyria, and the kingdoms of ancient India; yet it is with these States alone that the isolated civilization of China can fairly be compared. Like them, China has reared a civilization for herself, without any help from others. Throughout her unparalleled existence of more than forty centuries, she has been a world to herself. No influx of new ideas, no inspection of other civilization than her own, has been granted to her. She has grown up like a Crusoe and his children and grand-children, upon a solitary island—forced ever to compare themselves by themselves, and never enjoying the rare privilege and help to improvement, to “see ourselves as others see us.” We, Europeans of the present day—in this age “of running to and fro upon the earth”—are privileged to behold the endless variety of life, manners and institutions, with which the world is stored—to judge of them by their several effects as revealed in the pages of history, and to draw from them their moral; thus benefiting by the experience of a whole world, and perfecting ourselves upon the model of the best of our race. Moreover, the blood of a dozen different tribes of mankind runs in our veins, (as was the custom, on a smaller scale in ancient Greece,) producing a richly blended nature, excelling in all departments, whether of thought or action.

China, on the contrary, presents but one phase of human nature; but to that phase it has done marvelous justice. Good sense is its only idol—practical usefulness its prime test; but we have yet to learn that the former of these qualities has ever been more wisely or so perseveringly worshipped, or that the latter has been so unflinchingly and universally applied.

An attentive observation seems to indicate, that this most ancient of empires, for so long stationary in power and intellect, has of late been in many respects retrograding. “The arts once peculiarly their own,” says Mr. Wade, “have declined. Neither their silks nor their porcelain, in their own estimation, equal in quality those of former years.” And Mr. Fortune arrives at a similar conclusion, from the signs of decay which he met with in his wandering. “There can be no doubt,” he says, “that the Chinese empire arrived at its highest state of perfection many years

ago, and since then it has been rather retrograding than advancing. Many of the northern cities, evidently once in the most flourishing condition, are now in a state of decay, or in ruins; the pagodas which crown the distant hills are crumbling to pieces, and apparently are seldom repaired; the spacious temples are no longer as they used to be in former days; even the celebrated temples on Poo-to-San, (an island near Chusan,) to which, as to Jerusalem of old, the natives came flocking to worship, show all the signs of having seen better days. And from this I conclude that the Chinese, as a nation, are retrograding." Were this falling off only visible in the case of the temples, it might be accounted for by the increasing apathy or scepticism of the people in regard to their religion; but in truth, the signs of decay extend into almost every department of the empire. And, writing immediately before the present rebellion broke out, Mr Wade says: "With a fair seeming of immunity from invasion, sedition or revolt, leave is taken to consider this vast empire as surely, though slowly decaying. It has, in many respects, retrograded since the commencement of the present dynasty, and in none that we are aware of has it made any sensible progress."

It would be a great error, however, to suppose that this vast empire is now stooping irretrievably to fall. The whole tenor of its past history forbids the supposition. Again and again has it passed through the purifying furnace of suffering and convulsion, and re-emerged firm as before. Its periodic convulsions are the healthy effects of nature to throw off the corruptions which ease engenders in the system; and however much temporary suffering may attend the present, like every other of its score of preceding revolutions, the resultant good will ultimately atone for all. China will never fall. Its homogenousness, and the unconquerable vastness of its population, endow it with an earthly immortality. We have said that it lacks the variety of Europe; but in that variety, be it noted, there lurks political weakness, as much as intellectual strength. Every unit of Chinese societies is homogeneous. The whole population are one in blood, sentiments, and language; and hence it contains none of those discordant elements, those unwillingly yoked parts, which proved the destruction of the old "universal empires," and which are destined ere long to annihilate the present territorial system of Europe. China, in fact, has ever been, and is, what European Germany and Sclavonia, and every other great State of the future will be, a *race empire*, and therefore indestructible. The Mongols may reign in it for eighty years, or the Mantchoos for two hundred—and even then by only adopting the political and social institutions of the natives. But as time runs on, the wheel ever turns; one after another the foreign hosts are chased from the land, and a native dynasty is destined still to wield the scepter of the Flowery Land.

But we must say more than this in regard to the fortunes of China. What it has hitherto wanted is *new ideas*—and now it is about to get them. In old times, nations could hardly inoculate their neighbors with their ideas, save by conquest, and new mental life was only produced after a temporary death of liberty. It is otherwise now-a-days, and China is likely to benefit by the change. As long as she was feeble, and as long as the sword was the only civilizer, Providence kept her shut in from the prowess of the restless western nations. But now that her people have grown like the sands on the sea-shore for multitude, and that steam has become the peaceful “locomotive of principles,” China is opened. Often as she has reformed herself before, the present is her true second-birth. She will now obtain those new ideas of which she has hitherto been starved, and will enter into ever-memorable union with the rest of the civilized world. The energy and science of the Anglo-Saxons will penetrate the empire, and the Chinese will not be slow to avail themselves of the new lights. Aversion to change, when such change is recommended by manifest utility, is not an original element of their character—as we learn on the authority of Jesuit writers two centuries ago, before the advent to power of the Tartars, and their jealous exclusion of foreigners. And then, what country in the world can compare with China as a field for the triumph of mechanical enterprise? Its vast rivers and canals present unrivaled scope for steam navigation; and its wide plains and valley lands offer matchless facilities for railways. And then all this amidst the densest and perhaps the busiest population in the world. The amount of internal traveling in China is such that we are assured by those who have penetrated the interior, that there are continuous streams of travelers, on horses, on foot, and on litters, as well as long lines of merchandise, from Canton to the Great Wall, and over distances of fifteen hundred miles; in many parts so crowded as to impede one another, and even in the mountain passes so numerous as to leave no traveler out of sight of others before or behind. In what other country in the world are such phenomena to be met with? And though it were vain to enter upon the tempting field for speculations which these few facts—and they could be multiplied indefinitely—present to us; yet we need have no hesitation to predict a striking future for the Chinese race, and one which will benefit the world at large, perhaps not less than themselves.

VALUABLE PRESENTS.—Some one speaking of presents, says, “The best thing to give to your enemy is, forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to your friend, your heart; to your children, a good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, love; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity; to God, obedience.”

Truth.

While the busy world is engrossed in the pursuit of wealth, pleasure or preferment, and, in general, too eagerly running the beaten track of selfishness to pay much more than a *professed* regard to the moralities of life, it seems the more necessary to call attention to important principles, which are apparently being lost sight of, or to a great extent practically denied their proper influence. I propose, at present, to offer some remarks on the importance of TRUTH, deeming no other apology necessary than the too general prevalence of falsehood.

Truth is two-fold, *logical* and *moral*. The first consists in the agreement of a proposition, assertion or representation, with reality or fact. The second consists in the agreement of our words and actions with our thoughts, and is properly termed veracity. All will admit the importance of veracity, when they reflect that it is the basis of all confidence and social intercourse among mankind; and that, without it, society would fall to pieces, and even families cease to exist. It follows, that it is the imperative duty of every member of society strictly to adhere to it. And this, too, is universally admitted; so much so, at least, that all men feel in honor bound to resent, as a gross offense, the slightest impeachment of their veracity. Were they as rigidly adherent to truth as their sensitiveness would seem to indicate, the occasions for resentment would be comparatively unfrequent.

Let all be as regardless of truth as very many now are, and what would be the consequence? Confusion would ensue. Increase of knowledge would cease, except so far as one might learn from actual observation. No man's word would be taken for any thing; books and newspapers would not be reliable for a particle of truth. All sources of information except our senses, would be cut off, and we should become as brutes that perish. Any reflecting mind, in a civilized community, will readily perceive that, by far the greatest part of our knowledge has been derived from other sources than personal experience and observation; that we are dependent, to a great extent, on the veracity of others, and that the poet hath well said:

"Tis to the pen and press we mortals owe
All we believe, and almost all we know."

Banish veracity from the human breast, and the abolition of books and newspapers would speedily follow. They would be no longer reliable as sources of knowledge and information, and would fail from lack of patronage. Courts of justice would speedily fall into so great disrepute, that they would be no longer resorted to for redress, as human testimony would establish nothing; men would, of necessity, retrograde into barba-

rism, and every one be his own avenger, and redresser of real or fancied wrongs.

Truth, then, is essential to civilization, inasmuch as society can not exist without mutual confidence. If veracity be incumbent upon any, it is equally so on all. None has a right to claim exemption from its observance. No honest person will do so, till trained to it by some demoralizing vocation. Politics, or more properly partisanship, has a most corrupting influence in society, and especially on those who are devoted to it. Political editors, very many of them, although they would disdain to tell a falsehood in relation to common matters, recklessly cut loose from all moral restraint and trample veracity under foot, when they enter the political arena; especially if it contravene the advancement of supposed party interests. O that partisan editors would seriously examine the question, whether a lie for political effect is in any case justifiable, and whether truth is not in all cases preferable. Again, an editor politically unscrupulous, from a long habit of lying and deceiving in politics, has little or no regard for truth in other matters—being accustomed to act on the principle that a lie well stuck to is better than the truth, or at least as good.

With what beautiful harmony would the world of mankind progress, were falsehood universally detested as it should be! How much care and anxiety would vanish! General confidence would be restored; perjurers, seducers, flatterers, quacks and swindlers, hypocrites and impostors would speedily vanish. The courts would be purified, and ruinous litigation, generally originating in a violation of truth and honesty, would cease. Thus it appears that truth is of the utmost importance to all rational beings, as it forms the source of our knowledge, the foundation of all social intercourse, the ground of our present comfort and future prospects.

READING.—Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined, for a working man, after daily toil, or in the intervals, there is nothing like reading a newspaper or book.

It ever relieves his home of dullness or sameness. Nay, it accompanies him to the next day's work, and gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation, something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure upon his return. One who possesses a taste for reading is never lonesome, though shut out from society and denied the companionship of congenial spirits.

If I were to pray for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.

The Captive Prince.

"Mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred."—*Prisoner of Chillon.*

In one of the apartments of Windsor Castle remote from those occupied by the royal family, sat James, the son and heir of Robert III, king of Scotland. Books of classic lore, and those containing the productions of the most celebrated poets of England and other countries, were arranged on shelves, while a few favorite volumes lay on a table on which he leaned. He held a pen in his hand and a piece of paper lay before him, on which were traced a few poetical lines, but the free and joyous song of the birds, borne on the summer breeze through the grated windows, by reminding him that he was a captive, smote upon his heart and banished the bright dreams that fancy had summoned up.

Having been made a prisoner by Henry IV at the age of eleven, while on his way to France, whither his father had sent him that he might escape the danger to which he was exposed by the ambition of the Duke of Albany, he was not only retained in captivity the remainder of that King's life, but during the whole reign of his successor, Henry V, in order to prevent the alliance of Scotland with France. Henry IV having had the generosity to bestow on him an excellent education, and possessing a taste for poetry and music, which he successfully cultivated, the young prince was enabled to beguile many an otherwise weary hour; yet, with all these mental resources, there were times when the chains of captivity galled him to the quick, and he would have given worlds to have exchanged his lot with that of the meanest peasant.

He rose and went to the window. The prospect of the Thames and of the surrounding country, dressed in its summer garb of verdure and bloom was beautiful, and there were times when he could gaze on it with the loving eyes and impassioned feelings of the poet; but now his heart was far away amid his native hills, where in childhood he used to rove at will, and his eyes grew dim with tears. As he lingered at the window to catch the coolness of the breeze on his burning brow and throbbing temples, he succeeded in gradually subduing his feelings to that stern and determined composure learned only in the school of adversity, and attained only by those who have the power and will to submit uncomplainingly to its iron discipline. The royal gardens lay below, but owing to the iron bars that crossed his window, that portion nearest the buildings was concealed from his view, and, all at once, he became conscious that a soft female voice occasionally mingled its melody with the wild bird's carol. Notes of so much sweetness, he imagined,

could proceed only from the loveliest of lips, and he earnestly desired to obtain a view of the songstress. His wish seemed likely to remain ungratified, as she continued in that part of the garden which he was debarred from seeing. At length, however, she emerged to view, and approaching a large rose-bush, commenced plucking some of the half-blown flowers. The Prince had never before beheld a face and form so perfectly beautiful. It was at so early an hour that she probably imagined that there were no watchful eyes to observe her, and her rich chesnut hair, unrestrained by golden bodkin or jeweled braid, fell in long, glossy ringlets over a neck of almost dazzling whiteness, at every motion sweeping the dew from the glittering leaves of the rose-bush as she bent over it.

It is singular how the lineaments, the voice and peculiar air, even, after having been long lost, are sometimes revived in a descendant. The features of this lovely creature were almost the same as those which have so long since been made familiar by the portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots. The rich, ripe lips, wore the same expression of pensive tenderness, the soft brilliant eyes were shaded by the same long and silken lashes, and the outline of the exquisite chin and throat melted as harmoniously into that of the snowy neck. Gathering a few other flowers valuable for their grateful perfume, she arranged the whole into a bouquet, which, having tied with a band of silk floss, she left that part of the garden, and was lost to the Prince's view. Reseating himself at the table and taking up the pen, which a few minutes before he had abandoned, he rapidly sketched one of those little songs which have since been attributed to him under the name of Scottish Melodies. He then took a harp which sat in one corner of the room, and soon adapted the lines to a simple and beautiful air, with which he resolved to greet the fair lady of the bouquet, should she again appear alone in the garden. By means of Sir Anthony Darley, his keeper, he ascertained that her name was Joanna Beaufort, and that she was of the blood-royal of England. He soon had the opportunity which he desired to try the effect of his song, the words of which were so pointed that she could not be at a loss to know that she was the person addressed. The Prince could even discern the deepening of the rose-tint on her cheeks as she slowly turned away, but the high grated windows of his prison, sunk deeply into the heavy walls, precluded her from obtaining even an indistinct view of his person, which she gladly would have done by stealth, through the flowery hedge behind which she retreated. She only knew that the minstrel was Prince James of Scotland, whose fate had frequently been the private theme of conversation among the ladies of the court. Strongly was she tempted, the following morning, to visit her favorite rose-bush, but she resisted the inclination, although, while she

was gathering some roses far less beautiful, where she could not obtain even a glimpse of the prisoner's window, she would hear him singing the same song to which she had listened the morning preceding.

Each day, by early dawn, did the Prince repair to his window, in the hope to again behold her who had inspired him with such lively sentiments of admiration and love. It was his fate to be disappointed.

One day, near its close, when on her way to the apartments of the Queen, Joanna Beaufort encountered a minstrel, who, lowly bowing, requested her to inquire of her grace, if she would listen to a few Scottish songs. She conveyed the message, and Catherine, who might find the English court somewhat dull, in comparison with that of her own country, ordered him to be admitted. He was tall and finely formed, and wore the plaid of his country with much grace. As he entered, he lifted his bonnet from his brow, which he carefully consigned to the floor, displaying a profusion of glossy raven curls. Having respectfully greeted the Queen, he ran his fingers over the strings of the harp by way of prelude, and then in a clear, manly voice, commenced his song. At the sound of his voice, Joanna Beaufort started, and, to conceal her agitation from the Queen, sunk back into the recess of a window. As he sang, the minstrel kept his eyes fastened on the floor. Once only he ventured to raise them to the face of the fair girl who stood opposite to him, and then his voice faltered, and his fingers roved over the harp-strings with an unsteady and doubtful touch. It might have been the reflection of the heavy crimson curtain that shaded the window, but as she turned from his gaze, a color broke over her cheeks deep as the half-blown rose that nestled in the snowy folds of the handkerchief that shaded her bosom.

"Sir Minstrel," said Queen Catherine, gaily, as he closed his song, "thou art master of thy art, and if Harry of Monmouth had not already won me, and borne me from my dear sunny France, I would refuse to listen to his suit till he could win me with a lay sweet as thine. Now sing us a somewhat merrier ditty, and then we must dismiss thee, for the long shades which begin to be cast upon the floor, would remind me, did not my heart do so, that the hour is at hand for me to visit the young Prince."

"Your Grace's command shall be obeyed," he replied, "though I have little cause, and still less heart, for a merry song."

"Ah," said Catherine, "thou must go to France, where the sons of Apollo find favor as well as those of Mars."

The minstrel was about to commence his second song, when a stir was heard in the passage. The door was thrown open, the King announced, and the next moment Henry V entered the apartment. At the first intimation of the King's approach, the minstrel had permission from the

Queen to withdraw, and had sunk back into the shadowy part of the room, that he might glide thence, unnoticed, as soon as the passage through the door should be unobstructed. He was in the act of executing his intention, when he caught the eye of the King, who commanded him to remain. He obeyed, retreating still further into the gloom.

Joanna Beaufort turned pale, and without knowing what she did, plucked the leaves from the beautiful rose in her bosom, and then bent over the leafless stem, as if the bloom and perfume still remained.

"It is only a poor minstrel from Scotland," said the Queen, "whom I suffered to enter for mine and Mistress Beaufort's divertisement."

"It would better content me," replied the King, "to entertain one soldier, than a dozen minstrels, and I would prefer to see a parcel of right active lads play a game at leap frog, than to hear a song from each of the dozen."

"Ab, your majesty never heard this minstrel. If you would only please order him sing, you would surely alter your mind."

"Thy sweet voice, Kate, and the prattle of the young Prince, are music enough for me, but I will not cross thy desire. Stand forth, Sir minstrel, where thou canst catch a glance of light from yonder window, and sing us a soldier's song."

He stepped forth with a reluctant and embarrassed air, and commenced with a fluttering voice. Gradually his embarrassment subsided, and as he finished, with a look of majesty and grace of which King Henry himself might have been proud, he turned to the King, and asked leave to withdraw. Henry waved his hand in token of assent, and kept his eyes fixed upon him till he had quitted the apartment. He sat a few moments apparently absorbed in thought, and then abruptly addressing Joanna Beaufort, demanded if she knew the minstrel's name.

"I never saw him till this evening, please your majesty," she replied.

"I shrewdly suspect he is no more a wandering minstrel than the wandering Jew. Alfred"—a lad in waiting stepped forward a few paces—"Go to the hall," said Henry, "and if the minstrel be there, say that I command that he receive liberal entertainment, but that a guard must be set over him for the present."

Joanna Beaufort made a movement as if she, too, intended to leave the room, soon after the departure of the page.

"Nay, Mistress Beaufort," said Henry, in a playful yet decided tone, "we shall not permit thee to leave us at present. A handsome lass should not be trusted in company with one of those minstrel boys, or ten to one there will be some love passages between them."

Thus rebuked, with cheeks glowing with mingled shame and indignation, she sunk back again into the recess of the window. Having, in truth, suspected that the minstrel was no other than his royal prisoner,

for although many years had passed since he had seen him, the last and only time being long before his accession to the crown, the grave and thoughtful, yet handsome countenance of the captive Prince made an impression on his memory which the jovial and reckless manner in which he spent his time, had never the power to efface. Though naturally of a frank and generous disposition, the King seems to have been actuated by a narrow and illiberal spirit with regard to the Prince, for the refusal to liberate him after the alleged cause of his capture no longer existed, Scotland having already entered into an alliance with France.

In a short time the page returned with the information that the minstrel, before he descended to the hall, had departed, no one could tell whither. However quiet and composed Joanna Beaufort might be in her general demeanor, at this intelligence, had not the increasing gloom prevented, a marked change might have been seen to pass over her countenance, and there was certainly a slight accession of gayety in her manner—so thought Catherine—when directly afterwards she invited her to accompany her to the apartment of the young Prince. Henry immediately sent to assure himself that Prince James was in his own room, and then, instead of visiting his infant son, as was his custom at that hour, he took opportunity to speak to Sir Anthony Darley relative to the prisoner, and caution him to keep a strict eye upon his movements.

Several evenings afterwards, as Joanna Beaufort was passing from the Queen's apartment to her own, she was met by a person whom she did not recognize by the imperfect light, who in passing her slipped a piece of paper into her hand. When arrived at her chamber, she found it was a note addressed to herself:

"If the benevolence of your heart has led you to feel the least interest in the fate of the unhappy Prince who is a prisoner in the castle, repair at eleven o'clock to the little wood which skirts the royal gardens on the east. Lady Hester Darley, wife of the Prince's keeper, who will not betray the confidence reposed in her, is willing to accompany you, and will call at your apartments for that purpose at the hour proposed. Think of the eighteen years which he has passed in captivity and exile, and your heart will not permit you to refuse."

Trembling with agitation, which had in it more of pleasure than of pain, she seated herself by the table, resolved to consider the matter coolly and deliberately. But how could a young and lovely girl think thus upon a subject which afforded such scope for imagination, romance and sentiment, when her love and pity were already so warmly enlisted as regarded the Prince? Every objection which presented itself to her mind was overcome by those powerful pleaders, and before the arrival of the specified hour, she had fully resolved on repairing to the wood. Entwining a few rosebuds which had been kept fresh in a vase of water,

with her beautiful hair, she awaited the arrival of Lady Hester Darley. Soon a light tap was heard at her door. It was Lady Hester, and slipping on a short silk cloak, with a hood, which she drew over her face, she gave her hand to her conductress, and they proceeded with hasty and light footsteps along the corridor; at the extremity of which Lady Hester unlocked a door which admitted them to a more private passage, and here not a solitary lamp was burning to enlighten their way, nor did they dare to take one, lest it should gleam through some crevice or flash through some window or door. But they were too familiar with the way to be bewildered, and in a few minutes they found themselves in the open air. Although the beams of an unclouded moon lit up the heavens with a brilliancy little inferior to the light of day, and wreathed with silver the ripples that broke over a small, irregular lake, which formed a beautiful boundary to the garden for a short distance; the shadows of night lay heavily on each leaf-embowered covert and flowery recess, so grateful during the noontide heat. Often did they cower in the shade of some coppice, as they mistook the breeze murmuring among the leaves for the whispers of a human voice, and more than once they shrunk back with terror as some bough, swayed by the wind, cast its shadow across their path.

As they entered the wood, Joanna drew more closely to her companion's side, who led her to an opening. A man muffled in a cloak advanced to meet them. As he drew near, he suffered the folds that shrouded his face to fall, and at the same time taking off his cap, he revealed the features of the minstrel. The moonbeams fell brightly on his high and noble brow, round which his dark and waving hair luxuriantly clustered, and the somewhat haughty expression of his handsome mouth was now softened by one of the most melancholy and winning of smiles. As she listened to the deep musical voice breathing eloquence and poetry of passion, she remembered not that he was a captive; she forgot, even, that could he by any chance regain his liberty, he might claim a crown—she beheld only one of the most fascinating of men, to whom she felt a pride in yielding the whole treasure of her affections. The Prince raised his eyes to the sweet blue sky, which seemed spread like a banner of love over the opening where they stood, which at this hour was as silent, and appeared as lonely, as if in the heart of a deep forest. It was the first time for many, many years, that he had stood in the open air with none near to guard him, and by their presence remind him of his bondage. Calmer and more reflective thoughts succeeded the delirium of joy which he felt at finding that his love was returned.

"To what end," thought he, "should I seek to link the destiny of this lovely and innocent girl with mine, save to make her feel the weight of the chains which are daily dragging me to the earth?" And he offered

to release her from the promise which he had sought to obtain with so much ardor.

She replied, "While my heart is yours my promise remains. When I take back the one, you may be assured that you no longer possess the other."

At this moment, Lady Hester stepped forward and directed their attention to a light which gleamed from the Prince's window. It was the signal which Sir Anthony Darley had promised to display at midnight, the hour at which his prisoner had agreed to return. It shone with a calm unwavering light, and seemed to the lovers like a star, which, though it hovers near the cloud, pours beams of peace and promise on the tempest-tossed mariner. Its influence may appear strange, but they parted from each other full of happy thoughts and buoyed up with hopes which, to them, that serene and lonely light gleaming from the prison room was an emblem.

As Lady Hester and her youthful companion were about to emerge from the wood, a man darted across the path which wound along by the shore of the lake, and crouched beneath the shelter of a neighboring coppice. They stopped, greatly alarmed, for they feared that their interview with the Prince had been discovered. They could not proceed without passing directly by the coppice, and after considerable hesitation they retraced their steps and took the path by which Prince James had just made his egress.

It proved as they had feared. The King, who, as has already been mentioned, suspected that the minstrel whom he met in the Queen's apartment was his royal prisoner, had issued orders that the proceedings of Sir Anthony Darley, his keeper, should be strictly watched, and early the next morning, Sir Anthony received information that another keeper was appointed in his room.

When the prisoner was informed of the change, he uttered no complaint—he did not even speak—but he felt that the thoughts which a few moments before were teeming with hopes and anticipations, which though vague and half formed had passed over his spirit a soothing and most blessed power, must henceforth be the darker for one bright and solitary gleam of sunshine that had flitted across his path.

* * * * *

It was August. Two months had passed away and the country was in mourning for her King. Henry V, the "Star of England," was dead. Henry VI being only nine months old, the kingdom was placed under the protectorship of his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, who was likewise, by the will of his late brother, appointed Regent of France.

It was a delightful evening—as lovely as the one in June when Prince James and Joanna Beaufort, accompanied by Lady Hester Darley, met

for the first time in the wood. Autumn had planted a few touches of decay on the then fresh foliage, and spread a somewhat fainter hue over the heavens, but they were no less beautiful and serene, while a star less evanescent than the light that gleamed from the window, hovering near the crescent moon like a messenger of love, seemed to regard them with a look of benignity as they now stood on the same spot. The Prince had not now by the indulgence of his keeper stolen from a prison; the council of England, through the influence of the Duke of Bedford, had granted him his freedom. By the same influence, Joanna Beaufort was now his wedded wife, who listened with delighted attention as he clothed in language the host of old memories which from childhood had been garnered in his heart, and were still fresh as the first sweet flowers of spring.

In a few weeks the Prince hailed his native land, where he and his consort were received with delight by their subjects, and were crowned King and Queen of Scotland.

A Good Honest Heart.

I'm happy, I'm cheerful, I'm merry and gay,
 From year's end to year's end—so time glides away;
 Though on humblest of fare, or on dainties I dine,
 Contentment and peace are companions of mine.
 There is joy in my cup, there is health at my board,
 And though poor, yet in spirit I'm as rich as a lord;
 For this is a maxim from which I'll ne'er part,
 "The true spring of peace is a good honest heart!"

I frown not on those whom the world calleth great,
 For what God has denied can be no whim of Fate—
 I speak no ill-word of my dear fellow man,
 But endeavor to do all the good that I can.
 Should the orphan and widow look in at my door,
 I wish them "God Speed!"—perhaps do something more;
 For this is a maxim from which I'll ne'er part,
 "The true spring of peace is a good honest heart."

What were this world to me, and the pleasure it brings,
 If love to my soul lent not freedom and wings?
 And as for the next—dare I dream of its bliss,
 If my duty to man were neglected in this?
 Then murmur who will—let the selfish plod on,
 And be true to the teaching of rule "Number One"—
 This, this is a maxim from which I'll ne'er part,
 "The true spring of peace is a good honest heart!"

The Bashful Man.

As my object is but to give a specimen of the numerous misfortunes that incessantly beset me the moment I appear in ladies' society, I shall merely speak of those which befel me at the only dinner in Paris to which I was invited. Though laden with introductory letters, I never delivered another.

I pass by the various efforts I made before I could muster sufficient resolution to deliver to Madame O. the one that procured for me, and a friend who came with me, the dinner in question. I pass by my trepidation at the everlasting peal with which the bell responded to my timid touch. Scarcely could I distinguish the *Parlez au Suisse* over the porter's lodge, where probably Swiss never stood since its erection. I pass by several minor blunders, such as asking the porter to direct us to "*la chambre de Madame*," meaning her drawing-room. Suffice it to say, that my less nervous companion, dictionary in hand, boldly led the way: that, having traversed a good number of courts and stairs, we at length arrived safely at the ante-room, where stood a servant before a pair of folding doors, which he threw wide open, and announced us by a pair of names that we should never have recognized as our own, had we not met them elsewhere.

Already agitated, and perspiring with nervous trepidation, this ostentatious mode of entrance, so different from the republican simplicity to which I was accustomed, was a formidable trial to me. My cheeks tinged, my knees trembled, and my heart beat violently. I slunk silently behind my unabashed companion and endeavored to gather sufficient courage to conceal the tremor that shook me like an ague fit. Madame O. rose to receive us; and as we approached her, it became necessary that I should *deploye* from behind my friend. But in so doing, I did not notice a large pet dog, who, comfortably stretched on a red velvet cushion, lay napping beside his mistress, directly in my path. On I went, anxious only to get through the introductory ceremony as soon as possible, and then to ensconce myself in a remote corner, where,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"

I might escape notice or remark. But truly says the French proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes;" and very unfortunate were his dispositions for my intention. As I hastened on, all glowing with confusion and quaking with fright, just as I began my bow, I stumbled over the detested pet, and was suddenly precipitated head foremost, like an ancient battering-ram, into the lap of Miss P., overturning episodically a countryman of my own, who was seated next her, balancing his chair on its two hind legs. To save himself, he instinctively grasped the back of

her chair; and his weight at her rear, acting at the same moment that I was hurled at her front, decided all hesitation, and over we all rolled together, the chairs uppermost. The vile dog who had been at the bottom of the mischief seized me by the leg, and receiving a hearty kick in return, added his howling to the chorus of dismay that now filled the apartment. Happily, the female sufferer in this *melee* engrossed all the sympathy and attention of the company; but I well knew, that in the short minute that had elapsed since I had entered the apartment, I had made three mortal enemies of a man, a dog, and a lady.

For my own part, as soon as I had extricated myself from the terrible crash, confusion, and shame, I retreated into the most obscure corner of the room, where I sought to hide myself and my overwhelming mortification behind the guests who were lounging about there.

The call to dinner served as a relief to my embarrassment; for I hoped that would engross every one's attention, which now, I could not help feeling, must be occupied with my awkwardness. Following the company to the dining-room, I saw that each plate contained a card, on which was written the name of the guest who was to occupy the place thus designated. Every one seemed to find his own place by magic; but for me, four or five times did I make the circuit of the table, looking in vain for mine. Indeed, I know not but I might have continued running about all dinner time unnoticed among the crowd of servants, had not Madame O's eyes at length detected me as I circled round and round with a hysterically increasing rapidity, my eyes dim with confusion, and a clammy perspiration bedewing every pore of my body; and I at length sunk into my seat, when found, nearly exhausted with mortification and shame. Here, again, I found myself embarrassed with my hat, which, having observed that all retained in the drawing-room, I still grasped with nervous pertinacity. This I at length disposed of, as I thought at the time, with wonderful ingenuity; for I hung it by the brim between my knees, spreading my handkerchief over its open cavity.

My seat was next to a young lady, whom, of course, I was expected to entertain. Wofully, already, had I entertained the company, but I found myself infinitely better adapted to entertain a company *en masse* than *singulatis*.

The ordinary routine of a French dinner now commenced. Soup and bouillie, fish, fowl, and flesh; *intremets* and *hors d'œuvres*, while a series of servants appeared each instant at our elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different dishes and as many different kinds of wine, all under strings of names which I no more understood than I understood their composition, or than they did my *gaucheries*. Resolute to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my predominant trait, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying "yes" to every thing that was offered

me, and eating with the most devoted application, till 'n an evil hour my fair neighbor, weary of my taciturnity and her own, at length herself began a conversation, by inquiring how I was pleased with the opera. The question was put at an unlucky moment. I was just raising a large morsel of potato to my mouth, and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it instantly. Heavens! it was as hot as burning lava! What could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed on me, waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth was in flames. In vain I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes, which involuntarily I had fixed on her, straining from their sockets. She remarked the grimaces, of the cause of which I believe she was ignorant, with amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh *now* when I think of it.

"You're sick, sir?" at length she gently, and in an anxious tone inquired. I could bear no more. My mouth was flayed with the burning mass, and smarting with intolerable pain; so, quietly abandoning the point, I opened it to its utmost, and cut dropped the infernal fire-brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to a smile visibly ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She soothingly condoled with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, till, exerting the magic influence that true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually, my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could even join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of every action I attempted. I even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of my calamities was completed for the day.

"Let no one call himself happy before death," said Solon; and he said wisely. The ides of March were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not yet extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table; and when my fair neighbor inquired if I was fond of *choufleur*, I verily took it to be the French for custard pudding; and so high was my panegyric of it, that my plate was soon bountifully laden with it. Alas! one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to Heaven that the *choufleur* had vanished along with it! But that remained bodily, and almost as large and as burning as Mount Vesuvius, and my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, though I could almost as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled manfully on against the diabolical compounds. I endeavored to sap the mountainous heap at its base, and, shutting my eyes and opening my mouth, to inhume as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began, intelligibly

enough, to intimate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even expelling that which had already gained an unwelcome admittance.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions which appetite would not have inspired; when my plate, having somehow got over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward, tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under it in its turn; and a great proportion of it was thus safely deposited in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself, as I raised my person; and as I glanced my eye round the table, and saw that no one had noticed my disaster, I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolving not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief together with all its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the draw-room, where coffee and *liqueur* were served round. Meantime I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding-place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining-room, for I could not carry it longer in my hand; having first thrown a morsel of paper into the crown, to hide the cauliflower from view, should any one chance, in seeking for his own hat, to look into mine.

On my return to the drawing-room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I had sat at dinner. Our conversation was naturally resumed, and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen, running like a race-horse, up her arm.

"Take it off—take it off!" she ejaculated, in a terrified tone.

I was always afraid of spiders—so, to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my handkerchief from my pocket, and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heaven! I had forgotten the cauliflower, which now plastered over her face like an emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady; while little streamlets of soft butter glided down her beautiful neck and bosom.

"*Mon dieu! mon dieu!*" exclaimed the astonished fair.

"*Mon dieu!*" was echoed from every mouth.

"Have you cut your head?" inquired one.

"No, no; the spider, the spider! The fellow has crushed the spider."

"What a quantity of entrails!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously to himself.

Well might he be astonished. The spray of the execrable vegetable had splattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment

the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket, but its contents remained.

"What a monster it must have been!" observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation. "I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower."

At that moment, I felt some one touch me; and turning I saw my companion who had come with me.

"Look at your pantaloons," he whispered.

Already half dead with confusion at the disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at glance the horrible extent of my dilemma.

I had been sitting upon the fated pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft paste-like vegetable, which had daubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if I were actually dissolving in my pantaloons. Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat: but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"*Sacr-r-r-e! bete! Sacr-r-re Sacr-r-r-r-re!*" the *r* in the last syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name, that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the door. Suddenly there was a pause—a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I siezed my hat, and opened the door, and the whole matter was explained. We had exchanged hats; and there he stood, the soft cauliflower running down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, moustaches, ears, and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride, like the colossus, and stooping gently forward, his eyes forcibly closed, his arms held out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter at every pore.

I stayed no longer; but, retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a *fiacre* and arrived safely at home; heartily resolving, that to my last hour I would never again attend a fashionable dinner-party, or deliver another letter of introduction.

Fortune.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
 And write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach and no food,—
 Such are the poor in health: or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.—*Shakspeare.*

The Last Summer Flower.

The last summer flower has faded away;
Its bright golden petals have gone to decay—
And over its cheerless and withered stem,
Low zephyrs are moaning its sad requiem.

We fondly had cherished this lingering flower,
But ah! in a thoughtless and unguarded hour
'Twas shivered and broken, and laid low in death,
By Hoar-Frost's cold fingers, and Autumn's cold breath.

But why should a tear even moisten mine eyes?
I know from its ashes a new one shall rise:
I know that my flower shall blossom again
When Summer, sweet Summer, returneth to reign.

Fayette county, O., October, 1854.

Stella.

CHAPTER X.

Unutterable grief filled the heart of Stella, as she heard the sentence pronounced which condemned her father to a felon's cell, but she did not speak; she did not even weep. Claspings her hands together, she sat silent as a statue, while her slight frame quivered like an aspen sprig. For a few moments she remained thus overcome by a speechless agony, seemingly forgetful of the crowd around her, until the judge, who, with many others, had been regarding her with feelings of the deepest sympathy, gave orders in a husky voice for the removal of the prisoner, when her quick soul seemed aroused once more to a sense of duty, and with a fearful effort to calm herself, starting up with a face pale as marble, and eyes gleaming with a strange wild light she walked quickly up to the side of her father, and placing one hand in his, murmured: "You have me still, father, my poor father."

The stoicism of De Lorme, which had sustained him apparently unmoved during the painful ordeal through which he had just passed, was entirely overcome by this touching proof of his daughter's devotion. Stooping down, he drew her to his bosom in a passionate embrace, and while the tears streamed from his sightless eyes, he exclaimed aloud: "My child! my child! would to God I had been a better man, that I might at least be worthy of thy sweet affection."

He could say no more; but bowing his silvered head over the fair one which lay nestled closely to his heart, he wept as but few have wept. For once the strong man was shaken as a reed when from the hills of

pine the midnight tempest sweeps. Many were the pitying eyes bent on the unhappy father and child, and for some minutes no attempt was made to separate them. But the proceedings of the court could not long be interrupted; the car of business, like the heathen Juggernaut, rolls on, though under its iron wheel are crushed the loveliest flowers of human affection. The command to remove the prisoner was again repeated, and De Lorme, knowing the prison restrictions, that he must now be separated from his child, exclaimed sorrowfully as they reached the outer hall, whither she had followed him:

"Heaven help and protect thee, my faithful Stella, for we must part now. You can no longer share my gloomy cell, but if there is mercy in human hearts, you will find shelter somewhere. And they will let you visit me sometimes; but we can be no more alone together. My starlight may no longer abide with me, but the memory of thy sweet love will dwell in my soul forever."

"Father! O, father!" said the sorrowing child, "I must stay with you. You know my promise?" And she clung to him with a look full of agony.

"My poor child, it is impossible. We must part here; but do not grieve for me so—you will shortly find other friends," said the wretched father.

"She will indeed find friends," cried several voices at once; and Alfred Malcomb, separating himself from the crowd which had followed them out, advanced to the side of the unhappy man, and gently freeing him from the convulsive grasp of his child, lest ruder hands should do it, he said: "Fear nothing, sir, for Stella; there are warm hearts here whose sympathy she has already won. She will be protected. And do not you despair. You also have friends, who will imitate the faithfulness of your child."

"I ask, I wish nothing for myself," answered De Lorme, haughtily. "To the world I leave the most faithful of daughters. She is the last link which binds me to this miserable earth; I would not have her suffer. May Heaven bless you, if you prove her friend, and its heaviest curses light upon you, if you do her wrong. Farewell, sir. Farewell, my sweet child—my angel Star, farewell!" he added, stooping, and folding her once more to his heart.

"Farewell to-day, father; to-morrow I will come to see you," said Stella, making a fearful effort to be calm. And sitting down on the stone steps of the court house, she watched with mournful eyes, the retreating form of her father, till it passed from her sight mid the crowd of a busy thoroughfare; then leaning her head against one of the heavy columns which supported the front arch of the building, her overtaxed nerves gave way, and she commenced weeping violently. It was a re-

lief to all who witnessed her tears; for she had looked fearfully before, with her pale face and dry luminous eyes, and she was suffered to weep unmolested for some time.

At length, Alfred Malcomb, who could no longer endure to witness her grief, going to her, called her twice by name; but she made no answer. "Will you not speak to me, Stella?" he said sadly. Still she gave no answer.

"Mother, go to her," whispered Norman Griswold (who had stood near them with sympathies deeply excited, yet restrained from addressing her himself from a feeling that his voice must be to her a hated sound, since she had just heard it in condemnation of her father), and before the words were fairly uttered, a woman's form bent over the sorrowing child, and a voice sweet with the music of consolation and love, said:

"This is a heavy trial, my poor child; but you must seek the good in it. No doubt Heaven intended it for a blessing to some one. You must not grieve so, but try to be more patient."

"Oh! mamma! my angel mamma! have you come back to me?" exclaimed Stella, now raising her head, while a smile like a sunbeam flitted over her lovely face. "But I have been so naughty, mamma. I have forgotten your instructions, and have not been patient. Oh! mamma, can you forgive me? But it is so hard! My poor father!" And the smile vanished, and tears were in her eyes.

"I am not your own mamma, but I will try to be a mamma to you, if you will let me."

"No, you have not my mamma's face, nor her eyes, but you talk like her; you must have her heart. Oh! lady, I have been so weary, so very weary, since she left me!"

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Griswold, striving to control her emotions. "Would you not like to go home with me and rest?"

"O, yes!" said Stella. "I don't care where I go now, since I can not be with father. Poor father!" she added; "I must stay as near him as I can. I can not leave this place."

"But I live here," said Mrs. Griswold.

"Then I will go with you, if it will not be too much trouble. But you must let me work for you," said Stella, eagerly.

"I should not wish you to be idle," replied Mrs. Griswold; and she gave a signal to her son to call a carriage, for the poor child was too weak to walk. This was as Norman wished, and avoiding all conversation, lest he should betray to Stella the relationship which existed between him and the lady under whose protection she had placed herself, he set off to do her bidding. During his absence, Alfred, whose penetration had enabled him to discover this secret, going up to Mrs. Gris-

wold, addressed her as follows, but in a tone too subdued to be overheard by the grief-absorbed Stella :

"You are the mother of Norman Griswold, are you not?"

"I am, sir," was the prompt reply.

"You have reason to be proud of such a son. He has the qualities of mind and heart which must some day make him eminent."

"He *was* a dutiful child ; he *is still* a respectful son."

"And that is a high proof of his nobility of intellect."

"It is a greater consolation to me than the loftiest genius would be without it."

"'Honor thy father and mother,' is a law of God beautiful as it is just," said Alfred ; "and they who do not obey it are worse than the heathen."

"Were you to repeat that sentence in our fashionable circles, you would be in danger of proscription," said Mrs. Griswold, smiling.

"I know it," said Alfred. "Respect to parents has become a virtue of so rare a growth among us that whenever it exists, it excites our wonder and admiration, and we feel inclined to cherish it as we would a beautiful exotic which has sprung up and flourished in a bed of rank and unwholesome weeds. We have a charming instance before us, in the devotion of Stella St. Luke to her unhappy father. It is her deep affection for him which makes her character so beautiful to me. Not that I think she approves of the wrong he has done, but because I believe she is too innocent to comprehend it."

"I would that all the erring had a spirit so pure to attend them, to cling to them with a love as strong as hers ; there might then be more hope of them. That Stella's love could not save her father from prison does not prove it has been wasted. It will save him from despair, now that he is there, and prevent that utter abandonment of the heart to evil influence which we so often see in those who have once fallen from the path of virtue. Let one of a high, proud spirit, like De Lorme St. Luke, feel that he is scorned by the whole world—that there is not one heart to beat with love and sympathy for him, and you could give no greater license to all that is fiendish in our human natures ; but throw around him the softening influence of affection, convince him of the unaltered devotion of a child, a sister, a wife, or mother, and no matter how far he may have fallen, he may be saved. On the dark sea of life, where his feeble bark lies shattered, he will still have hold of one chord strong enough to draw him away from the vortex of ruin, and bear him back to the pleasant shores of peace. Now, it is no wonder that so many become reckless and never rise again, since Public Opinion, that merciless hyena which in our country is suffered to prey upon the reputation of those who become in the least obnoxious to society, till the chill

frost of neglect settles upon their hearts, withering every bud of hope and every expanded blossom of truth and goodness, heaven-born, within. But love shall yet be the redeemer of the world. We can not know the influences which have brought De Lorme St. Luke where he now is, or how far he is responsible for the wrongs he has committed; but I believe it to be our duty to pity him, *even him*; and his fair child—she is well deserving of our protection. I am poor, but such as I have I will freely share with her, provided there is no one else who has a better right to protect her.”

“The sentiments you have so beautifully expressed, my dear lady,” replied Alfred, “are such as would find an echo in every generous heart. For your kind intentions in behalf of Stella St. Luke I can assure you not only of my gratitude, but of the gratitude of one who is happy in possessing a superior right to the privilege of protecting her.”

“Has she then other relatives living?”

“Yes, an uncle.”

“Her father’s brother?”

“No; her mother’s. Albert Linwood.”

“Albert Linwood was lost at sea many years ago, I thought,” said Mrs. Griswold. And Alfred noticed she trembled very much, and grew very pale.

“You are mistaken, my good woman,” he replied. “The report of his death was false. Albert Linwood still lives, and is one of God’s noblest works—a true man. Fortunately he is blessed with abundant means to gratify his desires for doing good.”

“Then he will adopt his niece?” said Mrs. Griswold.

“He will take her to his bachelor home, and do all in his power to promote her happiness.”

“It is well,” said Mrs. Griswold, in a husky voice, and her agitation increasing, she turned away, and was silent for some moments; but gaining self-control, she asked if he would not suffer Stella to remain with her a few days, till she should become reconciled to the separation from her father.

“I shall be obliged to do so, I presume,” said Alfred. “She does not yet know that she has an uncle living, and I doubt if we can persuade her to go to him immediately. I fear she will prefer to remain with you altogether, that she may be nearer her father.”

“She shall be welcome. But I see the carriage is waiting; will you not accompany us home?” said Mrs. Griswold.

“You will know best how to console the poor child if you remain alone with her awhile. I will call in the morning.” Saying this, Alfred assisted them both into the carriage, and giving directions to the coachman, they were driven rapidly away.

During their ride, neither said much. Stella's thoughts were with her father; and her frequent sighs and tears betokened the sorrow of her heart. And as for Mrs. Griswold, the scenes of other days were gliding before her, and memories sad and mournful haunted the chambers of her mind. The sudden stopping of the carriage startled them both, and looking out, Mrs. Griswold perceived she was at the door of her own home. Alighting from the carriage, she assisted Stella out, and conducted her into a pleasant, though humbly furnished, parlor; and after gently removing her bonnet and mantle, she led her into her own room, and taking a seat in an easy chair, she drew her towards her, and folding her in her arms, suffered her head to rest upon her bosom. Stella, overcome by her kindness, flung her arms around her neck, and burst into tears. She remembered how often she had been folded thus in the arms of her dead mother; how much she had missed her during the long dreary years in which she had wandered on without her, and how often, since the trials of her father commenced, she had yearned for that dear bosom to rest her weary head upon, and that gentle spirit to teach her to be patient.

For some time Mrs. Griswold suffered her to weep undisturbed. But at length, fearing that a grief so long continued might be injurious to the poor child, she endeavored to soothe her excited feelings by conversing with her.

"You would like to go and visit your father soon, would you not?" she inquired at last, seeing that nothing she had yet said had the effect to stay her passionate weeping.

"Oh! yes; can I not go to him in the morning?" was the quick reply.

"Not if you grieve so much as to make yourself sick. You will have to lie in bed then, and you can not see him at all."

"But I will not grieve so any more," said the poor child; and she choked down her rising sobs. "But poor father! he will miss me so much to-night!" she added, with a fresh gush of tears.

"Oh! lady," she continued, "do you think there can be any good to be learned from this great trial?"

"I have no doubt of it," said Mrs. Griswold.

"Then I will try and be patient till I learn it; but it is all dark now."

"I fear you have not looked for the light, my poor child. No doubt you have thought no one ever had so much cause to be miserable as you have, and you would be surprised were I to tell you that there are many little girls in this city who have far more reason to be unhappy. And yet such is the case."

"I see you wonder how this can be," continued Mrs. Griswold. "Well, I will tell you. You had a good mother, did you not?"

"O! yes," said Stella, her countenance lighting up.

"And she loved you very much, and took great pains to teach you many things—such as keeping your clothes in order—did she not?"

"Yes."

"And your duty to God, as far as you could comprehend it?"

"Yes; she said I had a good Father in heaven, who would always love me, if I did right."

"And she taught you by her example to be kind to others?"

"Yes; she said I must try to love everybody—that God had commanded us to do so—and if any one sought to injure me, I ought to forgive him."

"And she taught you to be industrious?"

"Yes; she said it was very wrong to be idle."

"And to keep you from being so she taught you how to read and sew, and to do many other things which she thought useful and at the same time pleasing to you?"

"Yes; and she sometimes made me do things which were not pleasing to my patience; for she said she did not know what my trials in life might be, but it was our duty to be prepared for anything, and she taught me never to be ashamed of doing any thing necessary to be done for the comfort of myself or others, and I am so glad she taught me this, for it has helped me many times since."

"Then you think you would have been much worse off if you had not had so good a mother?"

"O, yes; it seems to me I could not have done without her. Father has always been good and kind to me, but he never taught me anything till mamma went away from us, though he used to play with me, and call me his 'little Star.' Poor father! I promised never to forsake him, and now I must! Oh! lady, it seems so hard!" said the poor child sorrowfully, her grief returning again.

"A good mother, and a kind father—these are great blessings, are they not?" continued Mrs. Griswold, without appearing to notice her tears.

"O! yes," said Stella.

"Well, these little children of whom I have spoken are many of them worse off than you are; for they have no good mothers or kind fathers. They have idle dissipated parents, who never taught them to be industrious—to sew, to read, to work, or even to keep their clothes tidy. They do not know any thing about God, except as they have heard his name coupled with rude jests or horrid imprecations. They are brought up amid disgusting filth and destitution, and though benevolent missionaries frequently visit them, and strive to teach them to be industrious and live better lives than their parents, yet, early impressions are very

strong, and it is hard to change their habits. Do you not think you have reason to be grateful that you are not as they are?"

"O, yes," said Stella, "I fear I have done very wrong to grieve so."

"We should always keep in mind the blessings we enjoy, when sorrowing for those which (for some good purpose, not always revealed to us at once), have been removed. Go now to the window, my child, and tell me what you see."

Stella did as she was directed, and looking out, she said cheerfully, "O! lady, I see the sky, and it is very bright; and I hear the birds sing. It is a very beautiful sight."

"And you love Nature, and would grieve very much could you not look upon her works?"

"Yes, I should miss them indeed. The flowers look so smiling, the brooks sing so sweetly, the sky fills me with such happy thoughts, and the trees are so grand and noble—and yet they seem so friendly, their branches embrace each other so fondly—and the birds warble such sweet hymns! O, I do love them all very much."

"Well, these are blessings which you may still enjoy; and you have yet a greater one, for He who made all these things has promised to be your friend as well as mine, for He is the friend of all, and He denies us nothing for our good. Let down that heavy curtain and you would make the room dark. So grief makes the soul very dark, if we suffer it to draw its gloomy curtains over the windows of faith and hope, thereby shutting out the light of innumerable blessings, which would otherwise enter through them. Do you not think, Stella, that you have many things which should comfort you."

"O! yes, I see them now—you have pointed them out to me; but having to break my promise to father, that grieves me still, and I can not help it."

"You kept it as long as it was in your power, did you not?"

"Yes."

"You have done, then, all you could; you have no cause to reproach yourself. You still love your father?"

"O! yes, very much."

"Well, then, you have not virtually forsaken him. The laws of our country have only made it necessary that you and he should be separated awhile."

They conversed thus till evening. The supper which Mrs. G. had prepared in her own room remained on the table almost untasted, neither having any appetite, and when the clock struck nine, the feelings of Stella being much soothed by the kindness which she had received, Mrs. Griswold proposed they should retire. Placed in a clean bed, resting her head on the arm of her good friend, the poor child was soon in a

sound sleep, from which she awoke in the morning, dreaming that she had found her own mamma again, and that she had promised never to leave her any more. The sun was already shining brightly into her room. Mrs. Griswold had been up some time, and when she came into the room to call her to breakfast, she looked so kind and pleasant, and assisted her so cheerfully to get ready, that all these things combined made Stella feel almost as if the dream was about to become a reality. She had not once thought of her grief of the previous day, but with her hand in one of Mrs. Griswold's, was entering the breakfast-room, when, seated at a side window, she caught sight of the person of Norman Griswold. In an instant all her sorrows returned, and uttering a piercing cry, she freed herself from the grasp of the kind lady, and rushed from the room; and going back to the one where she had slept, she flung herself on the bed, weeping bitterly. Mrs. G. followed her, and raising her up, said mildly, "I am sorry, my poor child, that the presence of my son is so painful to you. I am the Widow Griswold, and Norman is my only child."

"O, if I had known that yesterday," said Stella, "I should never have dared to come here. O, I have been so naughty, and behaved so foolish!"

"I knew," continued Mrs. Griswold, "that the sight of him, after what has occurred, must awaken unpleasant feelings, but be assured, my poor girl, my son wishes to be a friend to you."

"I know it, I believe it," said Stella. "I thought so yesterday; but I was very naughty, for when he was speaking against my father, I forgot that he was my preserver, and was very angry with him, and he knew it, for when he looked at me very pitifully, I turned my head away, and when he left us on the steps, he looked at me again, and seemed so sorrowful that I was almost tempted to speak, and tell him I did not hate him; but I thought of my poor father, and wicked thoughts were in my heart again, and I turned away reproachfully, and would not even look at him. Oh! it was so wrong!"

"It was wrong," said Mrs. Griswold. "But a wrong which requires more self-control than most grown persons possess to keep them from committing it. It is so natural for us to feel angry with those who speak against our friends, that when it is done as a painful duty, in vindication of our just and equitable laws, we can hardly help disliking the one who does it. The profession of the law is one peculiarly trying on this very account; that those who enter it must encounter the ill will of all the friends, far and near, of those against whom they may be called to plead. If found guilty, no matter of what crime, the witnesses who testify, the lawyer for the prosecution, and the judge who pronounces the sentence, are all considered as instruments of the unfortunate indi-

vidual's ruin, whereas they have no part whatever in the matter, save to discharge an unpleasant duty. My son is as much your friend now as he was before your father's trial. He was employed as counsel against him before he saw you, and he would have failed in duty to himself and others had he not done as he did. It was a great trial to him, with the interest he felt for you, to appear against one so dear to you as your father. But to prove he was still your friend, he requested me to bring you here. Do you blame him now?"

"Oh! no," said Stella, growing calmer. "But I blame myself for having been angry with him, and I think I can see him now without feeling bad." So saying, she placed her hand again in Mrs. Griswold's, and they went out to breakfast. Before sitting down, however, Stella went up to Norman, and offering him her hand, which he took kindly, she said:

"Oh! sir, can you forgive me for forgetting that you were my pre-server, and being angry with you? I have been very naughty—can you be my friend still, and forgive me?"

"Most assuredly, my dear little girl," said Norman, smiling. And he led her to a seat at the table, which she took, and they all sat down looking very happy. Shortly after breakfast Alfred Malcomb came in, and after the usual compliments, calling Stella to him, he told her about her uncle, her dear mother's brother, and asked her if she would not like to see him. She said she would, very much, but she preferred to stay near her father; and after trying many inducements to persuade her to accompany him home, finding she still remained firm in her desire to stay in the place which held the object of her devotion, Alfred asked her if she would like to stay with Mrs. Griswold.

"Oh yes!" she said, eagerly, her face brightening up, "if she will let me work for her, and if it will not be too much trouble. She is so good, so like my own mamma!"

The necessary arrangements were soon completed, and Alfred returned with her to the hotel to get her things which remained there. Slipping away from him unobserved, she went to a little box, and taking from it a small purse, she hastened down to the landlord and offered the contents of it, amounting to four dollars, which she had ingeniously contrived to earn, to the landlord, to pay for the trouble she had caused him, she said. But he refused to take it, saying, "All your bills have been paid, my little girl."

She looked disappointed, but turned away, and seeking Alfred, returned with him to the house of Mrs. Griswold, where he shortly left her, and set out on his return to L——. Mrs. Griswold had promised Stella that she would go with her to see her father in the afternoon, and at an early hour after dinner, they set out, accompanied by Norman.

Arrived at the prison (which was located some ways from the one in which he had been confined before his trial, and was much larger and more gloomy looking), they asked permission of the keeper for Stella to see her father; and taking her up stairs into a large room, he left her alone, telling her to wait there and he would send her father to her. In a few minutes he came in with one of the prison guard, and Stella rushed forward to greet him. He received her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly, but it was, after all, a sad meeting. She could stay only a few moments. The guard remained in the room with them. She had so much she wished to tell, but did not like to have overheard. These things vexed her, and she could have wept only she did not like to disturb her father, who, she saw, looked paler than usual, and trembled very much. To his inquiry as to where she had found shelter, she said that a good lady had taken her to her home, and was going to let her live with her, but she did not mention her name, fearing that he might be angry with Norman, as she had been, and think she did wrong to go home with his mother. She told him about her uncle, though—all that Alfred had said about him—of his desire that she should come and live with him.

"Promise me, my child, that you will not go to your uncle Linwood's while I live," said De Lorme, deeply agitated.

"I will not, father, if you do not wish it," the faithful child replied. "But why have you never mentioned his name to me before? Has he ever wronged you, father?"

"No, my child; I have wronged him. He has just cause to hate me forever; and I could not bear that he should become the protector of my child and I living."

Stella looked grieved, but she made no reply, and the guard manifesting some impatience, she kissed her father, and with tears in her eyes, turned away, saying she would come again to see him very soon.

What is Life?

Life is a germ unfolding a flower—
To blossom on earth it hath not the power.
When death breaks the petals the flower is given,
To flourish and bloom in the garden of Heaven.

But Oh! should the bud be cankered with blight,
The flower corroded shall ne'er see the light;
And Death, which before was the opening bloom,
Shall then be a fearful, eternal dark tomb!

Payette county, O., October, 1854.

The Two Extremes.

Do you see that dilapidated house, with its windows stuffed with old hats and clothes? The blinds on the outside hanging by one hinge; the roof covered with green moss, and vines hanging in long strings down the side—all denote it to be the abode of poverty and want. No smoke issues from the chimney; yet it is intensely cold. No air of comfort surrounds it, but desolation reigns supreme.

It can not be inhabited! Surely the most squalid poverty would not seek shelter in such an abode! Yet a low moan is heard in the crazy old house, as if from some one in distress! We will enter. Look around you. A man is sitting on a low stool, with his elbows resting on his knees, his head buried within his hands; his clothes are torn and his hair all matted together. See how bloodshot his eyes are, as he looks around!

In the extreme corner of the room kneels his wife, beside the mattress, for there is no bed. Ah! see the tears as they gush from her eyes. The form of a lovely child in Death's icy folds lies stretched before her. A sweet smile still lingers round the mouth of the departed one, and the expression of the whole countenance is one of joy, as if the soul were exulting in its freedom from the cares of this life, and rejoicing in heaven with the angelic host.

The woman rises from her kneeling position, and slowly and with tottering steps, for she is faint and weary with her vigils by the sick couch, approaches her husband. She lays her trembling hand on his arm, and with the other points to the lifeless form of their only child. Gently leading him towards the pall, they kneel together and lift up their voices in prayer. They implore His protecting hand, to comfort them in their tribulation, and to guide them in the path of duty. They forget their poverty and their wretchedness, and pray only for strength to bear the heavy weight of affliction which the loss of their household treasure has brought upon them. They arise from their knees and are comforted, for true and fervent prayer is a healing balm to the broken spirit and contrite heart.

There is a knock at the door, and a neighbor enters bearing a coffin. He gently lays the form of the child within it; they look again upon the icy features so beautiful in death—the coffin is closed, and borne away to the tomb. * * * * *

Time in its advance changes everything—our natures, our lives and our feelings. Years have rolled on since last we were together in that old building. A fine mansion now stands on its site, elegantly furnished and decorated with the insignia of wealth. Let us enter, and see if we

can recognize the inmates. We will follow that gentleman, neatly attired in sable garments. A servant in livery opens the door and ushers him into the parlor. A lady rises to welcome him. He gently places his arm around her, and brushing back the raven tresses from her brow, kisses her tenderly. Do you recognize them? They are the same we met, years before, mourning the loss of their only child, when surrounded with poverty and want in that desolate old house! Wealth and fortune have smiled on them since, yet there is a void in their hearts which none save that sweet child can fill. They employ their time in works of benevolence and charity, and distribute their wealth with a liberal hand to the needy and unfortunate.

The American Sword.

Sword of our gallant fathers, defender of the brave,
Of Washington upon the field, and Perry on the wave!
Well might Columbia's foemen beneath thy deathstroke reel,
For each hand was firm that drew thee, and each heart as true as steel;
There's not a tarnish on thy sheen, a rust upon thy blade,
Tho' the noble hands that drew thee are in dust and ashes laid—
Thou'rt still the scourge of tyrants, the safe-guard of the free,
And may God desert our banner, when we surrender thee!

Sword of a thousand victories! thy splendors led the way
When our warriors trod the battle-field in terrible array;
Thou wert seen amid the carnage, like an angel in thy wrath,
The vanquished and the vanquisher bestrewed thy gory path;
The life-blood of the haughty foe made red the slippery sod
Where thy crimson blade descended, like the lightning glance of God!
They poured their ranks like autumn leaves, their life-blood as the sea,
But they battled for a tyrant—we battled to be free!

Sword of a thousand heroes! how holy is thy blade,
So often drawn by Valor's arm, by gentle Pity's stayed;
The warrior breathes his vow by thee, and seals it with a kiss,
He never gives a holier pledge, he asks no more than this;
And, when he girds thee to his side, with battle in his face,
He feels within his single arm the strength of all his race;
He shrines thee in his noble breast with all things bright and free—
And may God desert his standard, when he surrenders thee!

Sword of our country's battles! forever may'st thou prove,
Amid Columbia's freemen, the thunderbolt of love,
When like a youthful victress, with her lovely flag unfurled,
She sits amid the nations, the empress of the world;
Behold the heaven-born goddess, in her glory and increase,
Extending in her lovely hands the olive-branch of peace;
Thy glittering steel is girded on, the safeguard of the free,
And may God desert her standard, when she surrenders thee!

Two Views in Life.

"MARRIED YESTERDAY."—Every day, in the journal that with the first gleam of the sun, is flung within our portals, we read this little sentence—"Married yesterday, so and so." Every day there is a wedding feast in some of the mansions of the earth—a clasping of hands and an union of hearts in the dim aisles of some holy temple—a pledging of eternal love and constancy during all the hours that are yet to come down, like spring-flowers, upon life's pathway. Each day some new marriage crown is put on, and she that wears it, leaning upon him whose love is the brightest jewel set amidst its leaves, steals away from the "dear old home," and nestles tremblingly in the fairy cot where Love's hand has trained the honey-suckle over the lattice porch, and placed *Æolian* lyres in all the casements.

"Married Yesterday!" There are pearls and gold shining now amid the flowers that fringe Love's pathpay, and stars gleaming like great chandeliers in the firmament of hope. There are harps tinkling now whose melody is sweeter than the sound of evening bells, and joys falling like a shower of amethysts upon the hearts that yesterday were wed. Life now is become beautiful; the soul soars upward from the dust, like a dove loosed from its cage; there is melody in every path, with crownings for those who are pressing onward with song and prayer.

"Married Yesterday." It seems now a long distance to the grave—a long road to the final rest. But soon the shadows will come and life lose its summer bloom. Then as the patter of tiny feet is heard about the grandfather's house, and little bairns cluster about his knee, those who were "married yesterday" mayhap will turn back to the records of the past, weeping silently the while, remembering that their summer is gone, their harvest ended, and that soon, gathering up their sheaves, they must pass beyond the gates of pearl, where there will evermore be but one marriage—that of the Lamb with his chosen people.

"DIED YESTERDAY."—Every day is written this little sentence—"Died yesterday, so and so." Every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home, a breach made in some happy circle, a jewel stolen from some treasure of love. Each day from the summer fields of life, some harvester disappears; yea, every hour some sentinel falls from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the surging waters of eternity. Even as we write, the funeral procession of one who "died yesterday," winds like a summer shadow along the street.

"Died yesterday." Who died?" Perhaps it was a gentle babe, whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills loitering in a bower of roses; whose little life was a perpetual litany, a May time crowned with passion

flowers that never fade. Or, mayhap it was a youth, hopeful and generous—one whose path was hemmed with flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath—one whose soul panted after communion with the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for guerdon in the distance. But that heart of his is still now, for he “died yesterday.”

“*Died Yesterday.*” A young girl, pure as the orange flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar, and from the dim aisles of the temple she was borne to the “garden of the slumbers.” A tall, brown man, girt with the halo of victory, and standing, at the day’s close, under his own vine and fig tree, fell to the dust, even as the anthem trembled upon his lips; and he, too, was laid “where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.” An aged patriarch, bowed with years and cares, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel host, sank into the dreamless slumber, and on his door-step was next day written, “Died yesterday.”

“*Died yesterday.*” Daily men, women and children are passing away, and hourly, in some graveyard, the sod is flung over the dead. As often in the morning we find that some flower, that blushed so sweet in the mellow sunset, has withered up forever, so daily, when we rise again from the bivouac to stand again at our post, we miss some brother soldiers, whose cheery cry, in the sieges and struggles of the past, has been as fire from heaven upon our hearts. Each day some pearl drops from the jeweled thread of friendship—some lyre to which we were wont to listen—is hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and the music lost, for life with him shall pass away gently as an eastern shadow from the earth, and death as a triumph and a gain.

WORTHY MODELS.—Odd Fellows’ Lodges, like all other deliberative bodies, sometimes suffer from those long-winded speakers and “everlasting talkers” who are earsores in any society. No little subject can be introduced but they must speak upon it. They must talk to every point of order, and weary the patience of almost every member in the room. Indeed they have indulged in this miserable habit until, we have supposed, they *honestly think* that unless *they speak* and enlighten the members, the question will undoubtedly be decided wrongly. We recommend to the consideration of these “talkers” the following remarks of President Jefferson :

“I served with General Washington in the Legislature of Virginia, before the revolution, and during it, with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak more than ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point, which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulder to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves.”

Odd Fellows' Melodies.

Blest are the hearts that feel,
And banish others' grief;
Obedient to the Savior's will,
They, too, shall find relief.

Blest are the hands that give,
The stewards of the Lord;
A hundred fold shall they receive,
As their sublime reward.

Blest are the deeds that bring
Salvation to the poor;
That wake the widow's heart to sing,
And orphans sigh no more.

Blest are the sons of peace,
Who love and quiet shed;
They shall have mercy, and their bliss
Shall like a river spread.

Blest in affliction they—
The good that they have done,
In death shall chase their gloom away,
As mists the rising sun!

Blest in God's Paradise,
Like stars forever glow,
To prove that he alone is wise,
Who doeth good below.

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR," God doest say.
Treading in the Savior's way,
We would spread thy gifts abroad,
And be like thee, Father, God!

"BE THOU MERCIFUL!" We hear—
For those deeds our hearts prepare;
Give us souls to love all men,
Not for earth, but heavenly gain.

"LOVE FULFILLS THE SACRED LAWS!"
Truth from Holy Writ we know—
Bind it closer to our heart,
Wider blessings to impart.

To the man who helps the poor,
Thou hast made a promise sure.
While we comfort in distress,
Cheer us with thy solid bliss.

In the Savior's path of peace,
May we find His righteousness—
True religion, *doing good*—
Peace on earth and peace with God.

GLEANINGS.

“WHAT WILL MY MOTHER SAY?” said a young man a few days since, when apprehended for appropriating his neighbor's property. Oh what a sermon is there! The pious instruction—the consistent example—the earliest recollections of youth burst upon him with fearful vividness! For himself he cared nothing, he offended the law, and was willing to submit to the penalty; yet the frail form of that dear one who taught him to lisp his evening prayer, appeared before him, tottering toward her last resting place, there to lie down in pleasant dreams. The silver hairs has strayed beneath her cap—the eye has lost some of its brilliancy, but none of its benevolence—the skin is not so fair as when she was led to the altar—the hand, as she leans upon the staff, has not the delicate proportions of other days—the step has lost its elasticity, but a firm reliance on her father's sustaining her children that have grown up in honor, so far as she knows, makes her willing to go when her summons comes. Then do you wonder that the poor culprit sighs out in the agony of his heart: “Dont let my mother know it, for she's almost worn out now, and this would kill her!” Young man, when tempted to sin, ask yourself, “What would my mother say?” When the evil one has assumed his most alluring form, before you yield, stop long enough to ask your better nature, “What would my mother say?”

FIVE SWEET WORDS.—There are five beautiful words commencing with the letter H, the synonyms of all the soul holds dear—Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven.

Delicious memories to the mind they bring,
To cheer in solitude and suffering.
A Heart that's true, a Hope that strength supplies,
A Home where joys from purest springs arise,
Afford us Happiness, when we're absent, even,
And intimate the radiant bliss of Heaven.

A CLERGYMAN, happening to pass a boy weeping bitterly, halted and asked, “what is the matter, my little fellow?”

The boy replied: “Before, we could hardly get enough to eat, of any thing, and now what shall we do? for now, there's another one come.”

“Hush thy mourning, and wipe off those tears,” said the clergyman, “and remember that He never sends mouths without He sends victuals to put into them.”

“I know that,” said the boy, “but then He sends all the mouths to our house, and the victuals to your house.”

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—The sea is the largest of cemeteries; its slumbers sleep without a monument. All grave-yards in other lands show symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are all alike undistinguished. The waves roll over all—the same requiem song by minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump when the sea will give up its dead.

A YANKEE boy had a whole Dutch cheese set before him by a wag-gish friend, who, however, gave him no knife.

"This is a funny cheese, Uncle Joe," said he, "but where shall I cut it?"

"Oh," said the grinning friend, "cut it where you like."

"Very well," said the Yankee, coolly putting it under his arm, "I'll cut it at home."

FORGIVENESS.—A blind girl, on being asked to give the definition of forgiveness, replied, "It is the fragrance which flowers yield when they are trampled upon."

GOOD HUMOR is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. 'Tis the most exquisite beauty of a fine face—a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in a landscape, harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hue of the dark.

WHEN we reflect that every mother has children of surprising genius, it is a matter of serious inquiry, where all the ordinary men come from, who cross our path in every day life.

THE following is recommended as a reading exercise:

"I saw five brave maids, sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids. I said to these five brave maids sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids: "Braid broad braids, brave maids."

HYPOCRISY AND AFFECTATION.—Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy, affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other only finishes a fop. Contempt is the proper punishment of affectation, and detestation the just consequence of hypocrisy.

MANY a man will retract praise; none but a high spirited mind will revoke its censure, or can praise the man it once attacked.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—The late eminent judge, Sir Allen Park, once said at a public meeting in London: "We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible to their greatness, and of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how much is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is not on it—not a law that does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy, healthy parts to the Gospel."

JOHN Randolph met a personal enemy in the street, one day, who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal.

"I always do," said Randolph, stepping aside, and raising his hat—"pass on, sir—pass on."

A GOOD LIBRARY.—Says Southey: I no sooner set a foot in a good library and fasten the door, but I shut out ambition, love, and all those vices of which idleness is the mother, and ignorance the nurse; and in the very lap of eternity among so many illustrious souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit, that I then pity the great, who nothing know of such happiness.

GOOD.—We overheard a queer thing from a little fellow about six years of age, a short time ago. The subject of "wedding cake" had been introduced in the course of conversation, in which the father was taking a part.

"Father," said the little fellow, after having apparently reflected intently on something, "I shan't send you any of my wedding cake when I get married."

"Why so?" was the inquiry.

"Because," answered the little fellow, "you didn't send me any of yours."

HOW TO LIVE.—The following lines embody noble sentiments:

"We live in *deeds*, not years; in *thoughts*, not breaths;

In feeling, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by *heart-throbs*. He most lives

Who thinks most; feels the noblest; acts the best."

CONTENTMENT.—"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Saadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

PROGRESSION.—Peace and prosperity have been the cause of the decline and fall of nearly all nations and societies of men that have passed away. The enervating and seductive influences of such a condition, have proved more destructive to those nations who reveled in wealth than the power of mighty armies. Love of excitement, or fame, may carry a man boldly to the cannon's mouth; but it is a purer and holier heroism that can raise the soul to the capability of long years of endurance and toil, to confer an unacknowledged benefit upon the race. Therefore, if Odd-Fellowship is to be a living and enduring institution there can be no resting place for its members. We must ever press forward to secure for it some new triumph in the use of man. We must advance it as rapidly as the stirring spirit of the age moves forward the world in which it exists, or it will fail to perform its mission. For it we must be self-sacrificing and enduring; for it we must acquire the true heroism. The cause is worthy of the effort, for nothing better than Odd-Fellowship, properly carried into practice, can demonstrate the fact, that "man is but little lower than the angels."

IMPORTANT TRUTHS.—In a work lately published by Lieber on civil liberty and self-government, he says, "There is no right, without a parallel duty; no liberty, without the supremacy of law; no high destiny, without earnest perseverance; no greatness, without self-denial."

FANNY FORRESTER, in one of her late poems, thus adverts to her own "closing scene:"—

My life is waning. All its hopes are dead.
The rich warm glow has faded from my heart,
The light, the joy of bounding health have fled,
And shroud-like fears in shadowy awe upstart,
Scaring the sunlight from my fading day—
My life—my life is waning fast away.

The year is waning—mine is almost done;
Together turn we to our last repose,
Waiting another spring—a brighter sun,
Waiting—ah me!—beneath these chilling snows!
Stoops there no pitying angel, whose soft wing
May bear me tidings of the promised spring?

AN INQUIRING MIND.—A stripling some eight years of age was engaged in the manufacture of a stool, which on account of a disparity in the length of the legs, refused to stand up. After fruitless efforts to make it do so,

"Mother," said he, "does the Lord see every thing?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well," replied the young hopeful, "then I guess he'll laugh when he sees this stool."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CELEBRATION AT WASHINGTON, O.—Having been invited by the Lodge of this place to deliver an address, we took the Cincinnati, Wilmington and Zanesville train, on the afternoon of the 12th ultimo. When we left the city it was very warm, and clouds of dust were flying in all directions. We had not proceeded far up the Little Miami, until we noticed a change in the atmosphere; the dust had disappeared, and in looking out upon the hills and fields we discovered that they had been visited by a most copious and refreshing shower. How genial to the cracked and thirsty earth! After a long drouth, however unprepared we may be for it, who does not rejoice in seeing rain. We saw many persons standing uncovered while it was pouring down as if they were enjoying the greatest luxury, and a gentleman remarked that he would be willing to walk all day in the hardest shower, if that would secure its continuance.

We passed rapidly over this most excellent road from station to station, and about half-past 7 o'clock, we arrived at the depot in Washington, where we found several brethren in waiting, and entering the carriage of our excellent brother Yeoman, Vice Grand of Temple Lodge, we were taken to his beautiful residence, a short distance from town, embowered in a grove of forest trees. We had the pleasure of an acquaintance in other years with his estimable lady, and our visit was thus made doubly pleasant and delightful. We formed several interesting acquaintances in the town, and had the pleasure of meeting our old friend, Judge Green, of the Court of Common Pleas. The Judge looks well, and presides over his Court with great dignity and urbanity, having the esteem of all the gentlemen of the bar.

The celebration came off on the 13th, at 2 o'clock, and the brethren formed a procession, headed by the Lancaster band, and marched through the principal streets to the Methodist Church. Ringgold Lodge, from Greenfield, Columbia, from Circleville, besides several brethren from Wilmington, New Holland, Lancaster, Jamestown, Clarksburgh and New Lexington, joined in the procession. The brethren had made arrangements for having the exercises in a beautiful grove near the town, but the rain prevented them from occupying that place. The church was crowded in every part, and many had to go away unable to obtain seats. The exercises commenced by singing an appropriate ode by the choir, after which the Rev. Mr. Bowman addressed the Throne of Grace. The next in order was the presentation of a Bible by the wives of the members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The presentation

address was delivered by Mrs. Parrish, in the following appropriate language :

"As a testimonial of the high regard in which your honorable and charitable Order is held, on behalf of the wives of the members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Washington, I present, through you, to your Lodge, this Bible ; and in so doing, we feel that, as it is the guide to all truth, the foundation to all hope, and the light to direct man in the path of duty, you will appreciate the gift and practice its precepts, by clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, visiting the sick, and educating the orphan, as in times past your Order has done."

We had the pleasure of receiving the gift from the hands of the fair donors, and were charged by the Lodge, to express thanks for the same, which we did in the best manner in which we were capable. After the presentation, the choir sang another beautiful ode (originally published in the Casket, from the pen of our talented contributor, "Licinius,") which was followed by the address. When the address was concluded, the choir sang a valedictory, and the audience was dismissed by the benediction. There were several Daughters of Rebekah present, among whom were some who had recently been initiated, and seemed pleased with the degree. Bro. Stees succeeded in raising us a good subscription list, and we hope it may be increased among the numerous brotherhood in that section of the country. We shall visit Washington again.

CALIFORNIA.—Yuba Lodge No. 5, of Marysville, celebrated the first anniversary of its institution of the 27th of July last. The celebration was got up in very excellent style and taste, and went off to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. Grand Master J. F. Morse delivered the address, which, for classical elegance and beauty of diction, says the Marysville Herald, has never been surpassed in California. In the evening, the brethren gave a ball at a Ranch near the city, which was suddenly and distressingly marred and broken up by the breaking out of the great fire which occurred in the city on that evening. Many of the fair votaries of Terpsichore flew from the ball-room to find themselves stripped of all worldly wealth, except the festive robes which decorated their persons.

NEW CONSTITUTION.—We publish this month the Constitution adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, at the last session. The new Constitution, it is generally conceded, is a great improvement upon the old one, and is much better adapted to the requirements of the Order. The vote upon its adoption stood ayes eighty-six, noes six. We will publish the by-laws adopted, in our December number.

GRAND LODGE OF ILLINOIS.—This body held its annual session in the city of Quincy, commencing on the 10th of October. Over one hundred and twenty-five members were present. The Grand Master, Bro. Wm. Rounseville, in his able report, a copy of which he has kindly furnished us, gives the following summary of the doings of our brethren in that State :

Permit me to congratulate you upon the continued and increasing prosperity of Odd-Fellowship in this jurisdiction. At no period of its history has there been more zeal manifested—more determination to be prosperous shown—more scrupulous observance of the fundamental principles of the Order been rendered. With very few exceptions our Subordinate Lodges are in a flourishing condition. Peace and harmony reign within our borders—activity and energy give token of future usefulness and triumph.

Since the last communication, twenty-five Lodges have been instituted, making the highest number one hundred and fifty-nine. A great majority of these new Lodges are located in places that are fast growing into numerical and commercial importance, and will, almost as a matter of course, steadily and permanently go forward to triumphant prosperity. The initiations during the present year have been 1625, being an increase over last year of 446. The number of contributing members at the close of the last term was 6848, exceeding the number reported last year by 1550. The revenue of this year is set down at \$51,131 77, exceeding the report of last year by nearly \$12,000. The amount of relief rendered is about \$8,844 against \$8,578 73, a fact showing a very desirable state of health to have existed generally, although an epidemic has prevailed in some localities.

The election for officers resulted as follows: James E. Starr, of Alton, G. M.; A. C. Lewis, of Chicago, D.G.M.; W. R. Lockwood, of Quincy, G.W.; S. A. Corneau, Springfield, G.S.; J. G. Ives, Springfield, G.T.; William Rounseville, Peoria, Grand Representative.

GRAND LODGE OF MISSOURI.—The annual communication of this body was held in St. Louis, commencing on the 19th of October. A large number of representatives from all parts of the State were in attendance, and the reports and proceedings indicate that the Order in Missouri is in a highly prosperous condition. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year.

Wm. A. Moffett, of St. Louis, G. M.; V. C. Peers, of Farmington, D. G. M.; C. C. Archer, of St. Louis, G. W.; I. M. Veitch, of St. Louis, G. S.; B. F. Crane, of St. Louis, G. T.; John How, of St. Louis, and James Carr, of Paris, G. Representatives.

MASONIC.—The Grand Lodge of Ohio held its annual session in the city of Chillicothe, during the third week in October. Charters were granted for quite a number of new Lodges, and the session was one of much interest and importance. Wm. B. Dodds, of Cincinnati, was elected Grand Master; Benj. F. Smith, of Mt. Vernon, Deputy Grand Master, and John D. Caldwell, of Cincinnati, Grand Secretary.

KENTUCKY GARLAND.—After many vexatious delays, Mrs. Lindsey has at last issued the first number of this excellent publication. It was at first her intention to publish it in newspaper form; but by the advice of her friends she has concluded to issue it as a monthly magazine. It contains sixty-four pages in each number, is printed on good paper, and in typographical execution is very neat. The non-appearance of the Garland at the time promised, was the result of causes entirely beyond the control of the editress. Mrs. Lindsey has been prostrated by severe illness for several weeks, from which she has now but partially recovered, and with commendable energy, she commenced the redemption of her pledge to the patrons of the Garland as soon as she was able to leave her couch. It will be published at Louisville at two dollars per annum, payable in advance.

THE MORALS OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP—We are indebted to William J. Moses, the publisher, of Auburn, New York, for a copy of a little work bearing this title. It is the substance of an address delivered before the Grand Lodge of Northern New York, at the annual session of 1853, by Bro. D. W. Bristol. The views taken of the character of the Order by the writer are calculated to remove the prejudice existing in the minds of many against the Order, and the work should be extensively circulated among those who entertain ill-founded objections to one of the noblest and most powerful agencies for moral and physical good, presented by the present active and eventful age.

ANATOMY OF THE BRAIN.—This is the title of a work published by Messrs. Middleton, Wallace & Co., Lithographers and Engravers, 115 Walnut street, which we regard as a valuable contribution to medical science. The work is edited by Dr. Landon C. Rives of this city. It consists of fifteen beautiful plates, printed in colors, representing all parts of the brain in natural size. The plates are accompanied with descriptions. To the medical student this work must prove highly acceptable and useful, and will, no doubt, meet with an extensive sale.

DR. DAVISSON'S SERMONS.—This work is on sale at the Methodist Book Concern. To those who desire to be refreshed by reading sermons of the right stamp, full of the marrow and fatness of truth, we advise them to purchase this book.

DEATH.—Death is the liberator of him whom freedom can not release, the physician of him whom medicines can not cure, and the comforter of him whom time can not console.

Odd Fellows' LITERARY CASKET.

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"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH"

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## Stella.

CONCLUDED.

In the quiet home of Mrs. Griswold the unhappy Stella found many things calculated to bring that consolation to her wounded spirit which she so much needed. It was the first care of her kind protectress to keep her mind occupied during the day always with some useful employment, while their evening hours were enlivened by cheerful conversation in which Norman joined them as often as his business would permit. That she might not seem ungrateful for their kindness, Stella strove against her grief, and endeavored to interest herself in all the plans formed by them for her improvement. Each day she would insist on being permitted to take an active part in the duties of the household, playfully asserting that she should have to run away if they would not let her work. Once a week, Mrs. Griswold accompanied her on a ramble through the woods, or to the sea-shore, where their souls communed with Nature and grew strong in gratitude to the Creator; and with the birds, the winds and waves, and earth's innumerable voices, hymned his praise. These visits to her favorite haunts exerted a healthy influence over her mind, harmonizing her feelings, and leading her thoughts to the contemplation of higher and holier things than life's cares and trials. Occupied in this agreeable manner, the days flew more rapidly than she had anticipated they would when first separated from her father, and three weeks passed away before she had realized their presence. But during this time she had not forgotten her unhappy parent, or ceased to mourn his absence. On the contrary, she went to see him very often, and thoughts of him were mingled with everything she did.

One day she set out earlier than usual, to go to her father, but on reaching the gate, the keeper having had more company to attend to than usual, that morning, and feeling somewhat irritated in consequence,

seeing her approach, his vexation was increased, and he harshly refused her admittance, telling her not to trouble him again with her visits for a month. The poor child was stung to the quick by this refusal, and she went back weeping bitterly, and feeling very angry and miserable. Mrs. Griswold, to console her, reminded her again of the blessings she still enjoyed, and after a great while succeeded in soothing her grieved spirit; but she was not as cheerful as she had been for several days. She pined more for her father, and seemed restless and uneasy, and was often heard talking to herself, and saying, "Poor father! he'll miss his Star so much! It is too bad! How can I wait so long?" But she struggled hard to control her feelings, and to appear calm and contented, because she disliked to distress others with her sorrow.

Another three weeks passed away, but more heavily than the three previous ones to the suffering child. She yearned, O, how her heart yearned! to be with her father again. Yet she must be patient another week. One afternoon, Mrs. Griswold observing that she was paler, and looked more sorrowful than usual, asked her if she would not go and walk with her. She assented, seeming very thankful, and they set out for the woods. In her usual mood every tree and shrub, every flower and leaf, were objects of interest to her, and nothing but an injury to her stronger affections could render her insensible to them. But this time she took little notice of any thing, and entered into no conversation till they reached a tiny woodland stream. This she seemed to regard attentively, sometimes smiling, and sometimes with her eyes filled with tears. After a while, turning to Mrs. Griswold, she said pensively:

"This little brook does sing so sweetly! I wish I could make out what its blue waves are saying. That sweet murmuring sound, I can not tell you what queer thoughts it gives me. When I listen to it a long time I seem to go out of myself, and float away off somewhere into a bright bright realm where only the beautiful dwell. It is very queer, but it always was so. I remember the first time I stood by the great sea and heard its deep voice, how it made me feel! I could not bear to have any one speak to me for a long time after. That strange moaning sound, I heard it in my dreams many nights, and it was so deep it filled me almost with terror; and yet I did not want to get away from it. I told father how it haunted me, and he said it always haunted him just so; and yet he told me he loved the sea, loved it better than any thing else in the world, except me, and he hoped to die on its shore where 'the roar of its waters might lull him to sleep;' that's the way he said it; and then he told me if I should be with him when he died, to have him buried in the sea; and he made me promise to remember it as his last request, and I promised. "But," added Stella, "I wonder what has made me think of that to-day? I have not thought of it before for a

long time. Poor father! I dreamed of him last night—a strange dream. It is three weeks since I saw him last, and I must wait another week. Oh! how can I be patient so long? It seems to me I ought to be with him now; I feel as though something had happened to him, and yet I don't know what it can be. Perhaps my foolish dream last night has had something to do with making me feel so gloomy to-day."

"You must not distress yourself with imaginary fears, my dear," said her kind friend, and called her attention to a cluster of beautiful wild flowers growing close to the margin of the brook. But the instant the poor child saw them, uttering a sharp cry, she sank down trembling at the feet of Mrs. Griswold, who, thinking she had sustained some personal injury, raised her up tenderly, asking her if she was much hurt.

"No; ah, no!" said Stella, "that is not it. I am not hurt at all, but my poor father! I must go to him; he wants me—he is calling me; did you not hear him?"

"No, child; I heard nothing," was the reply. "What do you mean? What nonsense is this? If you talk and act so strangely I shall think you are losing your senses; I heard nothing at all."

"But I did," answered Stella, in a voice hoarse with emotion. "That voice, it cried Stella! Stella! I never heard it but twice before—once last spring, when father was in trouble, and last night, in my dream."

"Tell me what your dream was?" said Mrs. Griswold, kindly.

"It was about those very flowers which you just showed to me. If I had not seen them, I should have thought nothing more about it; but now I feel right here," and she placed her hand on her heart; "I feel that it means something, and I must not wait, but go quickly to see my poor father."

"Who taught you to believe in dreams?" asked her friend. "It seems to me you have too much sense to put faith in the empty vagaries which haunt the brain in the still hours when reason sleeps."

"No one taught me to believe in them," replied Stella. "And I do not think I do, any more than any one else. I have tried to think nothing about this one, but it was so strange, it seemed so real and life-like, that I can not get it out of my mind."

"Well, tell it to me, and we will turn our steps homeward, and, if you like, go round by the prison and visit your father."

Stella thanked her for her kindness, and then, with a deep sigh, she said, "Perhaps you will think it a very foolish dream, but I will tell it. I was, I thought, walking by the side of a brook which looked very much like the one we have just left, when I came to some flowers growing close to the water, and they were exactly like those you showed me. I stopped, and was looking at them, when I heard some one call, 'Stella! Stella!' I looked up, and at a great distance, standing on the edge of a



dark gulf, I saw my father. He was looking at me, and his face was very sorrowful, till I started to go toward him; then he smiled, and pointed with his hand across the black gulf; and as I looked in that direction, I could see that on the other side of it the shore was very beautiful. There was a soft light over it, which made the flowers and trees appear far more brilliant than ours. I saw many persons walking there, and they had on loose robes, some of which were pink, others blue and purple, and some pure white; but unlike any thing I ever saw here. While I was looking at them, I heard a heavy plunge, and looking down, I saw that father had fallen into the gulf and was trying to climb up on the other side. Terrified, I was going to cry out, when some thing attracted me to look up, when I saw a beautiful figure like a sky lady, and her face when she smiled looked like my own mamma's, only it was brighter. She was hovering right over the gulf, and seemed to regard father with great interest for some time, till she was satisfied of his desire to get up higher; then I saw her take hold of a little golden chord, around her neck, and removing a clasp she let it down to him, and he did not seem to be blind any more, but saw it, and taking hold of a ring that was in the end of it, very soon I saw him walking with mamma on that beautiful shore, and she gave him a little white tablet, on which he wrote something, and then he threw the tablet across the gulf to me, and I caught it, and there was written on it this sentence, 'Death is not an eternal sleep.' I thought it was very strange he should write that, for I had heard him say just the contrary; but it made me very happy, and he looked so happy himself standing there with mamma, that though I was alone myself, I could not wish him back. I knew this was only a dream, and I have tried to forget it, but the brook made me think of it, and when you showed me the flowers, I heard the same voice calling me, (or thought I did,) that I heard in my dreams, and I was frightened; it may be only a foolish fancy, but it has made me very anxious to see my poor father."

Mrs. Griswold was not a superstitious woman. She did not believe in dreams or omens; she thought, as every sensible person should think, that reason was given us as a guide, and that whatever is not in harmony with its laws should be regarded with suspicion. But two or three incidents having occurred in her own history, by which she had seemed to receive impressions of coming events, inclined her to be more charitable than many others, toward those who do have faith in things unsubstantial as a dream of sleep, and though well convinced in her own judgment that Stella's vision was but the offspring of an excited imagination, she yet believed it would be unjust to tell her so, without giving her an opportunity of testing its reliability; and showing by positive proof, the absurdity of her apprehension, which had grown out of it.

They were not long in reaching the walls of the prison, and on arriving at the gate, they were met by the same keeper, who had before refused Stella admittance. Recognizing him, she started and drew back, timidly, but the keeper observed this, apparently, and opening the gate for her, he said kindly, "Come in, my little girl, you must not be afraid; I have been sorry, every time I have thought of your little pale face, that I did not let you in the other day. I was cross to you that time, for I felt vexed I had so many to wait on; but you'll forgive me, wont you?"

"Oh! yes, sir," said Stella, advancing, "if you will forgive me for being angry, and wishing something bad might happen to you."

"That I will," said the keeper, "for I don't think you were much to blame, if you were angry, though the Bible does say some thing about our praying for those who despitefully use or persecute us; but it's not natural, it seems to me."

"Christ," replied Stella, "prayed for the Jews, when they were putting him to death. When I think of that it seems very wicked for me to be angry with any one because they deny me a favor, and I have been very sorry that I was angry with you for refusing to let me see my father."

"Well, you are forgiven, child, and I am glad to see you again. You are a queer little girl, and I like you, though it's not many children I like very much, now a days; they are all so pert, they have no respect for any one. But you are not like them; come along now, this way, love," he said, taking her a different route than she had taken before. "Your father is in the hospital; he has not been well since he came here, and the other day we had him removed to the sick ward. He has asked for you several times, and I should have sent word to you had I known where you live; but I was in hopes you would come yourself, and so you have. Will the lady who came with you follow us?" he asked, seeing Mrs. G. had stopped in the hall.

Answering for herself, she said she would wait there, where she was, for Stella's return, as it might disturb her father, to have so many around him; and then, seeing that the lips of the fair child trembled, as though she wished to speak, but could not for her emotions, knowing well what it was she desired most to say, she turned to the keeper and asked if the old gentleman was very ill; if he thought him in danger. The keeper directed a mournful glance at Stella, then with an ominous shake of the head, and a meaning look at Mrs. G. he said, "He'll be better soon, madam, do doubt of that, he'll be better soon, we hope." Stella had watched him intently during his reply, and knew as well what his words implied as her friend. She remembered to have heard the same answer years ago, when she asked if her dear mamma was very ill, but she did not quite understand it then; she did now, and as she left her kind instructress, she gave her a look which spoke volumes. It told her

that she was not deceived, that she knew all, and Mrs. Griswold sent up from her heart an involuntary prayer for the poor child, that God through his angels, would impart to her strength to bear this coming sorrow.

De Lorme, St. Luke, a nurse, and the attending physician, were the only inmates of the prison hospital, when Stella and the keeper entered. As soon as she caught sight of his humble couch, she sprang forward, exclaiming, "Father, father, I've come." With an almost superhuman effort the old man raised himself up, and receiving her in his arms, with a bright smile on his pallid face, he said, "My child, my Stella, thank God you have come at last!" At a motion from the keeper, the nurse and physician now followed him out into the hall, and the father and daughter were left alone, to enjoy that communion both so much desired. Exhausted by the exertion he had already made, De Lorme sank back almost fainting upon his pillow, and was silent some time, but recovering his strength, he murmured softly again the name of his beloved child, and taking her hand, he pressed it fondly to his lips, then said, "Sit down, my Stella, sit down here, close to the bedside, and let me talk to you while I have strength. I have many things to say to you. I don't want to deceive you my child, so I will tell you first what the physician has told me, 'that I have but a few hours more to live in this world.' But you must not let this grieve you, my child; do not weep for me. It is better as it is; though dying, I am happier than I have been since the light of childhood purity faded from my brow. It is as I wished, as I felt it would be, when I entered these gloomy walls. The wild eagle caged goes out to freedom by the gate of death; but we must blame no one. I have deserved my fate; my wrong against society and my God, have been enormous. Thou, Stella, art the only human flower I ever truly loved or cherished. Many have I crushed and wounded, but thee I never could. A mysterious destiny seemed to link us together. I loved thee at the first because I fancied I saw in thee the reflection of myself. In a playful mood, I called thee my 'little star,' little dreaming that thy mission ere long would be to guide me through a night of years, save me from despair, and by thy sweet love, which has enabled thee to endure much suffering for my sake, lead me at last to believe, 'there is a God.' But as it has been, thy faithful devotion has accomplished for me that which philosophy, science, and the religion of the world failed to do amid their ever ever changing theories. What is there upon which man may build hopes of a future life? Alas little that is satisfactory foundation for one materially inclined to doubt Christ. Jesus Christ, (you, Stella, have read his history,) I always regarded with admiration, as being the most sublime character possible to be conceived by the loftiest intellect. But, unable to discover his likeness any where among mankind, I considered him but the hero of the most beautiful fiction ever written. In look-

ing over the great mass of human beings, I could not help but discover the secret motives of all their actions, to be the master lever selfishness. I saw men professing to believe in the existence of an Almighty and good God; yet, denying him in their actions. I saw others claiming to be his worshipers, and they oppressed the weak and robbed the fatherless. I heard them talk of righteousness, and of a judgment to come, yet saw them selling poison to their neighbors. I heard them tell of the holy attributes of Deity, but they walked not after his commands. They built temples of wood and stone, to a God of love and tender mercies, and reared to him costly altars, but they suffered his spiritual temples, which their Bibles taught them were made in the likeness of his glorious image, to be desolate. I saw them clothed expensively, and faring sumptuously every day, while the poor went hungering and homeless through the streets and the struggling sons of genius died of want in garrets. I saw them look upon their shipwrecked brother, with no pitying eye, and in the dreary ocean of life, they sent out no lines of love to bring him back.

“Witnessing their inconsistencies, I said to myself, their professions are a falsehood, they do not believe in a God of love and justice, else would they offer him a more reasonable sacrifice. I went then a step farther, and said ‘there is no God, and no life after death.’ Of this I labored for years to convince myself; but oh! the wretchedness of those years, language cannot express it. There was continual warfare within; a soul whispering ‘there is a God!’ Reason crying ‘prove it.’ Maddened by the conflict, I plunged deep into the vortex of sensual pleasures, and to escape remorse, sought every source of revelry and mirth. But when you, Stella, were given to me, when I took your tiny form for the first time in my arms, and felt you were mine, there was opened in my heart a singing fountain of joy flowing out for you, into a stream of love, whose mysterious murmurs awoke the first echoes of the spirit life, which ever vibrated the chords of my being. I felt the thrill, and for your sake I was possessed with an irresistible yearning for life—eternal life. The thought that the unutterable love I felt for you must ever perish was agony, and I said in my heart, if there is an Almighty God, and he will show to me, any where in the wide world, a love approaching the love of Christ, that shall enable its possessor to endure sickness, suffering, poverty, shame and disgrace, with another, and have no hope of reward to stimulate it, then will I believe on him, and believe also, that love may reach still farther, and claim its object beyond the grave. But I was rich then, and mistrusted all who were dependent on me, or courted my regard, to be influenced by selfish motives. Even your gentle mother, I doubted her. Her mildness seemed tameness of spirit, and her attentions to my wants I thought was prompted less by affection than a sense of duty. Poor

Mary! how I wronged her! It was reserved for you, Stella, to bring me the proof I required. God, in his wisdom, chose my own child to accomplish his purpose concerning me. He suffered my follies, to darken the windows of my soul, and unjust stewards to waste my substance, for in no other way could the light of the knowledge of him enter my darkened mind. Thy sweet love, which God gave thee, and which seemed to increase with every added suffering, has at last done its crowning work. It has been the single orb tracking the horizon of my night of years, and steadily moving to the zenith to let down into my soul, the star beams of immortality. Bless thee, my Stella; a father's blessing rests on thee, for thy respect, thy kindness, and thy love, which has caused thee to suffer many things for my sake, and yet thou hast never forsaken me. Had I been like thee, a dutiful child, I might have been a better man. Disrespect to parents is the first step in the downward road to ruin, and too many of the youth of our country are fast traveling in it. May they be warned ere it is too late.

Since I have been in this prison, a strange feeling has come over me. A new light seems to have flowed into my mind, and I regard every thing in a new aspect. God has been very merciful to me. I have been growing weaker every day, but I have little pain. The physician says I have no particular disease, only a wasting away. Last night I became conscious, for the first time, that I could not live much longer, and I felt great anxiety to have you near me once more, and in a kind of delirium I called you aloud, so they told me. This afternoon I called you again, in the same way. The keeper heard me, and said he did not know where you were, or he would send for you. This troubled me very much, till I prayed that you might be sent to me by some means, and after that, something seemed to tell me, you would come, and you did!"

"I heard you call me father, I heard you in my sleep, last night, and to-day, when I was walking in the woods, I thought I heard you again; and then I felt that something was the matter, and I could not rest till I came here."

"That was very strange," murmured the dying man, in a faint voice, for he was growing weaker, and his mind seemed to wander. A few moments after, he added, "Heaven bless you, my sweet angel-star; now let us together bless God for his goodness to us."

Here he attempted to lift his voice in prayer, but his words were wild and incoherent, the delirium had returned. He remained thus till the sun went down, when just as its last beams trembled on the bars of the prison windows, lifting up his arms he murmured, "Mary, I come!" then as if partial consciousness returned he added "bury me in the deep, deep sea," and turning heavily over, he murmured faintly, "Death is not an eternal sleep, farewell my soul-star, my Stella, fare-thee-well," and with

these words, the soul of De Lorme St. Luke escaped from its two-fold prison.

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CHAPTER XII.

"There is no death. What seems so is transition ;  
This life of mortal breath,  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portals we call death."

The chill frosts of a heavy sorrow gathered deep and cold o'er the heart of Stella, as she looked on the lifeless remains of her father, and felt for the first time, that she was an orphan. Many singing rills of joy which had mirrored the sunbeams of her love, and chimed to the music of gladness, were now frozen at their source. She kissed that pallid brow. She smoothed back those silver locks, and clasped the clay cold hands, but she did not weep. She was calm; so calm that the physician, the keeper, and the chaplain, who had been summoned to the bedside of the dying man, liked not to look on her. They spoke to her words of consolation, but she seemed not to hear them. She ever talked to herself aloud as if unconscious of their presence. Once she said "father's gone now to mamma, and he will be happy there; I am so glad. But," she added, sighing heavily, "Stella's all alone now; poor Stella, what will she do, in this cold, cold world, all, all alone?" Saying this, she became silent, as if in deep study, then suddenly a bright smile broke over her pale face, and she exclaimed vehemently, "I know now what Stella must do. The light has come back again; that bright light, how beautiful it is. Stella has a father, and a mamma still; they have not forsaken her. Stella must trust in God; I wonder what made her forget it, and let it grow so dark? She must not do so any more. She must trust in God always."

"So you must my dear child," said the pleasant voice of Mrs. Griswold, who now entered with her son, in search of whom, she had been absent for some time.

That loved voice aroused the orphan child from the abstraction caused by her grief, and turning around she flung herself into the arms of her kind friend, and in weeping thus, found relief for her over taxed feelings. They now bore her to a carriage, and made preparation for having the corpse of her father, conveyed to their home, which was shortly done. The next day after, a short but appropriate funeral service was read, the remains were placed in a lead coffin, and in compliance with his last request, they made his grave in the deep, deep sea.

Norman shortly after, addressed a letter to Alfred Malcomb, enclosing one from Stella to her uncle, by which tidings of her father's death was conveyed to them. Her uncle had written to her several times, and in his last earnestly entreated her to come and visit him, if she would not stay. In conclusion he said he had been very ill, or he should have been to

see her himself; he was still too weak to ride; her presence might cheer him, and he prayed she would come, if only for a few days.

His heart pined for the light and the smiles of childhood, and he could not help but rejoice when her letter reached him, in which she said she was now free to comply with his kind request, as her poor father had gone to her mamma, in the better world. He was rejoiced to think he should soon have her near him, though he knew she would come sorrowing, for one she had lost, and he quickly dispatched Alfred Malcomb with his best carriage to bring her to his home.

In a week after her father's death, Stella had bidden a tearful adieu to her kind friend Mrs. Griswold, and was on her way to her uncle's, where they arrived late in the evening of the next day.

Stella trembled very much as she ascended the steps and entered the spacious hall of her new home. It had been a long time since she had lived in so grand a place, and she wondered if she should ever be as happy there as in her old home. She wondered if her uncle would really love her very much, and if he would sympathize with her in her recent loss, or if he was glad her poor father was gone, and would expect her to be as cheerful as though nothing had happened to grieve her. But her wonderings were cut short by her sudden entrance into the drawing room, to which her uncle in his impatience to see her had descended, and seated in an easy chair was waiting her coming. The first sight of his friendly countenance, removed some of the poor child's fears, but when he spoke to her they all vanished, and with the words "My dear niece," "My dear uncle," uttered at the same instant, they were friends, and that night, before they parted, the orphan Stella, had unbosomed her sorrows to one who chided not her tears.

A room had been fitted up for her with every view to her comfort. It was in the pleasantest part of the house, and the furniture was tastefully arranged, so as to give it an air of quietness and repose, very grateful to one who like poor Stella, had been a homeless wanderer, and when the kind old housekeeper conducted the weary child to it, she could not help exclaiming aloud, "O how pleasant!" and then the conductress smiled and said, "It's just as he would have it, Miss; Mr. Linwood's just the cleverest man in the whole world, that he is." Stella began to think so too, but she was too much fatigued to say more, or even to look at the beautiful things around her. The little bed with its snow white counterpane and soft pillows, was most inviting to her weary form, and she laid herself down to pleasant dreams, from which she awoke, to find

That from her sky the storms had passed,  
And sunbeams tracked her way at last.

The life of Stella now glided along peacefully, as a summer stream.

Every day, as the qualities of her mind and heart developed under the genial influence around her, her uncle was enabled to discover new beauties, in her character, and she became the object around which his fondest hopes clustered. In Alfred Malcomb she found a kind brother and instructor; in her uncle a generous friend and protector; and in the old house keeper, a plentiful provider for her physical wants. Surrounded by an atmosphere of love, it would have been strange if her heart had been insensible. The lily bends low when the storm is violent, but it looks up when it is over, and smiles in the sunbeams. It was thus with the poor orphan. Her susceptible nature yielded to the softening power of kindness, and she became cheerful, and in becoming so she felt she was but doing her duty. For the sake of others she strove to overcome her grief, lest she should appear ungrateful, and in endeavoring to add to their happiness, she was herself made happy. But she did not forget her recent loss. On the contrary, she cherished her father's memory, and in his love was as faithful to him as when she shared his wanderings.

But she had never been taught to look upon death as a king of terrors. Her mother before her decease, had deeply imbued her mind with the beautiful belief, "that when the spirit which trusts in God, is freed from its clay tenement, it enters into a more glorious temple; that it attains a realm of brighter life and light, and that it may become its ministry to watch o'er others here;" and child though she was, her spiritual nature drank in these sacred truths, and she was made happy by them, and when called to endure the pain of separation from her beloved parents, she sorrowed not for them as for the dead. Her mind bore the impress of a highly religious character, but her's was a religion without creeds, and involving but few principles, the chief of which were love to God, as the merciful creator of all things; a patient submission to his divine will concerning her, and a love to her fellow creatures, which enjoined upon her to do good to all as she had opportunity. She felt the same admiration for the sublime character of Christ that her father had felt, but added to it was a desire to become like him; which intensified her feelings and impelled her to right actions.

It was this, her "sweet faith," which made her life now seem calm as the "evening of a beautiful day," and caused her to enter with cheerful alacrity, into all her uncle's plans for her happiness. \* \* \* \* \*

Three months glided swiftly away to Stella, in her new home. The holidays were now close at hand, when her uncle, calling her to him one day, said he had been thinking what he could do which would afford his "dear little niece" the most pleasure during this season of general mirth and festivity. He had thought of making a party of young people for her, but he said he had concluded to leave it to herself to give the most of the invitations. So she might ask whom she pleased, and there



was her friend Rose, she could help her; but he said he should take it upon himself to provide the entertainment. Stella looked her tearful thanks and said, she already had a plan, which was to invite all the poor little children of the neighborhood. "For," she added, "the rich children have enough at home, the poor would enjoy it far better."

"You are right, Stella," said her uncle, smiling, and thinking in his heart how beautiful is her love, while thus seeking to do good to others.

The arrangements were soon made, and many a young heart was made glad by an invitation to "come to the rich man's home on Christmas eve." Rose, whom Stella had seen very often since her return to L——, was with her most of the time for several days, and assisted her very much, so that when the eventful day dawned, they had every thing in readiness for the party.

Her uncle had provided a new suit of clothes for each of the little boys who were invited, and a new dress and silk apron for each of the little girls, and these were given to them to put on before entering the room where they were to spend the evening; and as they were none of them exactly alike, and no one was allowed to witness the ceremony of presenting them but their kind little hostess, they were spared all the mortification they might have felt had it been known to the others that their pretty holiday dress had been given to them.

It was a pleasant evening within and without, on that Christmas eve. Without, the pale moon, wandering through white fleecy clouds, lit up the snow till it sparkled like jewels on the trees and fences; within, young spirits were yielding to the sweet influence of a new joy, and bright eyes, and glowing cheeks showed the gratitude of their hearts for a kindness which had made for them a summer evening in a wintry life. There was no mistake, such happiness was real and earnest. It spoke in laughter and in words. It flowed to every heart, and made every face radiant, and Stella, as she looked on the joy she had created, felt in her heart, "truly it is more blessed to give than to receive."

When they had played, and danced, and sung a long time, then Albert Linwood entered the room and invited them all out into another room, to take some refreshments. Now no one had been allowed to look into the room for several days. It had been kept locked, and only Stella's uncle and the old housekeeper knew any thing what it contained, farther than that it was called the "refreshment room:" consequently, every one present, felt a great curiosity to learn what the entertainment was to be; and when the invitation was given for them to enter, and the folding doors were flung back, they all made a rush at once, but on entering it, Stella's first thoughts were for her young friends, and turning back, before she had taken a look at the long table before them, she began arranging them so that all could find comfortable seats, but before she had done, her

uncle called her away and smiling, said he was master of ceremonies, and that as such, had provided an appropriate place at table for each one present, and now begged she would allow him to conduct her, and her young friend Rose to theirs. Saying this, he took the hand of each in his, and going to the other side of the room, placed them at the head of the table. He then seated all the others, in the same kind manner, after which he distributed equally the viands which were before them, and which were of the choicest kinds. While they were regaling themselves on these, the door of an adjoining room was thrown open, and as they rose from the table, they were requested to enter that, two at a time, and take from a "Christmas tree," whatever articles they should happen to find attached to it under their respective names. This they all did, and some returned with a new pair of gloves, a book or a knife; others with nice warm mittens, tippets, furs, handkerchiefs, or some other useful article. Stella and Rose were the last to enter, and the reader may imagine the delight and surprise of the former, when she beheld under her name, which was at the top of the tree, her long lost flowers. With a cry of joy she unfastened them from the branch to which they were tied, and taking them down, her surprise was greatly increased by finding suspended to a beautiful cluster of artificial "forget-me-nots" which had been tastefully entwined among the other flowers, the ring she had sold to pay the landlord, and attached to it a gold locket containing the miniature portrait of her "dear mamma." Bursting into tears and exclaiming "who has done this," she rushed from the room to convey her treasures to her own apartments, and to gather self control.

Rose had for her presents, a new Bible, a book of poems, and a gold ring with the motto "Friendship, Love and Truth," engraved on the inside. When Stella returned to her young friends, she found Mr. Templeton, her old friend, in the midst, but thinking he had come for his children who were all present, she was not surprised till her uncle addressing her, said Mr. Templeton had come to tell her how her flowers had been restored to her.

"That I have my dear," said he, smiling, just in this way: "My oldest boy found them on the ground in the market. I did not know it till after I had carried you away. They had been knocked off the stand while you was comforting Rose, and he picked them up; no one had seen them fall, they were not injured, and he tried to find their owner, but could not. Being in a hurry, he could not wait long, and so he carried them home, and has kept them very carefully ever since, hoping to find out sometime to whom they belonged; and so he has, and is as glad as you are. That's all about the posies. As to that ring, Alfred Malcomb can tell you about that some other time, I will only stop to say that the jeweller who cheated you in buying it, was exposed last night before the

members of the Odd Fellow's Lodge of this city, called the "True Brotherhood," and turned out, as we don't care to associate with a man who will cheat a child."

Stella had been deeply affected by the events of the evening and as she went to the door to bid good bye to her young friends, who were now leaving, she glanced up to the blue sky above, where the beautiful stars like the eyes of God's angels were looking down upon her, and lifting her heart in prayer she murmured, "I see now how all things work together for good to those who trust in God."

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### The Bible's Mission.

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Thou dear blessed Bible, we send thee away  
To the Heathen's benighted abode,  
Go, scatter thy rubies along his dark way,  
And lead him to worship our God.

Go, carry thy truths to those sweet sylvan isles  
Where Jesus has never been known;  
Where bounteous Heaven continually smiles,  
But the light of salvation ne'er shone.

Go, speed thee, far to thine own native land,  
Thou chart of our "Eden above;"  
To the spot where God gave, from his own bless'd hand  
His record of Truth and of Love.

Go, enter the portals of China's proud walls,  
And tell them that they too may live:  
That Jesus, and heaven and glory's for all  
Who will but repent and believe.

On the shores of Italia go seek thee a home,  
And heavenly wisdom impart;  
Go, enter the gates of Imperial Rome,  
And bid them their errors desert.

On Ethiopia's plains go shed they soft beams  
Of holy, celestial light;  
Yes, linger beside their loved sunny streams,  
And tell them of lands ever bright.

Go, speak to all nations beneath yonder sky,  
How Jesus came down among men,  
And suffered, and died, and arose upon high,  
• A ransom for us and for them.

We send thee abroad, as did Noah his dove,  
Yet, we know, thou'lt a resting-place find.  
Then go, Holy Gift, on thy mission of love,  
To enlighten the world of mankind.

## Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's.

One of the first objects that attracted my attention, upon arriving at London, was Westminster Abbey. We have read of that little island of thorns, around which, in the days of the Druids, the Thames on her march threw an arm, and on which the Roman colonists erected a temple to Apollo. When the Christian faith, advancing from the east, began to make the desert rejoice and the wilderness blossom as the rose, Sebert, king of the East Saxons, cleared away the thorns and reared on the ruins of the temple a rude church, which he dedicated to St. Peter, and which in 616 embosomed his remains. A neat monument still marks the place of his repose. Three hundred years afterward King Edgar established here an humble priory, consisting of twelve monks of the Benedictine order. One hundred and fifty years later, Edward the Confessor elevated the priory to an abbey, within whose enlarged walls he found an honorable tomb. The Pix, which is still standing on the south, is one of the additions which he made to the Abbey. It was not, however, till 1220 that the present church was commenced by Henry III, to whom is ascribed the chapels of the Virgin and of the Confessor, the transepts and the choir. The building was carried on by successive abbots and kings, but is not yet finished, and, perhaps, never will be; it is one of those structures that mock the pride of men, and whose foundations crumble before the cope stone of the last tower can be put on. It was called Westminster; that is, the minster or monastery church west of London. It consists, 1, of Henry VII's Chapel, the exterior of which has been recently restored, at an expense of \$260,000: 2, Edward the Confessor's Chapel and shrine, with the chapels of St. Nicholas, St. Benedict, St. Edmund, St. John the Baptist, St. Paul and St. Erasmus: 3, The Transepts: 4, The Choir: 5, The Nave: 6, St. Blake's Chapel: 7, The Jerusalem Chamber, 8, Chapter House: 9, Pix: 10, Little Cloisters: 11, Dark Cloisters: 12, Area of Cloisters: 13, Dean's Yard. Exteriorly the church measures 530 feet by 220; the height of the roof being 102 feet.

I entered one week day accompanied by a friend, a little before three o'clock in the afternoon. Passing through the general entrance, on the east side of the south transept, we found ourselves in "Poets' Corner." My eyes were at once riveted to the monuments of the distinguished dead, Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Milton, Shakspeare, Prior, Addison, etc. Near by was the monument of Dr. Isaac Barrow. There was one monument conspicuous which I did not look for—that of Wilberforce, and one missing, which I did look for—that of Bacon. How important is moral character in the estimation of the British nation! While we were looking at the monuments of this end of the church a bell rung for worship;

moving to the center of the transept, which is filled with seats, to which the humblest beggar has an equal right with the proudest prince, I sat down among respectful worshipers, just as the priests with the "Parvi Clerici," or chorister boys, all arrayed in the richly carved stalls of the choir, and the grand organ sounded its admonitory notes. A Prayer Book was before me, and I opened it devoutly, the service was intoned; had I known nothing of the language I should have been charmed, for it was delicious music from the beginning to the close. Never before had I heard the choral service. As it proceeded my feelings overcame me. Think of my situation and you will forgive me. Here I was, in the center of the transept of the largest Gothic ecclesiastical structure of Great Britain; just before me, in full view, were the choir, the organ, the lofty nave, and the great west window; behind me were the seven chapels, and on each side the great windows of the transepts, with their gorgeously-painted glass; around and beneath were the monuments of the mighty dead, while every thing to which my eye could turn was associated with the past. Here Druids have offered bloody sacrifices; here a long line of priests and abbots have lived and died; here the kings and queens of Great Britain, from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria, have been crowned; here, too, from the days of Henry III to those of George II they have been entombed. To this altar eastern princes have brought their incense as to the Savior's cradle, and crusaders have consecrated their victorious swords; and from it have gone forth the beautiful feet that have carried the tidings of peace to distant mountains. The gorgeous building, the solemn associations, the monuments of the dead, the multitude of the living, the chants of the choir, the notes of the organ, and the grand current of liturgical thought on which my soul was willingly borne, were too much for me. I seemed to sit in the mouth of the world's sepulcher, while the reanimated dead were chanting themselves up to the resurrection morning. The tears stole down my cheeks, and but for a strong effort of will, I might have fainted. After the last amen had been uttered, I arose, thanking in my heart the British Government for ordaining such a service for the stranger.

When the congregation had dispersed, I walked through the aisles of the nave and the nave itself, returning to the transept at the north end. Here a little boy informed us that a guide was ready to conduct us through the seven chapels. The center of these is Edward the Confessor's whose floor of impaired Mosaic pavement, is several feet above the general level of the floor of the Abbey. Here in the center of the platform, is the shrine of the Confessor, and around it the tombs of the following royal personages: Henry III; Eleanor, wife of Edward I; Edward I; Philippa, wife of Edward the III; Edward III; Richard II, and Anne his queen; and Henry V. Some of these tombs, though considerably

damaged, are exceedingly rich ; they are most of them surmounted by recumbent bronze effigies, which are in some instances gilt ; £2,500 have just been voted for their repair. There are five other tombs of noble persons on this platform. In this chapel are two large chairs. One of them is the coronation chair brought from Scotland, by Edward I, underneath which is suspended the large, rough stone on which the kings of Scotland had been previously crowned, and which, in the superstition of England, is associated with the sovereignty of this realm. The other is the chair which was provided for Mary, wife of William III, when she was crowned jointly with her husband.

From this chapel we passed into the ambulatory, and the chapels opening into it, all of which are surrounded by tombs and monuments, modern and ancient—the oldest, that of William de Valence, is dated 1296. From the ambulatory we ascended by a small flight of steps into Henry VII's Chapel, or the Chapel of the Virgin Mary. This is the gem of the whole structure. "Throw your eye upward," said the guide; and well he might, for the roof was most beautiful ; it is wrought into circles, which are carved in elegant fantracery, each circle having a pendant boss in the center. "That roof apparently so light," said the guide, "is solid stone." The pillars and arches by which it is supported are adorned with ornamental carving, and the walls are decorated with statues of patriarchs and prophets, martyrs and apostles. In this chapel are several royal tombs, the most sumptuous of which is that of Henry VII and his queen, Elizabeth ; among the most remarkable of the others are those of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, and Mary Queen of Scots. Separating the nave of this chapel from the aisles, are the carved stalls and screen works of the Knights of the Bath, above which are suspended their respective banners.

Moving among these tombs, one can but reflect upon the desolations of time and the weaknesses of humanity. The heads of some of these effigies were of solid silver, but these have been decapitated and probably run into more useful forms. One tomb has a vacancy ; the noble lord who erected it desired it for his second wife, who refused to occupy it because it was on his left hand, the first wife being on the right. These monuments to the dead may inspire British youth with virtuous heroism. Many of them, especially those in the transept and aisles of the nave of the Abbey proper, address powerfully the heart as well as the eye. Here is Pitt speaking with commanding grace, while Liberty listens in a transport of joy and Anarchy in a transport of rage ; here Fox reclines his head in Liberty's arms, while Peace and an emancipated negro look up with satisfaction at his feet ; here Newton sits in lofty contemplation, and Wilberforce in serene triumph ; here Canning stands in majesty, while

Mansfield, in the robes of Chief Justice, sits on a pedestal with Justice and Wisdom behind him.

A few days after I visited Westminster, I entered St. Paul's—next to St. Peter's, at Rome, the largest Christian temple in the world—the great Protestant cathedral. Like Mt. Zion, it is beautiful for situation—elevated, central—the joy of all London. The ground on which it stands—St. Paul's Church Yard—has been the site of a cathedral since the early part of the sixth century, and has been a place of sepulture since the Roman conquest. In digging the foundation of the present structure—1674—the workmen pierced, at different distances, the graves of four different peoples: the modern English; the Saxons, denoted by their stone sarcophagi; the Britons, known by the ivory and wooden pins with which they fastened their shrouds; and the Romans, marked by their broken urns. The history of St. Paul's would be, to a great extent, the history of Great Britain.

Old St. Paul's was a spacious edifice, 690 feet by one 130, with a nave 102 feet high and a choir 88 feet high. In 1643, by decree of the Long Parliament, its revenues were seized, its nave became a garrison for troops, and the cross, where for ages the highest Church dignitaries had preached; was torn down. In 1663 Charles II commenced its restoration; but, while the repairs were in progress, the great fire of 1666 swept over it. In 1675 Sir Christopher Wren laid the first stone of the present cathedral, and in 1710 his son laid the last of the lantern of the cupola—St. Paul's being one of the very few cathedrals that have been erected under the superintendence of the same architect. It is not built according to Sir Christopher's model—which is still shown in the building, and which all now agree is superior to that which was adopted. Two parties—Papal and Protestant—influenced the commissioners who were charged with the work; the former desired to adapt the proposed edifice to ecclesiastical *fetes* and processions, and the latter to Christian worship and song. A compromise was made. The building is, however, in the form of the cross, having nave and transepts. Its entire length is 500 feet, transept proper 285 feet, breadth of nave and transept 107 feet. Over the intersection of nave and transept rises the dome, above which stand successively the lantern, the ball, and the cross. The average height of the walls is 90 feet, the height of the campanile towers 220, the height of the summit of the cross 404. The principal entrance is in the west front, which is the most beautiful; its pediment is ornamented with statues of St. Peter, St. John, and St. Paul, and its entablature with a representation of the miraculous conversion of the last named apostle; the other entrances are at the north and south ends of the transepts, by semicircular hexastyle porches. Passing by a massive gate through the iron railing which surrounds that portion of the Church-Yard encompassing the building, I

entered by the northern portico, over which is carved the royal arms supported by angels. It was in the interval between morning and evening worship, which is performed here every day, and I found no difficulty in reaching a sort of ticket-officer, to whom I paid 4s. 2d. to see the curiosities by the assistance of a guide. We first made the circuit of nave, choir, and transepts, observing the monumental sculptures, concerning which I noted two remarks: 1 They are all modern, none having been allowed here till 1796; 2 With the exception of eight, all are erected to naval or military commanders. The first which fixed my attention is a representation of Fame consoling Britannia for the loss of her heroes; the chief—between the dome and the choir gates—exhibits Nelson, arrayed in his Turkish pelisse, leaning upon an anchor with a coil of rope at his feet; on one side is the British lion, couchant, on the other is Britannia pointing two young sailors upwards to the exalted hero; on the pedestal, in relief, are allegorical representations of the North Sea, German Ocean, Nile, and Mediterranean; and on the cornice the words “Copenhagen,” “Nile,” “Trafalgar.” The last—erected to Captain Duff—consisting of Britannia decorating a sarcophagus on which is placed a medallion of the departed officer, and a sailor bearing the naval flag and lamenting his decease. I felt as if I were in a temple of “Mars,” rather than of Christ. If you wish to inspire your child for bloody battle, take him to St. Paul's and let him linger there.

There is a work of art at the entrance of the choir from the nave, which the stranger will not lightly pass; it is the screen with its wrought iron gates. The eight Corinthian columns of blue veined marble that support the organ and gallery, beautiful in themselves, are rendered more so by their work. Near the gallery is a plain slab, bearing the name of Christopher Wren—the builder—and having an inscription the last line of which is,

*“Lector, al monumentum requiris, circumspice.”*

The organ contains 32 stops and 2,123 pipes; its effects are grand; it was built by Bernard Schmidt in 1694, but has undergone successive alterations under the direction of Ohrman, Nutt, and Bishop.

The stalls of the choir are enriched with the most elegant carving; the altar piece is adorned with four fluted pilasters, painted and veined with gold. Within the choir and aisles the floor is white: in the body and west end, it consists of blocks of black and white marble, alternately; within the altar rails of porphyry, polished and placed in geometrical forms.

The pulpit is elegantly carved, and occupies a central position. But it is time to pass. Let us descend to the crypt; a guide precedes us with a lantern, and another is below, to make all the necessary explanations. Its divisions correspond to those above, and are made by pillars forty feet square. In the semicircular apsis we find all that remains of the old cath-



edral, consisting of mutilated statues that seem scarce worth saving. In various parts are the bodies of the dead ; among them is quite a congregation of artists—Reynolds, Walsh, Lawrence, and kindred spirits; but the chief attraction are the tombs of the great heroes of Britain—Nelson and Wellington. That of Nelson is a sarcophagus of black marble, crowned with a coronet and cushion, and reposing on a base of masonry, which encloses the remains of the admiral; the pedestal bears the simple inscription, "Horatio Viscount Nelson." The sarcophagus is a curiosity, from the circumstance that it was the one which Cardinal Wolsey designed for himself. That of Wellington will, when complete, be still more sumptuous,

Ascending from the crypt, we pass on to the stair foot door leading to the whispering gallery and ball. The entire ascent to the ball, we are told, is 616 steps. When half way up to the whispering gallery we meet a man who has quite a monkish aspect, and who leads us, by a long gallery, to the library. He repeats by rote a description of it, which may be condensed into the following words: "Behold the floor; it consists of 2,309 pieces of oak inlaid with nails or pegs; the library contains many rare manuscripts, and polyglot Bibles, and the first Book of Common Prayer ever printed; it has in all 7,000 volumes. Mark the elegance of the wainscoting cases for the books, and fail not to notice this likeness of Bishop Compton, under whom the cathedral was built." The same person conducts us to the geometrical staircase, which consists of one hundred and ten steps, apparently suspended on nothing, and intended as a private way to the library. We now proceed onward by the west window to the "model room," where the guide exhibits and explains Sir. C. Wren's model of the cathedral, the rejection of which, he assures us, is matter of regret.

Returning toward the library, we are told to ascend a flight of stairs in the turret, at the top of which we should see the great ball. Having ascended we are received by a tidy looking lady, who points out the various parts of the bell and clock, and in the manner of a school girl reciting her composition, gives us the following information: "The bell is ten inches thick, and weighs 11,474 lbs.; the hammer lying on the outside brim weighs 145 lbs.; and drawn by a wire at the back part of the clock work, falls by its own weight, upon the brim of the bell; the clock striking the hour on it is often heard twenty miles off; the clapper weighs 180 lbs. and is moved only on the death of a member of the royal family, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Dean of St. Paul's, or Lord Mayor. On two smaller bells below, the clock strikes the quarters; of these the larger one weighs over 24 cwt., the smaller over 12 cwt. The great bell produces the musical note A, concert pitch; the next in size is tuned a fifth, and the smallest an octave to the great bell. The

prayer ball is in the opposite turret. The clock is one of the largest in Europe, and was made in 1708 by Langley Bradley. It has two dial plates, one south, the other west, each 57 feet in circumference. The minute hands are 9 feet 8 inches long, and weigh 75 lbs; the hour hands 5 feet 9 inches, and weigh 44 lbs.; the figures are 2 feet 2 inches long. The pendulum is 16 feet; its bob weighs 180 lbs., and its beat is 2 seconds."

The lady now directs to the whispering gallery; here a gentleman meets us, who bids us walk around to the opposite point; then turning to the wall, he whispers to us, and his voice, though there be a distance of 140 feet between us, appears close to our ear. Instead of whispering things foolish, he gave us some account of the gallery, which I am unable to recall, and directed us to observe, through the railing, the floor of the cathedral below, with its circles, and slabs of black and white marble; the black slabs forming a mariner's compass, exhibiting the thirty-two points complete; and also asking us to look up. It was, indeed, a relief to do so, for I was growing giddy. "And what did you see?" The beautiful painting of the dome, executed by the great historic painter, Sir James Thornhill, and representing the different scenes in the life of St. Paul—his conversion, his judgment of Elymas, his imprisonment at Philippi, his preaching at Athens, his defense before Agrippa, and his shipwreck at Melita. A scaffolding was suspended from the dome by ropes, and on it an artist was engaged retouching the paintings, which were somewhat faded. My tickets would have admitted me to the golden gallery, which is higher up, and outside, affording a fine view of the city and surrounding country, and to the ball, which is large enough to contain twelve persons; but I was quite weary, and descended to the foot of the stairs. A few days afterwards when I was surveying the church from a distance, I regretted very much that I did not reach at least the golden gallery. Reader, go up higher when you visit St. Paul's. Having noticed a few more objects below; namely, the marble font, the ecclesiastical court, the morning chapel, the lord mayor's vestry, and the Dean's vestry, I passed out thinking that my time and money had been well spent. This building alone cost about four millions of dollars, when labor and materials were very much less than they are now.

The members of the cathedral originally consisted—besides the chorister boys and lay officers—of a bishop, thirty major canons or prebendaries, twelve minor canons, and thirty vicars choral. Now a dean has the supreme jurisdiction; 26 of the prebendaries are sinecures, and 24 of the vicars choral are dispensed with. The lord mayor's chaplain preaches here on state occasions, and the dean and residentiary canons in turn on the Sabbath afternoon.

## By-Laws of the Grand Lodge of the U. S.

*Adopted at the Annual Session in September, 1854.*

ARTICLE 1. Upon the petition of five brothers of the Order, in good standing, praying for a charter, to institute a Subordinate Lodge in a State, District, or Territory where a Grand Lodge has not been established, this Lodge may grant the same. Each Subordinate Lodge receiving a warrant from the Grand Lodge of the United States shall be instituted by a Past Grand of the Order, regularly deputed therefor by the Grand Sire, who shall deliver to such Lodge the warrant and charge books, and shall, at the institution thereof, give all necessary instruction. Such Lodge shall be visited at least once a year by the Grand Sire, or some Past Grand deputed by him for that purpose, or by a District Deputy Grand Sire.

ART. 2. Upon the petition of seven qualified members of the Order, in good standing, praying for a warrant to institute an Encampment in a State, District or Territory where a Grand Encampment has not been established, this Grand Lodge may grant the same. Every Encampment receiving a warrant from this Grand Lodge shall be instituted by the Grand Sire, or a qualified Patriarch, who shall deliver to such Encampment the warrant and charge books, and such instructions as may be necessary. Such Encampment shall be visited at least once a year by the Grand Sire, or by some Patriarch deputized by him for that purpose, or by the District Deputy Grand Sire.

ART. 3. Subordinate Lodges and Encampments working under the immediate jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge shall transmit to the Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary, semi-annually, reports containing the same information as is required from Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments by Article 10th of these Laws. The report shall be accompanied by the dues, in current money.

ART. 4. Three or more Subordinate Lodges or Encampments, located in any State, District, or Territory where a Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment has not been established, having seven Past Grands or Past Chief Patriarchs in good standing, may petition the Grand Lodge of the United States, in writing, praying for the charter of a Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment in such State, District, or Territory; which, if approved by a majority of the votes given, shall be granted: and such Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment shall be instituted by the Grand Sire, or some qualified brother or Patriarch whom he shall depute for that purpose.

ART. 5. All applications for charters for Grand Lodges or Grand Encampments must be by a vote of a majority of the Lodges or Encampments within the State, District, or Territory, as follows: When three

or more Lodges or Encampments shall agree in the opinion that a Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment will contribute to the general interest, notice thereof shall be given to all the Lodges or Encampments in the State, District, or Territory, inviting them to meet for consultation at some convenient time and place. Each Lodge or Encampment shall appoint one or more of its Past Grands or Past Chief Patriarchs, or Past High Priests, as Representatives, to meet in Convention and consider the propriety of applying for a Grand Charter, as well as to determine upon the place for the location of the Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment, (both of which questions shall be decided by a majority vote, which majority vote must represent at least three Lodges or Encampments.) Should any Lodge or Encampment neglect or refuse to send a Representative, or should the Representative, from accident or other cause, fail to attend, it shall not operate to defeat the proceedings of such as may assemble, provided a sufficient number be present to comply with the preceding requirements. Each Subordinate Lodge or Encampment shall furnish to its Representative a statement, under the seal of the Lodge or Encampment, of the number of Past Grands or Past Chief Patriarchs, in good standing, belonging to it. At the meeting of these Representatives the votes shall be by Lodges or Encampments, and the application shall be in the following form, to wit :

*To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States*

*of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows :*

The petition of — Lodge (or Encampment,) No. 1, —, No. 2, —, No. 3, of —, respectfully represents, that at present they work under warrants granted by your R. W. Body ; that at present they have — Past Grands (or Past Chief Patriarchs) in good standing. They are of opinion that it would be of advantage to the Order to establish a Grand Lodge (or Grand Encampment) in the —. They therefore pray your R. W. Body to grant a charter for a Grand Lodge (or Grand Encampment) in the —, to be located at —.

Witness our hands and seals, this — day of —, 18—.

A. B., *Representative of No. 1.*

C. D., *Representative of No. 2.*

E. F., *Representative of No. 3.*

ART. 6. All traveling and other expenses of the Grand Sire, or of the Past Grand or Patriarch deputed by him to institute a Grand or Subordinate Lodge or Encampment, shall be paid by such Lodge or Encampment.

ART. 7. Applications for Grand or Subordinate Lodges or Encampments must be accompanied by the fee for the same, which shall be returned if the charter is not granted.

ART. 8. Each Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment shall have a Grand Seal, an impression whereof in wax shall be sent to the Grand Secretary, and be deposited in the archives of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

ART. 9. The Constitution of each Grand and Subordinate Lodge or Encampment chartered by this Grand Lodge, immediately on its adoption, shall be forwarded to this Grand Lodge for its approval.

ART. 10. Annual returns shall be made by each State, District, or Territorial Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment, in which they shall give the names of Grand Officers, Past Grand Officers, and the aggregate number of members, the number of members in good standing in all subordinate Lodges, and the aggregate number of initiations, rejections, suspensions and cause, expulsions and cause, admissions by card, withdrawal by card, deaths, amount expended for relief of brothers, amount expended for education of orphans, the whole amount of receipts, amount of money in the treasury, amount of widow and orphan funds, and the amount of investments; forms for which shall be furnished by this Grand Lodge. Said returns shall be made to the Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary at least one month previous to the annual meeting of this body, and shall be accompanied with the dues thereon, in money current at par in the place where the meeting of this body is held.

ART. 11. No Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment which shall be in arrears for moneys due to this Grand Lodge shall be allowed to vote by its Representative or Representatives.

ART. 12. No person shall at the same time hold membership in more than one Grand and Subordinate Lodge and one Grand and Subordinate Encampment; nor shall any Lodge or Encampment confer degrees upon any member of another Lodge or Encampment, without the consent of the Lodge or Encampment to which the member belongs, given under its seal.

ART. 13. When a Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment shall have been duly chartered in any State, District, or Territory, all the Lodges and Encampments in said State, District, or Territory, working under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States, shall thereafter be declared subordinate to, and under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment of the State, District or Territory in which they are located; and no Lodge or Encampment situated in one State, District, or Territory can be made Subordinate to the Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment of another State, District, or Territory.

ART. 14. No brother can be admitted to visit a Lodge or Encampment out of the State, District, or Territory where he resides, unless he present a card as furnished under the signature of the proper officers and seal of the Lodge or Encampment, of which he is a member, and signed on the margin in his own proper hand-writing, and prove himself in the T. P. W. and the degree in which the Lodge or Encampment is open; provided, nevertheless, a brother may always be introduced by a Grand Representative or other elective officer of the Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment under whose jurisdiction he wishes to visit.

ART. 15. At each annual session the Grand Sire shall appoint in each State, District or Territory in which there is not a Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment, an officer to be styled "District Deputy Grand Sire," whose duty it shall be to act as the special agent of this Grand Lodge in relation to the matters herein specified, namely :

1. To act for the Grand Sire, and by his direction to perform whatever may have been ordered to be done by the Grand Lodge of the United States in the particular district for which the D. D. Grand Sire may be appointed.

2. To act as the Representative of this Grand Lodge, and perform all such matters relating to the Order in his district as the Grand Sire shall direct.

3. To obey all special instructions of the Grand Sire in relation to any thing which that officer is required to do for the good of the Order.

4. To act as the agent of the Grand Secretary, and obey the special directions of that officer.

5. To have a general supervision over all Subordinate Lodges and Encampments (in his district) which work under charters granted by the Grand Lodge of the United States.

6. To make semi-annual reports of his acts and doings to the G. Sire.

7. District Deputy Grand Sires shall in no case interfere, as officers of this Grand Lodge, with the State Grand Lodges or Grand Encampments.

8. To qualify a brother for the appointment of District Deputy Grand Sire, he must be a regular contributing member of a Subordinate Lodge and Encampment, and must have attained the rank of a Past Grand and of the Royal Purple degree ; and, in States where Grand Encampments may be established, he must also be a member of such Grand Encampment. The appointment of District Deputy Grand Sires shall be made at each annual session, to continue for one year, but they may be removed for cause, by the Grand Sire, during the recess.

ART. 16. The Representatives of each Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment shall be examined by the Deputy Grand Sire as to their qualifications for the office, previous to taking seats in the Grand Lodge of the United States; and on taking their seats each shall be furnished by the Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary with a copy of the Constitution, Rules of Order and Laws of this Grand Lodge.

ART. 17. Each State, District and Territorial Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment shall furnish its Representative or Representatives with all the documents and papers necessary in the discharge of the duties of their office.

ART. 18. Each State, District and Territorial Grand Lodge shall annually be furnished with as many copies of the printed Proceedings of

this Grand Lodge as it has Subordinate Lodges working under its jurisdiction, for its own use, and an equal number to be distributed among its Subordinates. Each Grand Encampment shall be furnished in the same manner. And each Lodge and Encampment working under the warrant of this Grand Lodge shall be furnished with a copy of the Proceedings. The Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary shall see that this law is carried into effect at as early a date as possible after the close of the annual sessions of this Grand Lodge.

ART. 19. All dues and moneys for this Grand Lodge shall be paid to the Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary, and by him be immediately paid over to the Grand Treasurer, who shall give his receipt for the same.

ART. 20. All the State, District and Territorial Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments shall enforce upon their Subordinates a strict adherence to the work of the Order, according to the forms furnished by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and shall be held responsible for any irregularities that they may allow under their jurisdictions. They shall neither adopt nor use, or suffer to be adopted or used in their jurisdictions, any other charges, lectures, degrees, ceremonies, forms of installation, or regalia, than those prescribed by the Grand Lodge of the United States.

ART. 21. All Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments under this jurisdiction may at all times open and close their meetings with prayer.

ART. 22. The regalia of the Order shall be as follows, to wit :

Aprons and collars of Subordinate Lodges shall be white, trimmed with emblematic color of degree intended to be represented, viz : first degree, white ; second degree, pink ; third degree, blue ; fourth degree, green ; fifth degree, scarlet ; rosettes of the appropriate colors can be worn on the collars. The Noble Grand shall wear a scarlet collar ; Vice Grand, blue collar ; Secretary, green collar ; Treasurer, green collar ; each of them trimmed with white or silver. Supporters of Noble Grand, scarlet sashes ; of the Vice Grand, blue sashes ; Outside Guardian, red sash ; Inside Guardian, blue sash ; Warden and Conductor, black sashes ; Scene Supporters, white sashes ; Chaplain, white sash. The aprons of the elective and appointed officers shall be white, trimmed with the color of the collar or sash indicated for the office.

Past Grands shall wear scarlet collars or sashes, and aprons either white trimmed with scarlet, or scarlet trimmed with white. The aprons and collars or sashes of Past Grands may be trimmed with silver lace or fringe, and those having attained the Royal Purple degree may have trimmings of yellow metal.

The Grand Officers and Past Grands of Grand Lodges shall wear the regalia of Past Grands as above defined.

The Encampment regalia shall be black aprons and gloves, and for Patriarchs who have attained the Royal Purple degree, purple collars, and the aprons and collars trimmed with yellow lace or fringe.

The regalia for Grand Representatives shall be a collar of purple velvet, not more than four inches in width, with a roll of scarlet velvet; the trimmings to be of white and yellow metal, and the collar to be united in front with three links; to which may be suspended such medals as the member may be entitled to wear.

P. G. Representatives, and the Officers and Past Officers of the Grand Lodge of the United States, to wear the regalia above described for Grand Representatives.

The jewel for the Grand Sire and Past Grand Sires shall be a medal three inches in diameter, of yellow metal, on one side of which shall be the coat of arms of the United States, surrounded by an ornamental edging of silver.

Representatives and Past Representatives shall be entitled to wear medals of the size and style above, with the coat of arms of the State represented.

ART. 23. State Grand Lodges are prohibited from conferring the Grand Lodge Degree for a pecuniary consideration, with a view of increasing their revenue, or for any other consideration except the regular performance of the duties of the Noble Grand's chair—the said degree having been designed as a reward for faithful service in the Subordinate Lodges.

ART. 24. Past Officers of every description, and members in possession of the Encampment degree, and all other members of the Order, when visiting Grand or Subordinate Lodges, are entitled to wear the regalia and jewels pertaining to the highest degree which they may have taken.

ART. 25. The T. P. W. is designed only for the use of brothers who are traveling beyond the limits of the jurisdiction to which they belong; and, in order that each brother may be properly instructed in it, and visiting brethren from other jurisdictions properly examined, the two highest elective officers of a Lodge, and the Chief Patriarch and Senior Warden of an Encampment, are to be privately put in possession of the word at the time of their installation, that they may be qualified either to give or receive it. The Grand Master and Grand Patriarch of a State, and their regular Deputies, should also be in possession of it.

ART. 26. The fiscal year of this Grand Lodge shall commence the first day of July and terminate on the thirtieth of June.

ART. 27. All Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, working under the immediate jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, which fail to make their returns for one year, shall forfeit their charters, and whenever such remissness occurs the G. Sire shall take proper measures to enforce the law.



ART. 27. Four weeks previous to the holding of any session of this Grand Lodge, it shall be the duty of the Grand Secretary, through one daily paper of each of the cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New-York, to invite proposals for the printing of the Journal of this body, the printer to furnish the necessary paper, and to stich and cover the Journal, ready for distribution—the printing to be done according to the style of the Revised Journal, and the matter to be stereotyped, and the plates to be delivered to the Grand Secretary, in good order, as the property of the Grand Lodge of the United States, as soon as a sufficient number of copies are struck off to meet the purposes of the law requiring the distribution of the proceedings, which number the Grand Secretary must state, as near as practicable, in the advertisement. And such proposals for the said work as may be received shall be filed away by the Grand Secretary, with their seals unbroken, until twelve o'clock, noon, of the first day of the session therein designated, after which time no more proposals shall be received; and such as shall have been received shall be placed in the hands of the Committee on Printing, to be by them opened, examined, and decided upon. A standing committee shall be appointed at the commencement of every session, in the same manner as other standing committees, whose duty it shall be to open and decide upon such proposals as may have been made to do any of the printing of this body, and report their decision and the terms of their contract to the Grand Lodge, for its approval and confirmation.

ART. 29. The Grand Lodge of the United States will neither entertain nor consider any inquiry as to what are the laws or usages of the Order, unless the same be brought before the Body by an appeal from the decision of a Lodge or Encampment, or unless the same be presented by a Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment.

ART. 30. All former laws and regulations inconsistent with the provisions of these general laws are hereby repealed.

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So FAR as regards the duty of Odd Fellows to administer to the wants of mankind generally, there can be but one opinion. It is our duty to be generous and benevolent towards all the children of want; and we have yet to learn that we are more remiss than others in the performance of this duty. Though we have no inclination to boast, yet we submit that Odd Fellows are generally found to do as much to alleviate human suffering, outside of the Lodge, as their neighbors. Of one thing we are certain: If any given number of men would take the same measures that we do, in relation to the care of the poor and the needy within their bounds, there would be little want unrelieved therein; and if all men would do as much in proportion to their means, the world would need no poor-houses.

## Angel Amy.

The cold wind rushed through the gloomy street, and the snow flakes, as they slowly fell, were scattered into every little crevice. The night-lamps flickered, casting an unsteady light for passers by, and those I met were walking rapidly as if to reach a shelter from the piercing cold wind. As I passed the mansions of the wealthy, the bright fires and lighted rooms would greet me, giving an air of comfort to all within, and the thought would make me hasten along to my own home.

As I reached my home, I saw upon the steps a little girl, thinly clad, with but a shawl fastened about her head to protect her from the weather. Her head was buried in her hands—so silent, so forgetful of the cold. I was vexed to find a beggar upon my steps, and I angrily exclaimed, "Away! away!"

How startled she looked when she raised her sorrowful face, and her large black eyes suffused with tears at my rude summons, and turned as if to run; but, as if changing her mind, she raised her little hands, and casting upon me a pleading glance, "Oh! kind sir, wont you give me something? my poor mother is so sick."

"No! no!" I answered, hastily; "I have nothing to give," as I turned to go in the house. She walked slowly away, and I saw her in the dimness slowly disappear.

I closed my door impatiently, and shut the world without. What cared I for her! I had plenty, and sought the pleasures, not the miseries of the world—and I allowed nothing to stand between me and my will.

That night a few friends came, and the bottle passed freely. We forgot all but the present.

I went to bed, and in my dreams the little one stood before me, with her calm, sad face turned half away. I raised myself, but she was gone.

The morning sun shone brightly on the snow-covered roof opposite, and innumerable icicles hung from the trees in front of my window. Upon the window lights the frost had formed a thousand curious things. The sleighs, filled with their merry laughing parties, and the sound of jingling bell, as they quickly passed along, added great effect to the scene. Yet, with all this, the image of the little one still protruded itself before my eyes. I took up my favorite Irving, and would read some of his beautiful sketches, but still would my thoughts revert to the night, and I resolved to search for the poor beggar child.

Weeks flew by. My search was unsuccessful, and I became lonely. My friends would call, I saw them, yet I was lonely. One night as I was returning from a party about twelve o'clock, at the corner of a street

not far distant from my house, I met the little one coming slowly toward me. I stopped. She held out her hands: "Oh! kind sir, give me—something; my poor mother died last night," and the tears streamed from her eyes.

I questioned her, and found that she was an orphan. Her father was once a rich man, but by sickness and misfortune had been reduced to poverty. Her name was Amy Wharton. I took her home, and placed her under the care of the kind woman who lived with me, and had her mother decently buried. I now had some one to think of beside myself. Something to look forward to. I forgot my old habits and friends. I lived but for her.

The summer came, and my pretty Amy had grown delicate from undue exposure to beg alms to save her poor mother. A change became necessary. We crossed the ocean on a visit to Italy, hoping that the sunny clime would restore the bloom to her cheek, and the elasticity to her step.

How I watched the ruddy hue upon her face, and thought she would soon be well again. In the evenings we would sit together, and I would recount to her my past life, and hear her innocent comments thereon. How pleasant it then was! It would seem that we (Amy and I) belonged to a world that no one entered but ourselves. We looked upon the past as but some old dream, and the future with hopeful hearts.

Weeks followed weeks on their lightning course. We took a pleasant villa a short distance from Rome. Amy began to grow worse, and it was not till then that I discovered that the dread consumption had laid its withering grasp upon her, and that she was passing slowly to her home above. At night I would sit watching by her bed side, and now and then I would raise her gently in my arms, and she would lay her hand upon my head, and whisper, "Why look so sad? be not afraid," and tears would force themselves into her eyes. During the day I would read some pleasant book to her, and thus would time pass on. How grateful would she then look, and her bright eyes moisten in tears as a spark of the future would intervene. At my bedside, at night, I would pray God to spare my Amy a little longer.

Time fled on. A year had passed away. I was in Rome, where I had been detained for a few days. A message came that she was dying. I hastened home. I found that it was too true. Death, with its icy fingers, was fast approaching. "Father," she said, when I came into the room, "I am dying now. I am going to those Heavenly arms. I shall be happy then; and when God shall take you hence, I shall be with you. Father," and a bright smile lit up her face, "don't you hear them calling? Kiss me, father. I am going now."

The tears rushed to my eyes. I could stand it no longer. A slight

trembling crossed her face, and her soul had ascended to those peaceful realms above.

We buried her on the shore, beneath an old tree, wherē in life she was wont to sit. Naught but a simple stone, with her dear name upon it, marks the spot, and thus my Amy passed away, and Time rolled on.

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### Man a Paradox.

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"How august, how complicate,  
How wonderful is man!"—YOUNG.

No being can be found possessing such a variety, complexity, and contrariety of nature, as intelligent man.

1. His *physical* constitution has received the careful attention, and called forth the admiration and astonishment of the most learned of his race. And one of the most inexplicable peculiarities of his being is the apparent paradoxical composition of the body. Not so much so, however, in the components, and arrangement of the bones, muscles, arteries, veins, ligaments, nerves, &c., of his physical structure, as in the laws that appear to govern them.

Though we would not intimate that there is really any imperfection in man's physical organization, or the physiological principles by which it is governed, (for all the works of the Creator must be perfect,) yet it must be admitted, that nature appears, at least, to operate in directly opposite ways, especially under different circumstances.

For instance, at one time cold water produces fever, and allays it at another; sometimes food taken into the stomach produces or increases disease, though ordinarily it imparts nourishment to the system. At one time opiates will quiet the nervous system, but at another they produce the greatest amount of excitement. The same substances that save or perpetuate life under some circumstances, destroy it under others. Ordinarily respiration, constant and regular, is necessary to health and life, but under some circumstances it may be suspended three-quarters of an hour, or more, without any special inconvenience to life or vitality. From the influence of habit, our bodies may be made to bear a degree of heat that would ordinarily destroy life. Under the influence of mental excitement our bodies may be overtaxed with fatigue, that would, without this excitement, prove ruinous to life or health. So much in relation to the physical man.

2. Man is equally paradoxical in his *mental* constitution.

The phenomena of man's mental nature greatly depend upon his physical structure, and the use made of his bodily functions. Yet who has not witnessed, or experienced, operations of the mental faculties, perfectly

antagonistic? Sometimes they are under the guidance and control of the intellectual powers, but at others enervated and blinded by physical senses and appetites; sometimes clear and active, but again befogged and palsied by opposing influences. At one time the medium of the most profound investigation, and the exercise of an enlightened judgment; but at another the mere creature of fancy, or a wild imagination; sometimes tranquil and happy, and at others mentally deranged, or pressed with agonizing grief!

3. Man is *politically* paradoxical.

How often do we find a striking discrepancy between man's political *principles* and *practice*. That men sometimes *change* their political views is not so much to be wondered at, but when they contradict their theory or principles, by their practice, it exhibits a wrong somewhere. While identified with one party, they seek, perhaps by unfair means, or false pretenses, the patronage of another. They profess in principle to be the opponents of certain evils, but cast their vote and use all their influence in favor of laws and men that will be sure to establish and extend them. They profess a great amount of solicitude that the "dear people" may have their interests served and promoted, but feel no compunctions of conscience in sacrificing all for the purposes of self-aggrandizement! Yea, these paradoxical demagogues, profess great love for *American* principles and institutions, but scruple not to patronize and foster, in our very midst, a wily foe, that aims at the subjugation of our beloved country to an European potentate!

4. Man is a *moral* paradox.

There is found in the breast of man a propensity to practice deception upon his fellow, either by simulation, or dissimulation. His course of conduct is frequently changed from bad to good, or from right to wrong, by a change of location or circumstances, or from a mere change in his moral feelings. At one time he is moved to benevolent effort by a sense of duty, and the law of sympathy; but at another penuriousness freezes up every benevolent feeling and avenue of his soul. At one time his feelings are all roused in view of human suffering around him, but at others, his heart is like adamant, and he wonders that there are any subjects of want and suffering in the world. He now abhors and denounces crime, and says, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great sin? But soon he not only involves, but justifies himself in all the degradation of intemperance, the pollution of licentiousness, or horrors of bloodshed!

To-day he is heard to pray and praise, but to-morrow he utters imprecations and blasphemous oaths. On the holy Sabbath he may be found among the sincere and true worshipers of God in the sanctuary, but anon he seeks companionship with the reckless and the vile. To-day he deals honestly, perhaps from principle, but to-morrow he sees an opportunity

for making a good bargain, that is to cheat and make money, and falls into temptation.

He may be a good Odd Fellow, Mason, Christian, so far as *theory* is concerned, but at the same time he may lack the moral principle and conduct so essential to either. The "*Casket*" may be there, but what is that without the *jewels*?

Surely man *is* a paradox, and ever will remain such, until *Friendship*, *Love* and *Truth* shall control his heart, and guide his conduct in all the relations of life.

"*C'est honteuse!*"

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### The Butterfly.

On gaudy wings of brightest hue,  
A butterfly once gently flew,  
And fluttered over every flower  
That graced a lovely garden bower.  
Elate with vanity and pride  
He gazes round on every side  
And thinks for him alone unclosed  
The petals of each blooming rose;  
But fickle as the zephyrs light  
That bear his rainbow wings so bright,  
The bud that has unfolded last,  
Grows dearer than the one just past.  
The thought that for him all must pine  
Makes his gay tints more brightly shine—  
And careless of all things but self,  
Still gaily roves the wand'ring elf.

But sunshine can not always last;  
And soon there came a chilling blast  
That shook the fragile insect's form,  
And warned him of the coming storm.  
For shelter to the rose he flies,  
But she his piteous prayer denies;  
The lilies, too, their petals close  
And look as coldly as the rose.  
No solitary friend is near;  
No sympathizing glance to cheer.  
Then, as the storms more fiercely blew,  
From flower to flower he wildly flew.  
His rainbow wings all soiled and torn  
Scarce bear his body crushed and worn.  
Despised by all he mourns his fate  
And e'en expiring, finds too late  
That he who's constant ne'er to one  
In hour of need may trust to none.

## Oregon Mountains.

The recent ascent to the summit of Mount Hood, the highest mountain in North America, excited public curiosity to a considerable degree. We give below details of the voyage d'exploration. Mount Hood is situated not far from Portland, in Oregon, and new parties are now forming to make the ascent again; and to revisit some of the highest peaks on that coast of America. The great height of the mountain (11,361 feet,) and the unequaled purity of its atmosphere which enables the daring explorers to distinguish the Butte mountains in California, five hundred miles distant, from its summit, will, perhaps, cause some *savans* to desire to test by personal observation the truth of this account:

"At daybreak on the morning of August 8th, we were all up, and had finished our breakfast when the sun rose above the horizon. Our horses were brought and we set out with the intention of ascending to as great a height as possible. The whole party were in high spirits, and even the horses seemed to partake of the cheerfulness and energy of their riders. Captain Barlow volunteered to remain below to guard the encampment, and to observe our ascent with the aid of a telescope. Before starting we had taken care to provide ourselves with provisions, cramp-irons, ropes, and poles shod with iron, these precautions having greatly assisted us in our ascent of Mount St. Helena the year before.

"We began the ascent by the south-east declivity, traversing at first a narrow natural dyke, formed, by the Dog river on one side, and on the other, by a torrent tributary to the Falls river. At the end of this dyke, we separated into two parties, one of which, composed of four men, immediately commenced the ascent on foot, while Judge Olney and his Indian guide, on horseback, took a circuitous path leading to an elevated point which we had fixed upon as a rendezvous.

The distance between the two parties soon became very great, each believing itself to be in the surest path; but after two hours of toilsome ascent, fatigue and the difficulties of the road, made us sensible that we had no means of reaching the summit but in mutual assistance, and encouraging ourselves by each others' presence. We came to a halt at the appointed spot, made an onslaught upon the provision bag, and slaked our thirst with the snow; then recommenced our journey, this time with our shoes and poles, for the remainder of the route was covered with snow. After some time the snow presented that singular aspect seen frequently in Switzerland, of a *foaming sea*; the billows softened in part by the sun, obliged us to lift our feet at each step from six inches to two, three, and even four feet, whereby our journey became very fatiguing.

We proceeded in the following order: Mr. Lake was foremost, after him Judge Olney, then Captain Travailot, then Major Hallar, and lastly the Indian guide. We ascended in this manner, several thousand feet, at an angle of nearly fifty degrees; but on attaining a certain height, the rarefaction of the atmosphere began painfully to affect some of our party. Major Hallar was soon compelled to stop by a violent giddiness, and shortly after, Capt. Travailot experienced the same sensations, and the blood began to ooze forth from his pores, which caused him to refrain prudently from advancing further. A few toises further up, the ascent became very steep; the theodolite marked seventy degrees. At this point Judge Olney was forced to remain behind. To proceed further, we were obliged to cut steps for ourselves in the snow with the heels of our iron shod shoes, to a place overhung by a great wall of snow, where the sun had slightly softened the path. Our friend Lake followed us step by step, and the Indian, furnished with poles and iron-shod shoes, seemed determined to go as far as the Yankees. For two hours, excepting some words of encouragement, such as "attention!" and the reply "all right!" not a syllable was exchanged between us. At last at two o'clock in the afternoon, we attained the south-east summit. We found it very similar to that of Mt. St. Helena, very narrow, and in the form of a crescent, and opening towards the south-west. The highest crest runs from the south-west to the north, turning abruptly to the west towards its northern extremity; the principal summit is composed of a succession of cones and craters; these latter, whose diameters vary from three inches to two feet, send forth a smoke strongly impregnated with a sulphurous odor. The cones are from twenty to fifty feet in height. We were greatly chagrined at not being able to measure the atmosphere, having through forgetfulness, left our thermometer below, but we felt convinced, after holding our hands to some of the craters, that it would have been as high as "boiling water."

Our Indian was so terribly frightened at the sight of the craters, that he left us immediately, and betook himself to descending the mountain with all the speed he could muster. As for ourselves, the smoke and the sulphurous odor; forced us to abandon our investigations, with the exception of testing the depth of the craters by throwing stones into them, which took some time to reach the bottom.

We then gazed upon the magnificent panorama which was spread out before our view. We distinctly saw Mts. Jefferson, the Three Sisters, McLaughlin, St. Helena, Rainier, and Adams, besides other snowy peaks which we were unable to recognize; lastly, we saw Fremont's Peak and Mount Shasta in California! The latter two must be about five hundred miles distant from Mount Hood! This will appear incredible to those who are unacquainted with the purity of the atmosphere of



Oregon on a fine summer's day. But to offset this: on the side towards the ocean, we could distinguish nothing but a dense mist, as if Nature wished to cover it with a veil, which she so obligingly threw aside for us from the land. The inhabited part of the country was also hidden from view by a light cloud of smoke, which prevented us from seeing the features of the earth beneath. With this exception only, the whole country was distinctly visible; westward, the chain of mountains on the coast, the Sierra Nevada to the south-south-east, the Liskigou mountains to the south-west, the Blue and Rocky mountains on the east, and lastly, the Cascades, which enclose this magnificent circle of mountains, in the center of which the eye and the imagination remain bewildered and fascinated. At a distance of about forty miles, we perceived a lake hitherto unknown, and which appeared surrounded by lands admirably adapted to cultivation. We would have gone in search of it on our return, if the loss of our horses had not forced us to forego such an excursion.

During our stay at the summit, we grew somewhat nervous at hearing a subterranean rumbling sound which we supposed to be the precursor of an earthquake. Our companions, whom we had left midway the ascent, informed us that it was caused by an avalanche of rocks precipitated by the enormous weight of the snow.

Day began to decline, and the cold increasing proportionably, induced us to descend sooner than we would have done had it been otherwise. The descent, we knew, would occupy less time than did the ascent, but on the other hand it was more dangerous, and would require all our presence of mind. At four o'clock, Mr. Lake and we quitted the summit. We did not fall in with the Indian until we reached the place where we had cut steps in the snow. At the end of two hours we came upon Capt. Travaillot, Major Hallar, and Judge Olney, who were occupied in taking observations, and in taking the height of the mountain. Not having with us the thermometer which Governor Ogden had the goodness to lend us, we were obliged to make our calculations after Humboldt's table of the line of perpetual snows. By taking an accurate account of the latitude ( $44^{\circ} 30'$ ) of the temperature, and of the statement by which we had effected our ascent, we fixed the height of our encampment for the night, 11,250 feet. That taken, Captain Travaillot found we were 15,422 feet (about two miles and a half) from the summit, at an angle of  $34^{\circ}$  degrees. This distance would give 7,111 feet, which added to the 11,250 feet (the height of our encampment) gave 18,361 feet as the height of the mountain.

We formed a cabinet of specimens which we found on the summit. It was made up of decomposed granite, some black and some red; of lava in a pure state, and sulphur mixed with calcium; pumice stone, black lead mixed with granite and sulphur, and ashes of a red color verging towards a yellow. Eruptions seemed to have taken place on the south

side, and at a very distant period. What struck us more forcibly than all, was the finding on the summit a great many trunks of trees, some dead and others turned into dust. The only possible conclusion that can be made from this, is, that by some convulsion of nature, the summit has been borne aloft several thousand feet from its original position.

Every trace of vegetation ceases at two and a half or three miles from the summit.

Captain Travaillet and Mr. Lake discovered an immense cavern on the south-west side, two miles above the line of perpetual snow, but we had not sufficient time to examine it in detail."

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### The Five Points and Tombs.

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From the first, this locality was evil-haunted. There did not seem room for an angel's footfall, so fully was every nook and cranny occupied by spirits of darkness. It seems as it were a great basin whose sides are brick and mortar, into which is poured all the nauseous drainings of the higher thoroughfares. Its inhabitants were filthy, drunken, and apparently beyond all hope, and the children appalled you with their preternatural viciousness.

The scene is altered now, though much is yet to be done. I have been there and seen the change; seen those children sitting in their right mind, with holy hymns upon lips but lately given to obscenity and blasphemy. The first thought was, "How old they look!" They were keen, sharp-looking children, as *if they were all born old*. They were precociously intellectual—few of them were brutal looking, but all had a strong intellectual expression, that might easily cover a cold, cruel nature. Some had great wild eyes. Others sly, alert ones. Some had a look of profound melancholy, and all were more or less diseased.

The Old Brewery has disappeared, and it is one of the things for which we should bless God fervently. Time had long worked at the old timbers and creaking stairs, as if to say to men, "come, help me in this work;" and the pestilence has cried, "take away these reeking floors, these walls saturated with moral malaria, or I shall walk forth from these precincts to tread the halls of the palace."

Is there no other place akin in this great city of New York, from whence a like cry may go forth?

Overlooking all this region, itself vast, lofty and forbidding, the windows immense, and the heavy granite columns massive and tall, the whole an echoless quarry of cold, un pitying stone, so great and yet looking small stand the Tombs. The building is a Sphinx, and looks low, and yet is high. The heavy entablature with its sunken lights; the deep

recesses and projecting cornices; the walls, broad-based and receding inward, pyramid like; the square gateways, with mysterious Egyptian emblems, all conspire to carry you back to the dim, misty periods of the race, when man was in the infancy of his moral culture. The great stone walls frown huge and remorseless upon the spectator—the long stone galleries give back no echo, and within is a spot adown which the stars only look, a patch of blue sky inviting the soul thitherward, for the stone jaws of the prison will yield up never more the body of its inmates. But to-day, this Friday, the sunlight came down a little round of glory, a sheaf from the full harvesting of sunshine, but instead the clouds wept downward, drop by drop, sounding upon the unyielding stone, pouring along the spouts and creating a deep inward sound, dreadful to the lonely prisoner, like far-off muffled drums and bells dumb in space, and he turned himself in his cell and put his hands to his ears to deaden the sound.

These aspects of the building render it a fit shape for a prison. It is as if the stone would say, I look small, and yet am vast—I look simple as the granite ledge dappled with moss in the shadows of old woods, and yet my touch is death. Like me, the first evil deed seems a small thing, but it is mighty in shutting out the light of heavenly truth from the mind.

But, as I said, the boys neared the Tombs through the dismal rain, coming on Friday, and saw the crowds of people upon the roofs and looking from the windows. The streets also were full of people, upon whom the rain beat, and yet they did not stir. There they stood, hour after hour, looking at this heavy stone building invested with so many elements of the terrible. It was well known to the people that the ground upon which it stood was so marshy that the builders found it nearly impossible to render the foundation arches firm. The frog, the lizard, and the serpent, which had infested the old Collet, had given place to the symbol of traffic—the rat which swarmed in its gloomy corridors, fattened in its damp arches, and, following the lead pipes, often penetrated to the cell of the miserable culprit, hunting him from side to side in his narrow, dark room, till the rat anticipated the dues of justice.

Then, too, noisome vapors crept insidiously through its gloomy passages, and the wretches consigned to its walls perished, sometimes many in a night, from those unwholesome exhalations. Had such a catastrophe transpired at the Tombs? Were the people up, indignant that even felons should be maltreated in this way? What is there to be seen by all that mass of upturned faces? There is a small angle of heavy timbers rising from out the hollow square within—nothing more. A priest with black robes, officers with insignia of grade, enter the walls in silence. All is so still, so naked, so barren of show and excitement, that

it is horrible. Some few professional men, a doctor, and old —, who trades in Water street, and has witnessed every execution in the city for the last twenty or thirty years, presents his burly shape, and bullet head, and is instantly admitted—his penchant for hanging scenes is known and indulged. Flashy Jack and Bob, sidling close to each other, enter just as the great bell of the cupola sends out a long ominous toll, that causes a collapse in every heart in that great multitude. And thus a being full of health and strength, a youth but on the vestibule of life, went out, was forced unwillingly out, upon the great unknown ocean of the unseen world. It was horrible, most horrible! If our legislators insist upon the literal interpretation of the Mosaic code, let us have maiming if you will, sparing us the shocking details, but remember the gallows is a Christian dispensation.

The laws should humanize ; if severe, should still lean to the side of mercy ; wherever these are in favor of capital punishment they but serve to harden and brutalize the mind. When we find men refuse to act as jurors upon offenses where the punishment is death ; when we find men refuse to take the office of High Sheriff, or if they take it, compelled to do the duties of the office, and forbidden by law to bribe another to the act of murder, while the duty is their own ; when we find ministers of the Gospel in a body declaring that “they will not officiate at the gallows ;” when the whole subject is stripped naked, deprived of all its accessories of official pomp and pious parade, then will these legal crimes disappear, and not till then.

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### Death.

Our lives of thee no purchase can we make,  
 O monster Death! from thee we shrink with fear,  
 And watch with trembling care each step we take,  
 Lest thou should’st be upon our pathway near;  
 And from thy iron manacles would break,  
 Unwilling captives to thy power severe.

Our friends are falling on our right and left;  
 By Death’s two-edged sabre they are slain,  
 Of loved ones’ fond embraces we’re bereft,  
 And naught but their lone tombs for us remain.  
 Why should we weep? for Death’s unerring shaft,  
 Ere long shall bring us to our friends again.

Slay on, then! thou mighty conqueror, slay!  
 Who art upon our lives, our vitals fed;  
 E’en Time itself is doom’d thy final prey:  
 Then thou shalt hide thine own, thy hideous head,  
 And o’er thy tomb my scepter I shall away,  
 For I shall live when Death himself is dead!

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## The Acropolis of Athens.

The Acropolis rises precipitously near the center of the old city, to the height of, I should think, two hundred feet. It of course overlooks all the other parts of the town; and the glorious structures with which it is crowned are visible at great distances to those who approach the city by sea or land. Mars Hill is only a little less elevated, and commands, on all sides except that toward the citadel, a view hardly less extensive and delightful. The Pnyx, the hill upon which the assemblies of the people met and consulted in the open air, is nearly of the same height. The eye of the orator, who spoke from the tribune, looked down upon the city which was spread out before him like a map. The Acropolis, with all its splendid structures, was in full view to the right. A little to the left, also in full view, rose upon lower ground the temple of Theseus, the founder of the city, which, after a lapse of two thousand four hundred years, is the most perfect and complete structure that bears testimony to the genius of the ancients.

It is obvious that the position of the Athenian forum was chosen for effect, and not accidentally. The tribune from which the orator spoke, is said formerly to have commanded a view of the ports of Salamis and the whole gulf of Egina, as well as the range of magnificent objects above enumerated. Themistocles was wont to point to the fleets, and to the theater of the naval glory of his countrymen, in order to inspire them with additional attachment to the maritime service, which he regarded as the means of warfare best suited to the Athenians.

The Thirty Tyrants, by removing the Bema nearer to the Agora, and a little further down the hill, effectually concealed those inspiring objects from the view both of the speaker and the people. This was done in order to repress the ardor of the people for high enterprises, and with this for freedom. About twenty or thirty yards in the rear of the pulpit of Demosthenes, there are steps cut in the rock, and other appearances to justify the opinion that that was the post of the orator before the days of the Tyrants.

From that spot, all the objects above enumerated—maritime and inland—as well as the more distant mountains which nature had reared up like walls for the ornament and security of Attica, were in view of the orator when he harangued the Athenians to resistance and to daring enterprises. A situation more favorable to high displays of oratory and to powerful effects, certainly never existed; one is less surprised at the superior efficiency of Athenian eloquence after standing upon the platform where Demosthenes pronounced his masterly harangues, and viewing the inspiring objects that offer powerful aid in exciting and controlling the

passions of the most intelligent and mercurial people who ever listened to the voice of an orator.

It should be stated that the pulpit of Demosthenes was not one of those boxes bearing the name in our days, but a broad platform of solid rock ascended by three or four steps. It was nearly thirty feet long and twenty wide, with nothing before the speaker, who was fully exposed to the audience, and had ample room to walk to and fro, and indulge in the vehement action which we know characterized Grecian eloquence.

The Apostle Paul seems to have availed himself of the favorable local circumstances that the elevated position of the Areopagus supplied in his discourse to the curious Athenians. I have already said that this hill was nearly as high as the Acropolis—not less, I should think, than two hundred feet above the bed of the Illissus. It, too, is a rock, rising abruptly on all sides but the western. It is ascended by a flight of steps cut out of the solid stone. The top, too, has been leveled by a chisel, and presents an extensive surface, capable of accommodating a large assembly. There are seats also on a part of the rock, which are supposed, no doubt correctly, to have been occupied by the judges.

It was in the middle of this noble area that the Apostle stood, when he with so much courage and skill reproved the Athenians for their idolatry, and preached to them the Unknown God, who made the world and all things, and dwelleth not in the temples made by hands. From the position where the Apostle then stood he had all the principal temples of Athens in full view before him, including certainly the most perfect and sumptuous structure ever reared for religious worship. The evidence of their superstition was clear and conclusive, and not to be contradicted by those whose eyes rested upon the Parthenon, the Theseion, and all the minor temples of the Acropolis and the Agora.

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Nothing is lost. The drop of water that mingles with the flood—the smallest particle of sand washed upon the sea shore—the most minute and insignificant thing that ever existed, in any form or shape—or the most immaterial and unimportant words we have ever spoken, will not be lost. Each will have its effect and influence till time shall be no more. Have you ever thought of the effect that might be produced by one word? Drop a kind word, in a pleasant manner, among a group, and it will make each one happy, to return to their homes, and produce the same happy effect upon all those with whom they may mingle. But a bad word, the “bane of contention,” may arouse the indignation of a whole neighborhood, and spread like fire, producing disastrous effects. Inasmuch as no words are lost, speak kindly. The influence you may exert by it in life is incalculable.

## Vital Statistics.

The Committee on this important subject, in the Grand Lodge of the United States, made an excellent and able report, a portion of which we subjoin. The Committee consisted of I. D. Williamson, M. J. Durham, and Wm. Bayley.

"Your Committee are fully satisfied that the safety, the permanency, and even the continued existence of our Order, as a religious and solvent institution, are deeply involved in the matter committed to their charge, and have, therefore, given it their earnest attention. It should be remembered in the outset, that the position of Odd-Fellowship, and the *modus operandi* of its benefactions, are peculiar. It is not to be placed upon the category of mere institutions of charity, whose mission it is to give or withhold at option, and whose privilege it is to measure the amount of aid to the distressed by circumstances, and their ability for the time being. It stands, rather, upon the more elevated ground of an institution which seeks to prevent rather than relieve deep distress. The difference between the former and the latter is world-wide. The one gives alms, the other relieves from the necessity of asking alms; the one cures an evil that exists, the other saves from its occurrence; the one waits until a man has fallen and then helps him to rise, the other sees his first feeble step, and supports him so that he need not fall; the one waits till the purse is exhausted and the larder empty ere it affords aid, the other replenishes them so that their stores are not dissipated; the one crushes the spirit, by reducing the recipient of its benefactions to the humiliating necessity of asking alms, the other preserves his self-respect, by enabling him to stand erect and demand that for which he has paid, and to which he is entitled in virtue of the contract into which he has entered; the one feeds the beggar at the door, the other prevents the necessity of going out to beg: in short, the one takes care of its members in the name of charity, the other enables them to take care of themselves in the name of justice. Which of these is the higher form of charity and the more beneficent in practice, and whether those who would preserve this feature of Odd-Fellowship are justly chargeable with a design to degrade the Order, and bring it down to a level with the mercenary insurance company, got up for gain, and with an eye single to the dividends, it is not difficult for candor to decide. It is manifest, however, at a moment's thought, that it can only be preserved by reducing its operations to the basis of science, and by a sacred regard to those laws of income and expenditure that are at the foundation of all prosperity in temporal affairs. An ordinary charitable society, which gives at option, and according to its present ability and the

exigencies of the case, is in no danger of bankruptcy, for the reason that it has no contracts to meet—no claims for any specific amount, that can be demanded and enforced. But when an institution says, by its positive enactments and fundamental laws, to every man who enters its portals, "Sir, in consideration of the sums you have paid and shall pay into our funds, and in the further consideration of your obedience to our rules and regulations, your draft upon our treasury for five dollars per week when you are sick, and the draft of your family for fifty dollars at your death, shall be duly honored and paid," the transaction assumes the character of a 'promise to pay'; and it must be fulfilled, or faith is forfeited and bankruptcy ensues. Such are the engagements of Odd-Fellowship; and the child can see that there is no safety, no assurance of solvency, except in an accurate adjustment of income to expenditure, so that the latter shall not exceed the former. Hitherto there have been no data upon which we could rely in this adjustment. The tables reported to this Grand Lodge at its last session are the only tables known to your Committee founded upon the experience of this country; and they claim no more than an approximation to the exact truth. The result has been that the proportion of dues to benefits has been arbitrarily adjusted, and no man has known whether the sums paid into the Lodges were sufficient to enable them to meet their engagements in all time to come. That many mistakes and errors have been made, is evident from the fact that many of our Lodges are compelled to resort to extra assessments to relieve themselves from their embarrassments; and some are even petitioning for leave to suspend the payment of benefits. The fact is becoming more and more apparent that the time is not far distant when one of two things *must* be done: We must either abolish our present system of benefits entirely, leaving the amount of payments to the sick to the option of the Lodge, to give or withhold at pleasure, and thus abandon the proud eminence upon which we have stood as an Order of practical beneficence, or we must see to it that our dues are so graduated as to give us enough to meet all our engagements.

To the question whether this can be done, your Committee most unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. There is a rate of sickness and mortality; there is a law of nature, which upon a large scale, moves with the regularity of the spheres, and is as reliable as the return of day and night or the succession of the seasons. We only want facts and statistics to detect and define this law, that we may conform to it. Knowing the rates of sickness and mortality, we know how fast our contracts mature, and can adjust our income to our expenditures. These facts are accessible. They are daily passing before our eyes, and are cognizable by all our Lodges. Nay, more: they enter into the business of every lodge-night; and we have only to gather and preserve them, in order to arrive



at the much needed truth. It is no impracticable or hard task for the Lodges to report annually the ages of their members, and the amount of their sickness at each age, and the number and ages of those who die. The simple proposition is, to collect, collate and preserve these facts, that they may be available for our future guidance—that the past may speak to us and point us to the path of safety.”

The Committee then recommend the appointment of an Actuary, to collate and arrange the vital statistics received from Lodges by order of the Grand Lodge, and make annual reports to the body; the actuary to hold his office for five years, and at the end of his term to make a final report, embodying the experience and result of his labors, and continue:

“Your Committee are well aware that many objections have been urged against this measure; more often, however, by those who do not comprehend its scope and drift than by those who are well versed in its import. It is said that statistics thus gathered from the experience of our Order will afford no reliable index to the rate of sickness and mortality at large. If this were so, it is enough to say that the experience of Odd Fellows, and not of the entire community, is precisely what is wanted for the evidence of the operations of Odd-Fellowship. It is, however, a mistaken notion that the rate of sickness and mortality among Odd Fellows differs materially from the average rate in society at large. Our precautions as to the health of applicants for membership may avail for a short time, and operate in our favor; but nature's laws will have their course, and the man who imagines that he can select men who will not be sick or die at about the ordinary rate, will find that he has deceived himself.

Again, it has been urged that this measure seeks to make of Odd-Fellowship a mere insurance company, and that its tendency will be to draw into it men whose sole object it is to avail themselves of its pecuniary advantages. Your Committee have yet to learn that it is a crime for a man, in the exercise of a wise and prudent forethought, to effect an insurance upon his life and health for the benefit of his family; nor can they conceive that any man should be rejected because he wishes to secure so desirable an end.

It might also be an interesting subject of inquiry whether that sickly instrumentality which prates of disinterested benevolence—waits until a man is fairly down, and then claims great credit for helping him to rise, is, after all, a higher form of charity than that practical benevolence that takes hold of him when first he trips, and suffers him not to fall. It might also be asked with great pertinacity, whether the headlong zeal which promises to relieve the sick and distressed, and pauses not to inquire whether it will have the means of redeeming its promises, is a higher charity than that wisdom which holds its promises sacred, and

prepares to fulfil them faithfully ? But it is not true that there is or has been a proposition to touch one of the charitable features of the Order. The proposal is simply and alone to collect that information which will enable the Order so to adjust its finances as to secure the ability to carry out its work of beneficence and meet its contracts for all time to come. That this is a work worthy the approval and zealous efforts of every Odd Fellow, and of this its highest authority, your Committee have no doubt, and that it must sooner or later be done is as certain as there is truth in the experience of the world."

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### The Signal Gun.

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Amidst all the terrible incidents attendant upon the destruction of the steamer *Arctic*, which we have been receiving recently, there is one that impresses us with a feeling of awe and admiration, and shows all the world that the age of heroes is not yet altogether gone by. We refer to the young man, whose post of duty, throughout all that trying scene, was the firing off a signal gun at intervals, in the hope of attracting the attention of vessels from a distance to the scene of disaster. While all around him were death and despair, in bold relief there he stood, (like *Hope* herself,) with the calm determination of a true hero, discharging gun after gun, until the gallant ship went down beneath the waves. Here was a courage and a manliness—a defiance of death and an adhesion to duty—we might walk over the most famous battle-fields in history to look for and not find. The soldier who braves the King of Terrors at the cannon's mouth, is animated by a species of courage improvised for the occasion, by the "pomp and circumstance" around him. There can be properly no cowards when men are drawn up in battle-array, with drums beating, colors flying, and thoughts of reward and promotion flitting through the brain, if a victory is won. Dastards dare nothing then, under such circumstances. But the bravery of the battle-field is not the bravery which was shown by our young hero of the wreck. The former is a species of unnatural courage—it is of an animal nature; but the latter was moral courage of the highest and noblest kind. With his lighted match he seemed to stand, on the quarter-deck of that devoted ship, hurling defiance, as it were, in the very jaws of death itself. Others were desperately struggling for life; he alone seemed to have resolved to demonstrate how a man may die at his post of duty, without dread or fear, in the midst of horrors that would make most men cowards. Awfully impressive, indeed—terribly melo-dramatic—was the last scene of all, in which our young hero shone forth, wringing exclamations of admiration even from lips that were buffeting the hungering waters, then murmuring

for their prey. STEWART HOLLAND, for such was his name, could not be induced to leave the ship; his post was at the gun, from first to last, firing signals; he kept firing that gun at intervals till the ship went down. He was seen in the very act of firing as the vessel disappeared below the waters.

In Greek or Roman days such a man, if he had not awarded him the honors of deification, would have had Senates decreeing him statues and monuments everywhere, to commemorate his deeds, that his example might not be lost upon posterity. His conduct is given a new luster, contrasted with that of the cravens, who, only anxious to save their own lives, shut their ears to the shrieks of the helpless women and children that were grappling with horrors all around and about them. Honor, then, eternal honor, to him who went down to death a conqueror of death! That ship had many noble spirits on board, but none nobler than he.

"The brave man is not he who feels no fear,  
For that were stupid and irrational:  
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,  
And bravely braves the danger nature shrinks from."

### The Baptism.

We met her at the altar,  
And the tear dropped from her eye  
As she gave her heart in vows to God  
For him to live and die.  
It was no earthly festival,  
No bridal songs were there,  
But holy incense went to heaven  
In that baptismal prayer.

It was at God's holy altar  
Her youthful heart was bowed,  
For 'twas to Him and not to man,  
Forsaking all, she vowed;  
And holy angels watching there,  
As stars the courts of even,  
On wings of light through fields of air,  
Bore joy and bliss to heaven.

Oh! she was very beautiful,  
For nothing's half so fair  
As the meek and quiet spirit  
Which belongs to grace's heir.  
May He whom she has chosen,  
Be her guardian and her friend,  
And may He cheer and guide her safe  
E'en to her journey's end.

## The Oriental Merchant.

When Haj Hamed borrowed a hundred dinars of the merchant Kodadad, he swore by the faith of the Prophet to return the sum within six months from that time, and fixed the hour and day. He was a young man full of hope and confidence, and Kodadad was old and wary. "My son," said the latter, "this is perhaps a rash promise. Say one year." But, Haj Hamed would not accept a further delay. He was going from Tarsus to Damascus on a commercial journey, and had accurately calculated the time. One month to go; one month to come back; three months to sell his goods; a whole month to spare. But, the accidents of the road—sickness, robbers, unforeseen delays? He relied upon the mercy of God; and with many asseverations said that at the appointed time he would present himself at the kiosque of the Merchant Kodadad, on the banks of the river, and lay before him a hundred golden dinars. The money was lent without interest, and payment was a sacred obligation.

The caravan set out, flags flying and drums beating, from the rendezvous on the opposite side of the river, and soon entered the gorges of the mountains. After proceeding a little way, a halt was agreed upon; for many of the merchants had stayed behind, saying their last adieus to their families, or making additions to their merchandise. Haj Hamed, who possessed several camel loads, and had been among the first to be ready at the place of meeting, repined at this delay.

He had earned his title of Haj, or Pilgrim, when a boy, by going in company with his father to the shrine of the Prophet; but this was the first journey he had undertaken since. His impatience, therefore, may be excused. He had started with the idea of making a fortune; and wait impatient to be doing. Besides, there was his promise to Kodadad. If he forfeited that, his credit was gone forever. Accordingly, he spent the first part of the day that followed the halt, sitting by the roadside counting the stragglers that came in, and jeering them for their tardiness.

"This young man," said some, "believes that time was made only for him. What matters a day more or less? At the end of life we shall have to regret our impatience. There are evils by every wayside. Why should we be eager to come up with them?"

These philosophical remarks found no favor with Haj Hamed, who, instead of imitating his companions, and reclining lazily under the shadow of trees on the green grass, listening to the song of the birds, and the gurgling of the stream, began at length to roam uneasily about. He saw that another sun would set, and perhaps another, and behold them still in the lap of the same valley. He climbed the mountains, endeav-

oring to distract his thoughts, and whenever he obtained a glimpse of the encampment below, he gazed at it, endeavoring to discern signs of a forward movement. But, the tents remained unstruck; the people reclined in groups; the camels and horses dispersed here and there; and the lazy tinkling of their bells showed that they, at any rate, were enjoying themselves. The young merchant at length turned away and plunged into the deep recesses of the forest. Nature had no charms for him. As he went, he counted in his memory the number of pieces of cloth his bales contained, compared the cost price with the probable market price, and revelled in the anticipation of gigantic profits to be realized in the paradise of his imagination—some dusty bazaar in the far-off city of Damascus.

Whilst he was meditating on these sordid matters, he was suddenly recalled to himself by a surprising accident. A huge mantle was thrown over his head; and before he had time to struggle, he was cast on the ground, and rolled up, like a bale of his own goods, in complete darkness. At first, he thought that instant death was to be his fate; and he murmured, "May heaven pay my debt to the merchant Kodadad!" Soon, however, it appeared that he was only a prisoner; and he felt himself raised and carried along, while smothered laughter came to his ears. If this were a joke, it was a practical one. He tried to speak; but no answer was returned, except renewed laughter. Presently, those who carried him set him down; the bonds that confined him were loosened, the mantle was whisked away, and, to his surprise, he found himself in a beautiful garden, surrounded by a bevy of maidens who clapped their hands, and enjoyed his amazed appearance.

Haj Hamed was too thoroughly an Oriental not to understand his position, after a few moment's thought. He had evidently been watched during his progress through the forest, by the inmates of some harem, unencumbered by male attendants, who, in a spirit of fun, had made him prisoner. The incident is not an uncommon one, if we may believe narrators; but it generally leads to disagreeable results. Our merchant felt uncomfortable. These merry girls were quite capable, he thought, after having made a butt of him, of throwing him down a well, or into a pond. He looked around for the chief among them rather anxiously, and soon recognized her in a very young maiden, who, after having laughed with the rest, had flung herself carelessly on a pile of cushions under a tree, and was gazing at him with interest.

"Lady," said he, assuming an humble attitude, "this is not wise nor well. I am a merchant, traveling with my goods that require care and watchfulness, and beg to be released."

She seemed annoyed that her beauty, which was great, did not amaze him; and replied:

"Fear nothing. There is no danger. This is my father's kiosque. He has given it to me, and I live here with my maidens unmolested. There is a guard of slaves at the gate; but they only appear at a signal of danger—when I sound this shell."

She raised a conch to her lips, and a shrill sound filled the air. The slave girls, scarcely understanding her motive, again cast the mantle over Hamed, and bade him be silent and motionless. Several men came hurriedly, but were dismissed with jeers and mockeries. In a few moments, the merchant more dead than alive, was uncovered again, and told to be of good cheer, for he had permission to depart.

By this time, however, beauty had begun to exert its influence; and Haj Hamed, instead of rising, remained gazing in admiration at the lady of the place. She met his glance, at first, with a disdainful expression: but, according to the Oriental idea, two such souls have secret sympathies from the influence of which neither can escape. No sooner did their eyes meet in a full gaze, than both felt faint at heart. The lady turned very pale, and leaned her head upon the cushion; the maidens, raising the trembling Hamed, led him to her side. They talked for hours, not of themselves, but of love; and expatiated eloquently on the happiness of meeting, whilst the attendants played on their lutes, or sang songs illustrative of their situation. The shadows of night were coming on, when a peculiar sound at the outer gate, announced that the father of the maiden, whose name was Leilah, had come to visit her. So, Haj Hamed was thrust unceremoniously forth; and was awakened from his dream of happiness amid the deepening gloom of the forest. He returned, bowed down and heavy hearted, to the encampment.

Many thoughts kept him awake for many hours; it was not until the sky that stretched betwixt the mountain tops overhead had begun to whiten, that at length, overcome with fatigue, he fell asleep. Pleasant visions spake beneath his eye lids. When he awoke the tents were struck, the camels were laden, and the people were filing off.

"Why this hurry?" he cried. "Was not this a pleasant place to tarry in? Time is eternal. There is no need to hasten from the present, which is joyful, to the future which is full of danger."

Several merchants thought he was jeering them for their philosophy of the previous day, and hastened to complete their arrangements, and follow the caravan. Hamed's camels had been laden by his servants, and were ready to proceed. He hesitated a moment; but remembering his debt to Kodadad, cried: "March!" and went away with his heart full of new recollections.

The journey was prosperous, but tedious. When the caravan reached Damascus, the market was found to be encumbered with merchandise, and sales were with difficulty effected. Month after month passed away;

most of Hamed's bales still remained on his hands. The fifth month from the time of his departure had arrived, and he was beginning to despair of being able to perform his engagements. At length, however, a merchant about to proceed to Bagdad, made him an advantageous offer for the whole of his stock, and he was enabled to depart, after having realized a good profit. Several accidents and delays occurred on the journey; but the caravans reached the valley, one march from Tarsus, on the eve of the day when Hamed had promised payment to Kodadad. Most of the merchants immediately rode forward to gladden their families and friends; but our young merchant, feeling his love for Leilah revive with intensity, determined to spend that day in endeavoring to obtain an interview with her. He wandered into the mountains, endeavoring to follow the same tracks as before; but, although he several times imagined he recognized the trees, and rocks, his search was unsuccessful. All was wild and seemingly uninhabited. He called aloud, "Leilah!" but the echoes only answered, "la! la!" — no, no; and when night came, he knew not which way to turn. So he sat down beneath a huge sycamore to wait patiently until the morning.

When light came, he remembered his promise to Kodadad. He was to pay the hundred dinars at noon. He determined to hasten to Tarsus on foot, over the mountains, for he knew the general direction in which it lay. Many hours of travel were before him; but he was light of foot, and at length beheld in the distance the minarets of the city, and the winding course of the river. Suddenly the landscape darkened. Clouds seemed to come out of every valley, and to inundate the plain. The rain fell; the wind blew. He hastened onward, clutching the leather purse in which he carried his wealth, and invoking the assistance of the Prophet. When he reached the banks of the river, he heard, through the mist, a muezzin proclaiming the hour of noon from the distant mosque. The waters were turbulent. No ferry boat was in sight. It was impossible to cross. Haj Hamed prayed; and an idea came to his mind. He plucked a large reed, and hollowed it, and placed therein a hundred pieces of gold, and tied other reeds to it, and floated this raft upon the stream, and confided in the mercy of God.

Now, it happened that Kodadad, remembering Haj Hamed's promise, had gone to his kiosque that day to wait for his money. The wind blew; the rain fell. The debtor did not appear.

"We must allow him an hour's grace; for the storm is violent," said Kodadad. The muezzin chanted the hour of noon. The merchant called to his slave to bring another pipe. Presently a bundle of reeds came floating along the misty waters; a black boy stooping forward seized them as they passed. He was about to cast them away again, when the unusual weight prevented him.

"Master," said he, "this a reed of lead."

The merchant, who wished to pass the time, told him to break the reeds. He did so, and lo ! a hundred glittering pieces of gold fell suddenly upon the pavement of the kiosque !

This story, which is told in many different ways, illustrates the Oriental idea of mercantile probity. Turkish merchants, in their dealings among themselves, are famous for keeping their engagements with scrupulous exactitude ; and the example of Haj Hamed is often cited as a model. Of course, it is understood that the debt, all in good golden dinars, came to its destination in some miraculous way ; the Prophet being always deeply interested in the good deeds of his servants.

The young merchant was not without his reward. His credit was, in future, unlimited. But not only so ; Kodadad insisted on giving him his daughter in marriage. And it will surprise none but very matter-of-fact people—to whom we do not address this legend—that this daughter turned out to be the same very imprudent Leilah, whose fascination had nearly caused Haj Hamed to dishonor his verbal promissory note. We learn, moreover, that she settled down into a most prudent and exemplary wife.

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"There is a pensive, melancholy feeling, which overpowers the heart of a resident of a city, when he goes at twilight from the scenes of his business and his cares to the fireside of home. As he passes along the crowded thoroughfare, jostled by the hundreds that meet him—as he looks forward through the uncertain atmosphere, to form the dwellings dimly descried by twinkling lamps in the distance, and sees damp walls and streets receding from his footsteps—he falls into a train of musing. How many deeds does the night bring on ! How many an unsuspected and impatient eye watches the golden sun go down into the glowing bosom of the West ! How many hearts beat high with suspense or disquiet, while the wan twilight deepens into evening, and the stars, one by one, glittering like diamonds through the infinite air, 'set their watch in the sky !' The affianced bride waits for her lover, counting the footsteps that fall upon the pavement, and taxing the discipline of her ready ear with the task of decision whether they be his or no ; the church-goer longs for the bell, whose voice proclaims the hallowed hour of prayer, and lingers in fond solicitude for the moment when the chapel-ward step shall be taken. In unnumbered bosoms are kindled the emotions of praise ; and they are pure and holy. Nothing can exceed the beauty of a truly calm and chastened affection. It is alike lovely when bestowed on God or man. The relinquishment of self ; the trusting dependence on the Great Power of Nature ; the fond aspirations for better enjoyments—these are the true solace and hope of mortality."



## "She Always Made Home Happy."

Such was the brief but impressive sentence, which a friend wished us to add to an obituary notice of one "who had gone before."

What better tribute could be offered to the loved and lost? Eloquence with her loftiest eulogy—poesy with her most thrilling dirge, could afford nothing so sweet, so touching, so suggestive of the virtues of the dead, as those simple words—"*She always made home happy.*"

Hear this, mothers, wives and daughters, and think of your own duty. How many could have the same said of them in truthfulness and sincerity? Ask that woman, whose splendid residence attracts the gaze of every passer-by. Thousands have been lavished on those imposing walls, long colonades and high arched windows; and now and then you obtain a glimpse of costly hangings, rich carpets and tall mirrors, which dazzle you with magnificence. Often you pause a moment and look wistfully through the half closed blinds and murmur to yourself as you pass on: "I should think the possessor of all this might enjoy life."

But you are sadly mistaken. The dove of Peace never folds her white wings by that fireside; the gentle spirit of content never sheds her holy influence there. The master of the mansion, though yet in his prime, seems prematurely old; there is an expression of habitual suffering around his firmly compressed lips, and his broad brow bears many a trace of care. Ah! there is a vulture at his heart, which like the hero of the olden story, he would fain conceal. Ten years ago he married a beautiful girl, with a thousand pleasant visions of domestic quietude and bliss. But his dreams have faded, the rosy hue of romance is lost in the cold gray dawn of bitter reality.

His wife presides over his household with surpassing gracefulness; she is the idol of society, and a leader of fashion. She goes and comes through those spacious halls, dressed in garments that might befit a queen; she gives brilliant dinners, where she shines brightest star, and parties, which every body pronounces *charming*. But she is never the kind, devoted companion—the loving, trusting help-mate, sharing every joy and sorrow, cheering him when he desponds, and counseling in trials and perplexities with winning delicacy and tenderness. In short, she never makes home happy. But it is not alone to the frivolous, that our subject speaks the language of reproof and instruction; there are others, to whom it may be applied with equal force. Ask the would-be reformer of the nineteenth century, whose loftiest aim is to step beyond her appropriate sphere, how she performs her duty in this respect. She is often seen in the debating hall and lecture room, where strife and confusion prevail. Her voice is heard ringing out in the defense of the *rights* of her sex, she allows her

name to be handed about, linked with the coarsest epithets; she takes long and tedious journeys in behalf of the cause she has espoused. You may hear her talk enthusiastically of all that is pure and elevating in woman's mission and sublime in her destiny. Indeed she appears to be ready to suffer any hardship or privation, if she can only aid in the *glorious* work of redeeming oppressed females from their terrible thralldom.

But you do not find her the bright "presiding genius of home." Her smile and cheerful welcome do not greet her husband, when he returns from his daily toil; her hands do not draw his arm chair to that favorite nook; her society does not charm away his weariness and make him forget his cares. When he is ill, she is seldom near to smooth his pillow, or bathe his fevered cheek, or whisper of hope and consolation.

Can it be, that she with all her *pretended* regard for the best interests of humanity, ever realizes her own responsibility? Alas, we fear not.

Ask the peevish complaining wife, if she has ever thought seriously of the matter. What a neat, cosy little cottage hers is! How many comforts she has! Her two noble-looking boys and their fair sister are as beautiful a trio of children as ever graced one household; her husband is kind and indulgent, but her fretful disposition will not allow her a moment's tranquility. She is in perpetual anxiety; sometimes it is one thing and again another that causes her inquietude but she is never at rest. The children yearn for the sunshine, which they see in the homes of their playmates; and invent all kinds of excuses to get away from endless troubles which haunt their mother. They have already learned that pleasure cannot be under their own roof tree, and the gambling hall, the theatre and the club-room hold out temptations, which they can scarcely resist. Aye, think of these solemn considerations and be wise.

"She always made home happy." What more fitting inscription can be engraven on the tomb-stone of an estimable woman, of which this was said? It will stand perchance, in some church-yard, where birds and flowers open their starry eyes, all unmindful of the silent sleepers below. Other monumental tablets will rise around it, bearing the high-sounding epitaph, but nothing there can speak a sweeter lesson than the brief sentence; "She always made home happy."

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"Och, Jamie, did ye niver hear uv me great spache afore the Hibernian Society?"

"No, Pat, how should I, for sure I was not on the ground?"

"Well, Jamie, you see I was called upon by the Hibernian Society for a spache; and be jabers I rose with the enthusiastic cheers of thousands, with my heart overflowing with gratitude, and my eyes filled with tears, and divil a word did I spake."

## John Hancock.

The memory of this great patriot, statesman, and orator, has been most grossly neglected. While hundreds, whose services in the cause of Independence were not a tythe of his, have been eulogized to the skies, and live on canvas and in marble, this great patriot's name but seldom finds a place, even when celebrating that freedom he was among the very first, if not *the* first, to risk his life in obtaining. I have, for years, noticed this neglect, with feelings of unfeigned regret.

Never was a man more beloved by any people, than Hancock was by the people of Massachusetts. With the exception of a single year, when Bowdoin was *put* in, he was, for sixteen successive years, elected their governor, and closed his patriotic and illustrious life in that high station. Hundreds of times have I seen him, when so worn out, and crippled by disease, that he could not stand, taken from his carriage into the arms of two faithful servants, (who regularly attended for the purpose,) and carried up to the council chamber, a distance of nearly fifty yards from the street. The last time he addressed his fellow citizens, was the most impressive scene I ever witnessed. A town meeting was called, upon a question of great excitement. Old Faneuil Hall could not contain the people, and an adjournment took place to the old South Meeting-house. Hancock was brought in, and carried up into the front gallery, where the Hon. Benjamin Austin supported him on the right, and the celebrated Dr. Charles Jarvis upon the left, while he addressed the multitude. The governor commenced, by stating to his fellow citizens, that "*he felt*" it was the last time he should ever address them—that "*the seeds of mortality were growing fast within him.*" The fall of a pin might have been heard, such a death-like silence pervaded the listening crowd, during the whole of his animated and soul-stirring speech, while tears ran down the cheeks of thousands.

The meeting ended, he was conveyed to his carriage, and taken home, but never again appeared in public—his death followed soon after. The corpse was embowelled, and kept for eight days, to give an opportunity to the citizens, from the most distant parts of the State, to render the last tribute of respect to his memory. They came by thousands, and tens of thousands—the procession was an hour and a half in passing. The post of honor, among the military, was given to the Concord Light Infantry, under Captain *Davis*, the same who commanded them on the ever memorable *nineteenth of April, '75*. It was the most solemn, and interesting, and incomparably the longest, funeral procession I ever saw. Samuel Adams, who was lieutenant governor, became governor *ex officio*, by the death of Hancock, and followed the bier, (there were no hearses, with

nodding plumes in those days,) as chief mourner, but the venerable patriot could not endure the fatigue, and was compelled to retire from the procession.

Hancock, as an orator, had no equal. He seized upon the passions of his hearers, and led them captive at his pleasure ; none could resist. A gentleman who heard him deliver his great oration, commemorative of the massacre of the fifth of March, seventeen hundred and seventy, told me that the multitude who listened to it, were wrought up to such a pitch of phrenzy, that a single sentence from the orator, calling upon them to take arms, and drive the murderers from their town, would have been at once carried into effect, Such was his control over them, many could not keep their seats, from indignation. I read this oration in my youth ; it abounds

"In thoughts that breathe,  
And words that burn."

It made my young blood run coursing through my veins, and the hair on my head to stand erect, as I read it. I said to myself, with the old Roman, "if such is the effect from reading, what would it have been to have heard him deliver it?" His form was elegant ; his face beautiful, manly, and expressive ; his eye piercing ; his voice flexible. He could raise his hearers, to the highest pitch of phrenzy, or soothe them into tears, at pleasure.

It was THIS ORATION which first prepared the minds of men to resist the oppression of the British government. From the day it was delivered, it was the determination of thousands, that at the first opportunity afforded them, they would burst the bands that bound them, and abide the consequences. Four years after, the opportunity was presented, at Lexington, and our nation's independence was the result.

Hancock, before the Revolution, was a man of vast fortune ; and although he permitted it to flow, in the cause of his country, like water, he had still enough left to support a splendid establishment, and lived and entertained like a prince. His generosity was unbounded. I well remember that one evening in each week, during summer, a full band of music, at his own expense, attended in front of his venerable stone mansion, at the head of the common, to entertain the citizens who were promenading on the mall. He seldom left Boston to visit at any distance, but when he did, he was always escorted by a volunteer troop of cavalry, who held themselves in readiness for that purpose. He was very fond of joke and repartee, so much so, that a worthy citizen of Boston, Nathaniel Balch, Esq., a hatter, who never failed to appear among the invited guests at his hospitable board, obtained the unenvied appellation of "*the Governor's Jester.*" The celebrated Brissot, in his travels in the United States, speaks of his meeting this gentleman at Hancock's table ; and

such was the mutual attachment between the governor and Mr. Balch, that if the former was called away, no matter what distance, 'Squire Balch attended him, like his shadow, which the following circumstance most happily illustrates. Governor Hancock was called on to visit the then province of Maine, on which occasion he traveled in state, and was attended by the Hon. Col. Orne, one of the Executive council, and Nathaniel Balch, Esq. Their arrival at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was thus humorously announced: "On Thursday last, arrived in this town, Nathaniel Balch, Esq., accompanied by his Excellency, John Hancock, and the Hon. Azor Orne, Esq."

These events of by-gone days, have been brought to my recollection by the following short paragraph, from the New York Evening Star :

**VALUABLE RELIC.**—We have had left with us, at our office, for inspection, the principal commission, appointing John Hancock first Major General of the Massachusetts colony. It is dated May 30, 1776.

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**IF THERE** is anything on earth capable of controlling man's passions, it is the feeling that helpless beings are dependent upon him. He may be reckless as to himself, careless of his life even, but for those he loves he will be prudent and self-denying. Not a day passes but we see instances of this. The young man pauses in some rash act, not for his own sake, but for his parents'; for his mother's. The husband denies himself old enjoyments because his wife and children cannot participate in them. And he shuns a deed of shame, lest disgrace rest upon their innocent heads.

What nerves a man to action, cheers him in toil, joins him in pleasure? that sheds a halo of hope around his path, and stimulates him in every duty? that, more than all else on earth, constrains him to a virtuous and honorable path? It is the blessed influence of **HOME**, the smiles of loved ones—the "wife and family."

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**ONE OF REV. DR. COX'S STORIES.**—A good brother in a western church, had a call to preach. Being unable to read, he employed a friend to read the Scripture lesson. On one occasion, the chapter selected was Genesis xxii., which contains these words: "These eight did Milcah bear to Nahor, Abraham's brother." This text stuck in the preacher's memory, and he discoursed therefrom as follows: "Brethren and sisters, let us consider our blessings. We have all the comforts of life. We have our flocks and herds, and our hearts are filled with food and gladness. Morning and evening our wives and daughters milk the cows, and our wants are all supplied. In the days of good old Abraham, the case was different, for then, as you have heard, it 'took eight to milk a bear,' and they did not get much at that."

**MUSIC.**—Music is a pleasure and an accomplishment chiefly valuable as a home enjoyment, as rallying round the piano the various members of the family, and harmonizing their hearts as well as voices, particularly in devotional strains. Can anything be more entertaining and pleasing to the fancy, than music? Its influence is felt the most at home among the family circle. Many a brother has been kept from taking the intoxicating cup by a love for home, and that love was created by another love, the love of music: it was in every glance, word, action, of his mother and sisters, that was the music that he loved to hear, for it came from the heart; he knew that his waywardness would silence the music in those kind and loving hearts, and cause the smile to fade from his mother's lips, and the mild blue eyes of his sisters to grow sad. It was this that kept him from sin and shame. There is music in every thing, music in the water-fall as it dashes on its course, murmuring "God is good!" that is music heavenly and divine. Music is everywhere, go where you will; if there is not music in your heart, there will be in your ears. For all creation resounds with music; every leaf, tree, shrub, and flower, breathe forth a hymn of praise to their Creator. Music is one of the sources of great attraction to man. Man was made to praise his Creator; and he is taught that praise is music, by the birds that carol forth their song of praise early in the morning and at close of day. There must have been far more exalted strains when "the morning stars first sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy;" and music still more sublime when the angelic host sang "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to man," than has ever been heard by mortal ear, or ever will be to the end of time. Shelley calls music,

"The silver key of the fountain of tears,  
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild;  
Softest grave of a thousand fears,  
When their mother, Care, like a weary child,  
Is laid asleep in flowers."

**BUNYAN AND THE QUAKER.**—John Bunyan, while in Bedford jail, was called upon by a Quaker desirous of making a convert of him. "Friend John, I have come to thee with a message from the Lord, and after having searched for thee in all the prisons in England, I am glad that I have found thee out at last." "If the Lord had sent you," returned Bunyan, "you need not have taken so much pains to find me out, for the Lord knows I have been here twelve years."

**GOOD HUMOR.**—Good humor is a bright color in the web of life; but self-denial only can make it a fast color. A person who is the slave of selfishness has so many wants of his own to be supplied, that he has no leisure to study the wants and interests of others.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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**REMOVAL.**—We have removed our office from No. 130 Walnut street to 63 West Third street, between Walnut and Vine, Columbian building, side entrance, where we will be pleased to see our friends in future.

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**CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.**—The present No. closes the second Volume of the Casket, and after one year of toil and effort on the part of the editor and publishers, we are happy to announce that success has crowned our efforts. It was not without some fears that the Casket was started, but our enterprising publishers, having fully counted the cost, resolved on the undertaking, and the Casket freighted with the choicest gems of literature, started out on its adventurous voyage. Without a single subscriber, and without the *prestige* of the Order, or any other patronage, relying solely upon its own merits, it was left to work its own way. The beautiful material of which it was composed, at sight, elicited the universal admiration of the press and secured for it words of encouragement. But not only did it meet with favor on account of the neatness of its mechanical execution; the contributions which filled its pages from the gifted pens of our co-laborers, secured for it a place in the affections of all its patrons. Numerous have been the letters which we have received expressing the highest commendation.

Our subscription list is increasing every day, and now that the Casket is placed upon a sure foundation, and the most flattering prospects ahead for the coming year, we confidently expect a large increase of names upon our subscription books. By a reference to the publishers' circular it will be seen what improvements are in contemplation for the forthcoming volume.

To the Editorial corps who kindly greeted us upon our entrance among their ranks, we return our hearty acknowledgments. To the brethren of the different Lodges throughout the country, who have been active in getting up clubs, as well as to our friends generally, we hereby tender our thanks, and hope they will continue their exertions, assuring them that no labor, pains, or expense, will be spared to merit their continued confidence.

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**ODD FELLOWS' CELEBRATION.**—The Odd Fellows of Xenia had a celebration on the dedication of their new hall, on the 10th inst. We will give a full account of it in our January No.

**NEW SUBSCRIBERS.**—We hope and confidently believe, now that our journal has passed its probation, and will enter upon a new year with the universal approbation of the Order from Maine to California, that every Odd Fellow will use his utmost endeavors to procure for us additional subscribers. Show it to your friends and neighbors, and as we offer no catch-penny inducements, so frequently resorted to, but propose to give to every one a full equivalent for his subscription, we can the more readily appeal to our patrons and friends. Rigidly adhering to its motto, we shall go on in our work of diffusing the principles of Odd-Fellowship and a sound conservative literature.

We would remind our patrons that when subscriptions expire with the present No., we require advance payments in all cases. If they wish the Casket for 1855, the money must be forwarded forthwith, as the January No. will not be mailed to any one who has failed to renew his subscription. We hope to continue all our old patrons, and have at least as many more new ones in all the neighborhoods where the Casket circulates.

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**STELLA.**— This interesting story, which has proved so attractive to all the readers of the Casket, is concluded in this number. As we design in future to make each volume complete in itself, without articles continued from one to another, we have devoted much more than our usual space to it this month, in order to finish it with this year. Few stories have ever made so deep an impression on our mind as the perusal of *Stella*. The angelic purity of the heroine, so devoted to her wretched father, and the frankness and gentleness of her nature, have won our esteem and admiration while, as the plot developed, some new quality of her heart heretofore concealed would render us oblivious to the fact that it was only fiction, and we would see distinct, in imagination the graphic scenes described by the author. The story leaves *Stella* after conducting her through all her trials and difficulties, a happy inmate of her uncle's house, surrounded by all the luxuries of wealth; but in prosperity she remains the same thoughtful and humble-minded child she was in adversity and we turn from the conclusion with a longing desire to know more of her history. We hope the authoress may be induced to continue it, and publish it, with the first part in book form. The work would meet with an extensive sale and find its way to almost every fireside.

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**WE REGRET** to be compelled to disappoint a number of our readers in the prompt receipt of the present number of the Casket. By a mistake of the printer, several hundred copies less than the usual edition, were worked, and we are obliged to reprint a portion of it. We hope that we shall never again be forced to ask indulgence in this respect.



**THE GERMAN ODD FELLOW.**—The Proprietors of the Odd Fellows' Literary Casket, have been repeatedly urged by their German brethren, to publish a Magazine, in the German language, devoted to the news, and interest, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Some of the most zealous workers, and the most attentive members of the fraternity, are found among the Germans, and that they should so long have been without an organ in their own tongue, is a matter of great surprise.

Yielding, therefore, to the urgent solicitations of our German brethren, we have determined to commence a monthly work, of thirty-two pages, of the size and general appearance of the Casket. It will not be simply a translation of the Casket, but will be devoted almost exclusively to Odd-Fellowship, and will be embellished with occasional illustrations.

Our success in the publication of the Odd Fellows' Literary Casket, is the best evidence that the German work will prove an interesting, and instructive Magazine, and we look with confidence, for a liberal support from the fraternity. The work will commence with the first of January, and be issued Monthly at One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance.

**REV. C. T. HINMAN, D. D.**—This learned and talented Divine has fallen a victim to death. Scarcely had he reached life's prime, until like an eagle in mid-soaring he was pierced by a shaft from the pale archer, and smitten to earth. We knew him well and fondly loved him, and who could know him and not love him? To a guileless heart was added a benevolence boundless as the wants and woes of humanity. In him dwelt every generous impulse. But alas, what were an exclusive devotion to the wants of others, and a lavish expenditure of health and strength, united with the most profound and varied attainments in literature, science and theology, when death comes to claim his prize?

Not the least among the mysteries which hang in darkening folds around the Providence of God, which bewilders and confounds us with its gloom, is the snatching away from earth the young, the gifted and the good, full of highest promise, the hope of the church and the world, while we are left to occupy the fields of labor whereon they so bravely toiled and gathered precious harvests.

But he has gone. Gone in early life from the field of his labor and fame. What the poet Montgomery said of the lamented Summerfield, may apply with equal propriety to Hinman, "So rapid was his career that like the arrow of Ascestes, which took fire in its flight and vanished in the immensity of Heaven, he was self consumed by the intenseness of his labor and devotion." Farewell beloved brother. We shall meet no more on earth. May we meet in Heaven. We subjoin a short obituary taken from Zion's Herald, Boston:

"Dr. Hinman was 35 years of age, He went to Newbury in 1830, and was asso-

ciated with Bishop Baker in the faculty five years. After Dr. Baker left, he had charge of the Seminary two years. He then went to Albion, Michigan, and had charge of that institution seven years. And one year ago he was elected President of the North-Western University.

"Dr. Hinman's health was not good during the summer, being afflicted with diarrhoea; but he could not be prevailed upon to keep quiet during the hot season. At the Iowa Conference he preached three times on the Sabbath, and again on Tuesday, and was attacked with a violent hemorrhage of the bowels. Believing that he was about to be sick, he made all haste to reach his family in Newbury, Vt. He started for Vermont on Wednesday, and traveled day and night until he reached Troy, N. Y. Here his strength failed him, and he could travel no further. Bro. H. W. Ransom, one of the stationed preachers at Troy, took him to his house, and everything that eminent medical skill and kind nursing could do, was done for him. He was sick here two weeks. During the first week his disease was of a dysenteric type, and afterwards of a typhoid. His wife was with him during the last week of his sickness. During the last week he was unable to converse with his friends, but he was perfectly sane through the first week. During the first week he remarked to Bro. Ransom, respecting his preparation for death, that he had 'long before made preparation for that event, and if it was God's will, he was ready to go.' On another occasion he said, alluding to his religious state, that 'it was perfect calm.' 'You feel, then,' Bro. R. added, 'that the Savior is precious.' 'Yes,' said he, 'never more so.' 'You have no doubts nor fears?' 'How can I?' said he, 'no, never, never!' He died on Saturday, Oct. 21, about 4 o'clock, P. M., and was carried to Newbury, where the funeral services were attended on Tuesday. I preached to a very large concourse, at the chapel, on the occasion."

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GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF OHIO.—This body held its regular Quarterly Session on the 16th, at the Hall, corner 3d street and Walnut—all the regular officers were present, and a large number of members from various parts of the State. The G. P. Paxon Coats presiding.

The minutes of the July Session were adopted, and a number of P. P's were admitted to membership. The following officers, who were elected at the July Session, were duly installed into their respective chairs.

William S. Phares, of Hamilton, Butler county, G. Patriarch.

C. W. Cowan, of St. Marys, Auglaize county, G. High Priest.

John A. Adams, of Milford, Clermont county, G. Senior Warden.

J. Griswold, of Cincinnati, Grand Scribe.

P. E. Bancroft, of Springfield, Clark county G. Treasurer.

Nathan Stewart, of Cincinnati, Grand Junior Warden.

H. N. Clark, of Cincinnati, Grand Representative.

The appeal of G. H. Lawyer from the action of Hesperian Encampment was referred to the committee on appeals, who reported in favor of dismissing the same, which report was adopted.

The committee of claims, reported in favor of an appropriation of two hundred dollars to P. Ps. Clark and Dodd, to defray their expenses as contestants for the seat of Grand Representative at the late Session of

the G. L. of U. S. which report was adopted. After a lengthy session at which considerable business was disposed of the Grand Encampment adjourned.

A resolution to hold the next regular session (in Feby. next,) in the City of Toledo was adopted.

IOWA.—The annual session of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, was held at Fairfield on the 26th of October. We are indebted to Bro. Grand Secretary Garrett, for abstract of the proceedings. There were about 80 Past Grands in attendance, and over forty Lodges were represented. Charters were granted for ten new Lodges, making the number in the State sixty. The next session will be held at Dubuque on the second Wednesday in October, 1855. The following are the officers elected for the present term:

Martin Heisey, Burlington, G. M.

John S. Dimmitt, Anamasa, D. G. M.

Wm. T. Day, Glasgow, G. W.

William Garrett, Burlington, G. S.

Thomas Hughes, Iowa City, G. T.

Amos Mathews, Dubuque, and Thos. C. Evans, Fairfield, Grand Representatives.

AMERICAN PHONETIC JOURNAL.—R. P. Prosser, A. B., late of the firm of Pitman and Prosser, will commence the publication of a new monthly Literary Magazine the first of January. We wish him success in the undertaking, and bespeak for his Journal a good patronage.

CHRISTIANITY DEMONSTRATED BY FACTS from History, Prophecy and Miracles, by W. P. Strickland. The above work is for sale by Messrs. Williams & Hanford, Springfield, Ohio, and can be found at the principal bookstores.

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND SIREs.—The following is a list of the District Deputy Grand Sires for the current year: Vermont, James Mitchell; Florida, M. D. Papy; Arkansas, James A. Henry; California, Mathew Purdin; Oregon, Eli M. Barnum; New Mexico, Charles N. Spencer; Canada West, Thomas Reynolds; Canada East, James MacLaren; Lower Provinces, E. G. Fuller; Sandwich Islands, R. N. S. Wood.

N. S. HARDING & Co. dealers in Serials, Magazines and Newspapers, No. 165 Vine Street, West Side, three doors above Fourth. The above enterprising firm are Agents for the London Art Journal, and various other superbly illustrated foreign publications; also, the principal American Magazines, which they will deliver at the publisher's prices.

# INDEX:

- A Brother's Requiem. Hattie N. B. 101  
 A Royal Interview,..... 179  
 An Address. Editor,..... 193  
 A Picture of Life. Harry E——, 239  
 A Sunday in Puritan Times,..... 269  
 A Sketch of Early Western Life,..... 271  
 Angel Amy,..... 349  
 Benevolence and Charity,..... 21  
 Behavior in the Lodge,..... 49  
 By-and-by,..... 52  
 Brotherhood of Man,..... 156  
 Benevolence. V. C. Tidball,..... 165  
 By-Laws of the G. L. U. S.,..... 342  
 Cities of Switzerland. Harry Hazel-wood,..... 88 141 199  
 Cape Horn. *Chambers' Jour.*,..... 203  
 Courtesy,..... 246  
 Constitution of the G. L. U. S.,..... 257  
 Discipline of Odd-Fellowship,..... 30  
 Discovery of the Falls of Niagara. John Galt,..... 78  
 Exclusion of Females. Wm. A. Bell, 44  
 Editor's Table, 57 121 185 251 317 378  
 Friendship,..... 211  
 Friendship, Love & Truth,..... 222  
 Gleanings,..... 53 119 181 247 313  
 Herod the Great,..... 83  
 Intelligence of the Order,..... 111 189 254  
 In God we Trust,..... 268  
 John Hancock,..... 374  
 Life,..... 29  
 Literary Notices,..... 64 127  
 Lost Child. *Findlay's Sketches*,..... 150  
 Love. *Text Book*,..... 155  
 Mozart's Violin,..... 50  
 Mahomet. By C. C. K.,..... 137  
 Musings. Hattie N. B.,..... 170  
 Merging the Two Branches of Odd-Fellowship,..... 242  
 Man a Paradox, Rev. H. Gillmore, 351  
 Music,..... 377  
 Odd-Fellowship and the Bible,..... 11  
 Odd-Fellowship,..... 33  
 Odd-Fellowship and Patriotism,..... 172  
 Odd-Fellowship and Woman,..... 77  
 Oddity of Odd-Fellowship,..... 87  
 Odd Fellows' Secrets,..... 102  
 Our Obligations and Penalties,..... 275  
 Oregon Mountains,..... 354  
 One of Dr. Cox's Stories,..... 379  
 Picturesque Sketch of an Ancient Ocean. W. H. B. Thomas,..... 75  
 Raising of the Ruler's Daughter, Grace Ashton,..... 34  
 Romish Bigotry and Superstition,..... 220  
 Roman Catholicism Antagonistic to Odd-Fellowship. T. M. Turner, 267  
 Reading,..... 283  
 Stella,..... 36 102 157 230 597 321  
 She always made Home Happy,..... 372  
 The True Brotherhood. Editor. 4 65 131  
 The Two Brothers. Alice Clifton,.... 15  
 The Magdalene. Editor,..... 23  
 The Dying Wife to her Husband,.... 47  
 The Sword and the Press,..... 43  
 The First American Congress. T. M. Turner,..... 72  
 The Temptation,..... 93  
 The Anglo Saxon Monasteries. D. W. C. Brown,..... 148  
 The Creditor. Mrs. J. H. Hanaford, 173  
 The Whorting Party,..... 212  
 The Indian Chief Rhon-yan-ness,.... 223  
 The March of Mind. Dr. Loffland, . 276  
 The Chinese Empire,..... 279  
 Truth,..... 282  
 The Captive Prince. Caroline Orne, 284  
 The Bashful Man,..... 292  
 The Two Extremes. Harry E——, 308  
 Two Views in Life,..... 310  
 The Five Points and Tombs,..... 357  
 The Acropolis of Athens,..... 360  
 The Signal Gun,..... 365  
 The Oriental Merchant,..... 367  
 Visit the Sick,..... 219  
 Vital Statistics,..... 362  
 Woman's Sphere. Alice Clifton,.... 85  
 What is Odd-Fellowship?..... 147  
 Worthy Models,..... 311  
 Westminster Abbey and St. Pauls, Prof. Edward Thompson,..... 335

## P O E T R Y.

|                                     |     |                                        |     |
|-------------------------------------|-----|----------------------------------------|-----|
| An Acrostic. Licinius,.....         | 11  | The Fadeless Flowers. Licinius,...     | 74  |
| Death. Mrs. M. C. Bowman,.....      | 369 | The Wail of Judah. Ermina,.....        | 110 |
| Eoline's Dream. Ada Vernon,.....    | 129 | The Laws of Nature. Licinius,.....     | 158 |
| Fortune,.....                       | 296 | The Convent Flower. Alice Clifton, 208 |     |
| Mercy's Dream,.....                 | 241 | The Poet's Reply. Ara. Clement,...     | 265 |
| Odd Fellows' Melodies. R. E. H. Le- |     | The Last Summer Flower.                |     |
| vering,.....                        | 312 | Mrs. M. C. Bowman,.....                | 297 |
| Resignation and Hope. J. Mellon,... | 239 | The American Sword. Amelia,.....       | 309 |
| Summer. Lizzie Lutestring,.....     | 3   | The Bible's Mission. Mrs. Bowman.      | 334 |
| The Maiden's Warning. Arabella      |     | The Butterfly. Alice Clifton,.....     | 353 |
| Clement,.....                       | 32  | The Baptism. Ermina,.....              | 366 |
| The Rainy Day. Longfellow,.....     | 43  |                                        |     |











JUL 15 1945

